# BIBLE STORIES AND CHARACTER BUILDING

# THE · BOOK · HOUSE ·

A BOOK is just a House of Thought,
Where many Things and People live.
Beyond its doors Great Things are taught,
And all its Dwellers give and give.
So walk right through the open door
With kindly Heart and brain awake.
You'll find in there a Wonder Store
Of Good Things, all for you to take.

The Dwellers in *your* Book House know
All sorts of tales to tell to you,
And each will try his best to show
The way those tales of Wonder grew.
For this our Book House Friends expect
A trifling payment in return;
Just thoughtful Kindness and Respect,—
That's all they *ask* for all we *learn*.

John Martin

This BOOK belongs to

## THE BOOK TREE

A BOOK TREE is a Knowledge Tree,
As almost anyone can see.
Long, long ago its seed was sown;
For *years* and *years* the Tree has grown.
Ten thousand thousand Hearts & Heads
Have cared for it, so now it spreads
Its Roots and Branches far and wide,
And casts its shade on every side.

This Tree bears Fruit of different kinds
For many Hearts and many Minds.
So all you Children have to do
Is just to take what's *best* for you.
But no one ever soils or breaks
The Golden Fruit he *needs* and takes,
And no one ever bends or tears
The Books this Tree of Knowledge bears.

"John-martin"

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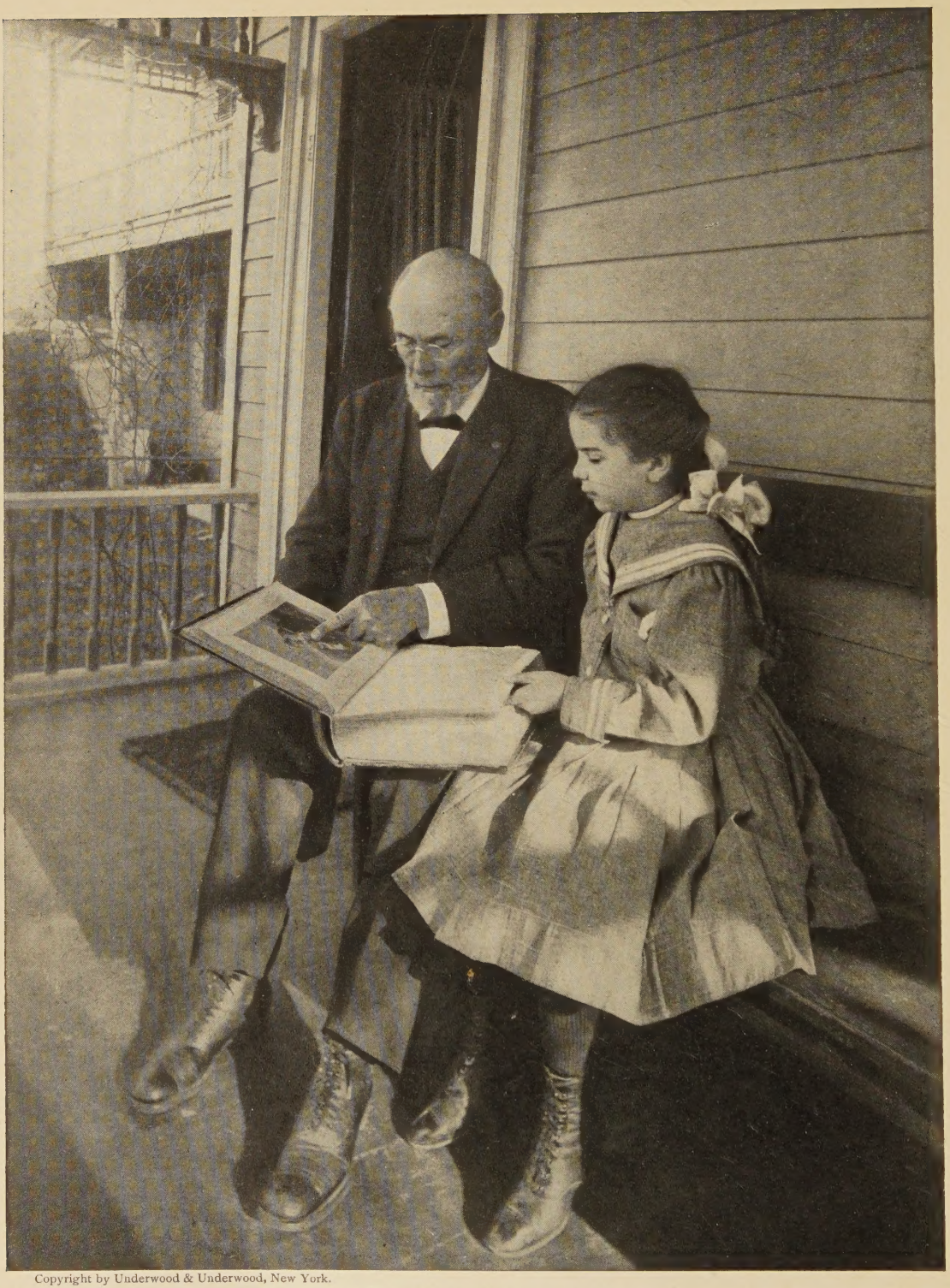

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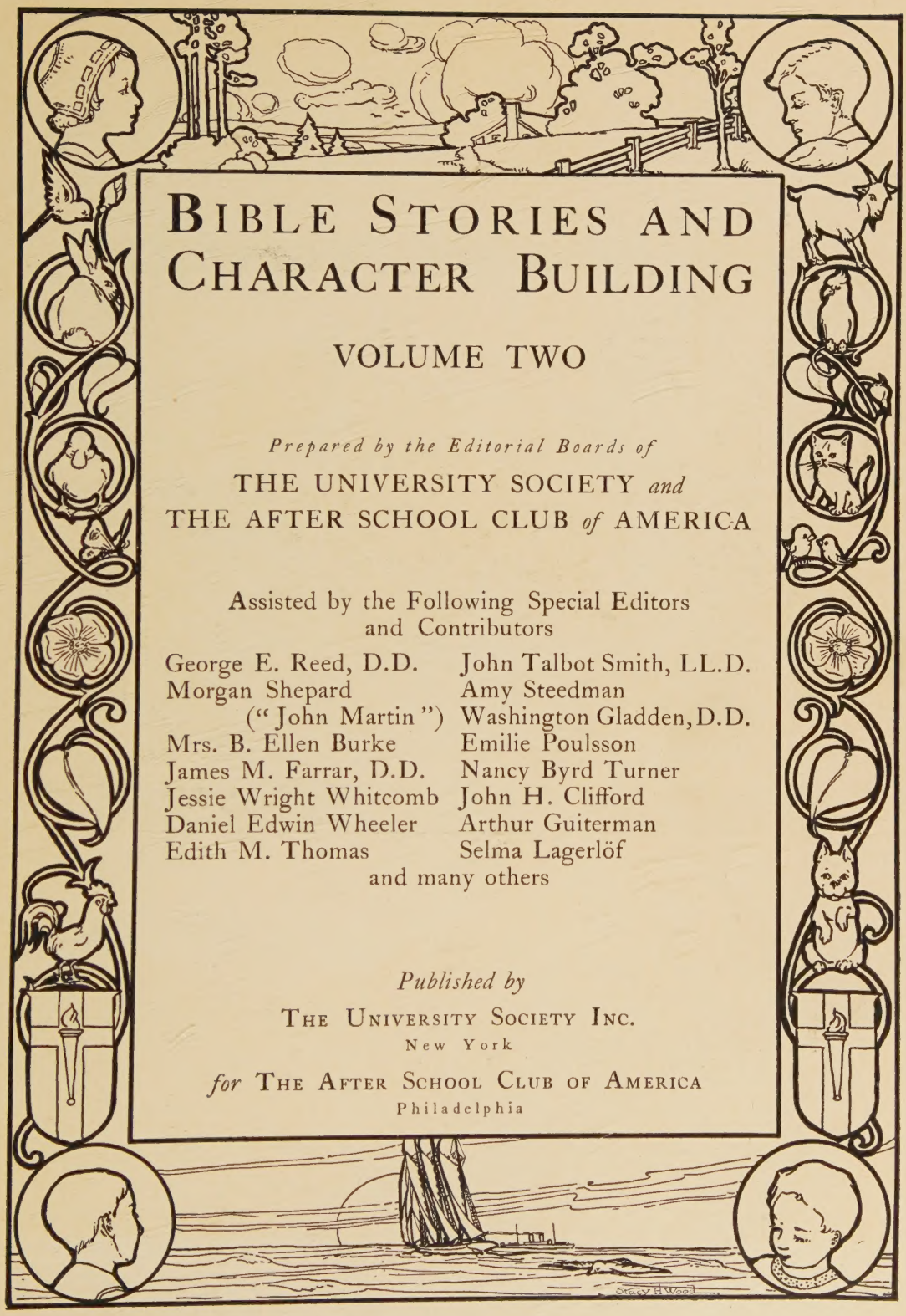

# BIBLE STORIES AND CHARACTER BUILDING

## VOLUME TWO

*Prepared by the Editorial Boards of*

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# CONTENTS

PAGE

PRAYERS FOR CHILDREN . . . . . 204–211

MOTHER'S GOOD-NIGHT TALKS (a brief bedtime talk for each day of the month). 212–227
*Elizabeth Luscombe*

CHRISTMAS STORIES FOR OLDER CHILDREN . . . . . 228–277

A Stop-over Christmas . . . . . *Claire H. Gurney*
Travelers from the East . . . . . *Emma A. Lente*
The Story of the Holly Sprig . . . . . *Arthur Upson*
Judy's Idea . . . . . *Charlotte Sedgwick*
December . . . . . *Harriet F. Blodgett*
The Bald Brow Christmas Tree . . . . . *Charles Poole Cleaves*
The Lesson Learned . . . . . *Kathryn Jarboe*
The Skipper's Lad . . . . . *Arthur Upson*
Holly, Ivy, Bay . . . . . *Edith M. Thomas*
Kitty's Christmas Stocking . . . . . *Kate V. Thompson*
The Doll that Santa Claus Brought . . . . . *Katharine Carrington*
The Snow-bound Santa Claus . . . . . *Izola L. Forrester*
A Christmas Cure . . . . . *Emilie Poulsson*
Sir Cleges and his Gift . . . . . *Arthur Guiterman*

CHRISTIAN HEROES AND TEACHERS . . . . . 278–312
*Edited by Mrs. B. Ellen Burke and John H. Clifford*

Stories of the Saints—Some Famous Monks—Great Christian Missionaries—Great Hymn-writers—John Wesley, an Evangelist in Two Worlds

SERMONS AND SEED-THOUGHTS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS . . . . . 313–337
*Rev. Washington Gladden, D.D., William Jennings Bryan, James L. McCreery, Frances L. Mace, and others*

Faithfulness in Little Things—Words of Help for Girls—The Daughter of Jairus—Christmas Bells—A Sermon for Hallowe'en—Lincoln's Birthday—The Fine Art of Kindness—The Nobility of Work—If I were a Boy—If I were a Girl—The Life Beyond

BIBLE STORIES FOR OLDER CHILDREN . . . . . 338–376
*The late Dean Stanley, Harold Begbie, and others*

The Birth of Christianity—Peter and John at the Gate Beautiful—The Martyrdom of Stephen—The Sayings of Jesus—Stories from the Gospels—The Twelve Apostles—John, the Beloved Disciple—Paul, the Apostle of Christ

PAGE

LITTLE TALKS ON MANNERS AND MORALS . . . . . 377–416

Washington's "Rules of Behavior"
Who Was the Gentleman?
What is a Gentleman?
Sensibility . . . . . *Hannah More*
Don't You See?
Is It You?
Love of Country and of Home . . . . . *James Montgomery*
Lad and His Neighbor
Forgive and Forget . . . . . *Martin Farquhar Tupper*
Supposing
Where is God?
Honor
The Truant . . . . . *S. A. Hudson*
Mother's Children
Whole Duty of Children . . . . . *Robert Louis Stevenson*
Lokman
The Lark's Song
Look Aloft . . . . . *Jonathan Lawrence*
I 'll Try
Kindness
A Good Thanksgiving . . . . . *Marian Douglas*
Prayer and Potatoes
The Cruel Boy
Kindness to Animals
Good Company
The World's Music . . . . . *Gabriel Setoun*
A Child's Prayer . . . . . *Matilda B. Edwards*
Rules for Conversation . . . . . *Sir Matthew Hale*
Be Pure in Speech
My Mother's Bible . . . . . *George P. Morris*
The Boy the World Wants
The Boys that are Wanted
The Girl the World is Waiting for
We Were Boys Together . . . . . *George P. Morris*
Honesty
Truth . . . . . *J. M. Morse*
Rebecca's Afterthought
The Two Battle-Cries
Dean Stanley's Advice to Boys and Girls
Talks on Courtesy
The Value of Courtesy . . . . . *William J. Shearer*
Fun . . . . . *C. C. Everett*
How Alcohol Injures Life
How We may Hurt Ourselves with Tobacco

# PRAYERS FOR CHILDREN

## THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

## SUNDAY MORNING

O Lord, my heavenly Father, who hast safely brought me to the beginning of this holy day; defend me in the same with thy mighty power, and grant that this day I fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger. May I remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. May I love this day more than all others, because it is thine. May I delight in the duties of thy house, and worship thee with a sincere and thankful heart. Help me in my efforts to do thy will, and to keep thy commandments; and may I never forget that thou, God, seest me at all times.

O Lord, bless my parents, and all my dear relatives and friends. Bless my beloved minister, my Sunday-school teacher, and the children of the Sunday-school. Oh may we all so improve the privileges which we enjoy, that we may at last enter into that rest which remains for the people of God. Pardon all my sins, O Lord, and hear my prayer, for the sake of thy Son Jesus Christ, my most blessed and precious Saviour. Amen.

## SUNDAY EVENING

O Lord, my God, hear my prayer which I make before thee at the close of this sacred day; and accept my thanks for all thy mercies.

Forgive me for every wicked thought that I have this day kept in my heart, for every wicked word that I have spoken, and for every wrong thing that I have done. Pardon all my sins, for Christ's sake; and help me to serve thee better in time to come. May I remember the good things I have heard and learned this day. May I love thy holy day more and more, and may I love more and more to worship thy holy name. And when all my days are ended, and I can no more go to thy house of prayer, oh may I be among the saints and angels that forever worship around thy throne.

I thank thee, O Lord, for all thy goodness to me this day. All that I have is from thee, and wilt thou give me a grateful heart for every blessing. May thy mercies lead me to thyself, and may I show forth thy praise in doing thy commandments.

Keep me, O Lord, in safety this night, and let me see the light of another day, for the love of thy Son, my Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

## MONDAY MORNING

I thank thee, O Lord, that I slept in safety last night, and that I am alive and in health this morning. Thou hast kindly raised me up, and given me strength for a new day. Bless me to-day, O Lord, wherever I may be; bless me in my studies and in my plays; and keep me from doing anything that thou hast forbidden. Save me from sin and from every danger, and let me not forget that thine eye is upon me at all times. Help me to improve my time, and keep me from being disobedient to my parents and teachers. May I be kind to my companions, and respectful to all who are older than myself. And make me careful to do nothing that will offend thee and hurt my soul.

Hear my prayer, I beseech thee, for the sake of thy dear Son, who loved me, and gave himself for me. Amen.

## MONDAY EVENING

O Lord, I thank thee for having taken care of me this day, and I pray thee to forgive everything I have done to-day that has displeased thee.

From a photograph.

THE HISTORIC RIVER JORDAN.

THE NAME MEANS "SWIFTLY FLOWING." THIS RIVER IS ONLY 540 FEET WIDE AT ITS MOUTH AND ABOUT 200 MILES LONG, BUT IS ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS STREAMS IN THE WHOLE WORLD.

Give me thy grace that I may do wrong no more. Preserve me from all danger this night. When I lie down to rest may I remember thee; and wilt thou help me always to live in such a state that I may never be afraid or unprepared to die; so that living and dying I may be thine, through the merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour. Amen.

## TUESDAY MORNING

O God, my heavenly Father, may my first thoughts in the morning always be upon thee and thy great goodness to me and to all thy children. May I remember that thou givest me my breath, and every comfort that I enjoy; and may I try to do nothing this day which will displease such a kind and merciful Father. Direct me in all my doings with thy most gracious favor, and strengthen me with thy help, that in all my works, begun, continued, and ended in thee, I may glorify thy holy name, and, finally, by thy mercy, obtain everlasting life, through Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour. Amen.

## TUESDAY EVENING

Almighty God, my heavenly Father, who hast kept me alive this day, and preserved me from danger, I pray thee to watch over me this night. Though I have sinned against thee so many times, do thou forgive me for my Saviour's sake, and keep me from doing wrong any more. May I grow better every day, and be more and more careful to avoid angry words, and a bad temper, and all disobedient actions. May I go to sleep this night with a happy and peaceful heart, and awake in the morning to thank thee for thy mercies. Bless my dear parents and friends, and make us all the followers of that Saviour who suffered and died that we might live forever. Amen.

## WEDNESDAY MORNING

Almighty and most merciful Father, I come before thee this morning to thank thee for thy goodness during the night, and to ask for thy blessing upon me this day. Direct me in all my ways, and be graciously pleased to take me, and all who are near and dear to me, under thy kind care and protection. Help me, O Lord, to give up all the sinful desires of my heart, and obediently to keep thy holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of my life. May I be truly a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. May I love thee more and more; and when all my days on earth have passed away, oh receive me unto thyself in glory everlasting. Amen.

## WEDNESDAY EVENING

O God, I bless thee for thy protecting care over me another day, and may I rest in safety this night under thy watchful eye. The darkness is no darkness to thee, and thou seest me by night as well as by day. Wilt thou keep me from all danger, and permit me to see the morning light. Pardon my sins, O Lord, and give me grace to do thy will. Create and make in me a new and contrite heart; and help me to become like the holy child Jesus. Give me thy Holy Spirit, that I may love to do what is right, and fear and hate everything that is wrong. May I trust in the Saviour and try every day to follow his blessed example. Bless my dear parents, and make me thankful to thee for such kind friends, and finally make us all a happy family in thy heavenly kingdom, for the sake of Jesus Christ, my precious Redeemer. Amen.

## THURSDAY MORNING

Almighty God, Father of all mercies, I give thee most humble and hearty thanks for thy goodness and loving-kindness. I thank thee for my life and all its blessings. Above all, I thank thee for thy great love in the redemption of the world by thy dear Son; and I pray thee that thy goodness to me may make me so thankful that I may walk before thee in holiness and righteousness all my days. Keep me this day without sin. Direct, sanctify, and govern both my heart and body in the ways of thy laws and in the works of thy commandments, that by thy care I may be preserved in body and soul, and finally, by thy mercy, obtain eternal life, through Jesus Christ, my most blessed Lord and Saviour. Amen.

## THURSDAY EVENING

O God, the Father of heaven, how gracious art thou to permit me to come before thee to ask those things which are needful, as well for the body as the soul! I come now to pray for thy protection over me this night. Defend me from all dangers, and from the fear of them, that I may enjoy such sleep as may fit me for the duties of another day. Make me ever mindful of the time when my life on earth must end, and grant me grace always to live in such a state that I may never be afraid to die. I thank thee for the mercies and benefits of the past day, and pray that thy goodness may lead me to be sorry for all

my sins. I ask thy blessing upon my father and mother [brothers and sisters], and all my dear friends, and pray thee to make us thine, here and forever, for Christ's sake. Amen.

## FRIDAY MORNING

Almighty and most merciful Father, I come to thee this morning, acknowledging that I have erred and strayed from thy ways like a lost sheep. I have followed too much the desires of my own heart. I have offended against thy holy laws. I have left undone those things which I ought to have done; and I have done those things which I ought not to have done. But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon me. Spare thou me, O God, for I confess my faults; and grant, O most merciful Father, that I may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, to the glory of thy holy name. Preserve me this day from all sin and danger, and finally receive me into that blessed world where sin shall no more be known, and where are sacred pleasures for evermore. Amen.

## FRIDAY EVENING

O Lord, thy Son Jesus Christ has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not"; and I come to implore the divine blessing upon me this night. May I love thee with all my heart, and keep all thy commandments. May thy grace be sufficient for me in every time of need. May I never be ashamed of Christ and his gospel, and may I manfully fight under his banner against sin, and continue his faithful soldier and servant unto my life's end. Receive me, O Lord, into the arms of thy mercy; give unto me the blessing of eternal life, and make me a partaker of thine everlasting kingdom. Pardon, O Lord, the sins of this day, and make me, and all who are near and dear to me, obedient to thy will, that we may be happy here and forever. Amen.

## SATURDAY MORNING

O Lord, accept my thanks for keeping me alive through the darkness of the night, and for raising me up in safety this morning. Guard me this day from every evil, and let me not sin against thee. May I not waste my precious time, but try to improve every hour. Bless me in my studies, and in my plays; and make me obedient to my parents and teachers, and kind and affectionate to [my brothers and sisters and] all my companions. May I remember thee, my Creator, in the days of my childhood and youth. May I love the Saviour who died for me, and may the Holy Ghost ever dwell in my heart. O God, have mercy upon me when I sin against thee. Guide me, O Lord, this day, and all my life, by thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory, for Christ's sake. Amen.

## SATURDAY EVENING

My Father and my God, I thank thee for having taken care of me another day and another week. I pray thee to forgive me all I have done that is wrong, and grant me thy grace, that I may do so no more. Keep me safe this night while I sleep, and permit me to see the light of thy holy day. May the close of the day and the week make me remember that the time will come when I shall lie down to sleep and wake on earth no more; and wilt thou help me so to number my days that I may apply my heart unto wisdom. Oh, when life on earth for me is past may I enter that kingdom which endureth forever, and which Jesus has gone to prepare for all that love thee. Bless my dear friends, and make us all thy friends here, that we may enjoy thee forever. Bless all children and people that are poor and needy, and make me thankful for every comfort, for Christ's sake. Amen.

## CHRISTMAS DAY

O God, I thank thee that I am permitted to see this joyful day. I thank thee that thou didst so love the world as to give thy beloved Son to be our Saviour; and I thank thee that I live in a land where that Saviour is known and worshiped. May I love the day that is kept in memory of his birth, and spend it to the honor of his name. Make this a happy season to my soul, by making me more and more like Jesus; and make it happy also for others through the spirit of love. Bless my parents, and all the dear family to which I belong. May I love them, and do all I can to make them happy. O Lord, bless those poor children and people in all lands who know nothing about Jesus Christ, and lead them to learn his blessed gospel. May the time soon come when all nations shall rejoice in thy salvation, and when the spirit and example of thy dear Son shall draw all human hearts to thee and bring mankind into the ways of love and peace. So may we all at last become one with Christ and with thee, our Father. Amen.

## NEW-YEAR'S DAY

O Lord, whose days are without end, and whose mercies cannot be numbered, I thank thee for thy goodness in bringing me to the beginning of an-

other year. Oh may I spend this year better than the last, so that at its end I may be so much nearer heaven. I thank thee for all the blessings that I enjoy; and I pray that all children and people that are suffering from hunger and the cold, may have food and raiment, and all the comforts that they need. I pray for my dear parents and friends. May this be a happy year to us all; and if any of us should die this year, oh wilt thou take us to thyself in that blessed world where there shall be no more death; and thine shall be all the glory, through Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

## EASTER DAY

Almighty God, I bless thee for thy great goodness in permitting me again to see the return of this sacred day. I praise thee for the glorious rising from the grave of thy Son, my Saviour and Redeemer; and I pray that I may daily grow in righteousness, increasing in all virtue and godliness of living. Be with me in all the duties of this holy day, and fill my heart with love to thee for all thy mercies. Protect and guide me all along the journey of life; sustain and cheer me in the hour of death; and finally may I have a joyful resurrection, and a place among the redeemed. Amen.

## BIRTHDAY

O God, my heavenly Father, thou hast kindly prolonged my days, and added another year to my life; and I now pray thee to take me under thy care and protection for the time to come; and grant that as I grow in age I may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; and when all my years are numbered and finished, may I go to dwell with thee in thy kingdom and glory, for my Redeemer's sake. Amen.

## IN SICKNESS

O God, it has pleased thee to visit me with sickness, and I pray thee to give me grace to bear it with patience. Make me well again, if it be thy blessed will. May I think how much my Saviour suffered, and be as submissive to thy will as he was. May I be able to say, as he did, "Not my will, but thine be done." May I be kept from being fretful and discontented; and may I be thankful to my dear friends who take care of me in my sickness. Bless them, O Lord, I pray thee, and reward them for their kindness. And oh wilt thou take me under the shadow of thy wings, and make me ready, either to live longer in this world, or to go to my rest in heaven. Amen.

## THANKSGIVING

### FOR RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS

O Lord, I come before thee to thank thee for all thy tender care of me while I was sick, and for making me well again. It is by thy blessing that I am restored to health; and I now pray thee that the life which thou hast spared may be spent in thy service. Help me, O Lord, to seek thee early, and to walk in wisdom's pleasant ways. If I live to grow up, may I lead a useful life all my days, and be prepared for thy heavenly kingdom, that happy place where sorrow, sickness, and death are known no more; and thine shall be the glory forever. Amen.

## AFTER THE DEATH OF A PARENT

O Thou that hearest prayer, listen to my cry, in this my hour of sorrow. Thou, O God, hast been pleased to take from me my dear father [or mother], and to remove him [or her] to the world of spirits. Oh be with me in my affliction, and make it do me good. May I try more than ever before to be a good child, and to prepare for the world to come. Bless my kind parent that is left to me, and comfort her [or him] in this time of trouble. And oh, may we all remember that our time is short, and that we may soon go from this world. Be thou our God and guide, our friend and protector, and bring us all at last to thy heavenly kingdom, for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Redeemer. Amen.

# GOOD MORNING

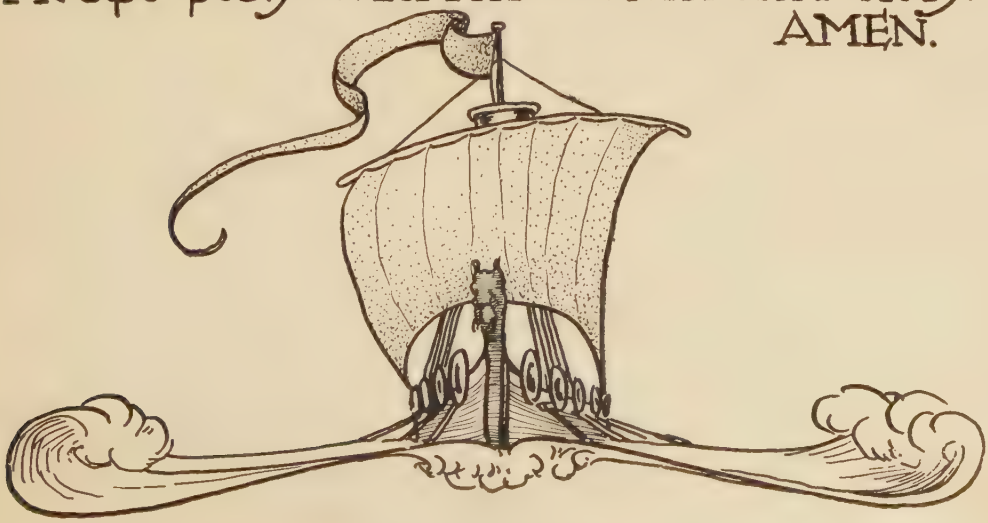
Dear God, good morning, I am glad
To see another happy day.
I know that nothing hard or sad
Will come to take my joy away.
I know that You are here with me,
The same as You were near all night,
And You will help me, God, to see
The way to Go, and what is right.

Today I have some things to do.
Please make me do my very best.
Help me to think of others, too,
When I would rather play or rest.
And then please let me have some fun,
Please smile, dear God, when I just play,
So when night comes, and day is done,
I'll know I've had a *fine good day.*

AMEN.

# LONELY

Dear Lord, such lonely feelings come
Into my heart. I may be home,
Or out somewhere, or even playing.
But Lord, these feelings make it seem
As if I were the sort of dream
That isn't *good*. That's why I'm praying.
I ask You, Lord, to make me glad
Inside of me, instead of sad.
O, take away these times, for only
I want to *laugh* and like the sun,
I want to *play* and have some fun.
Please stay with me when I am lonely.
AMEN.



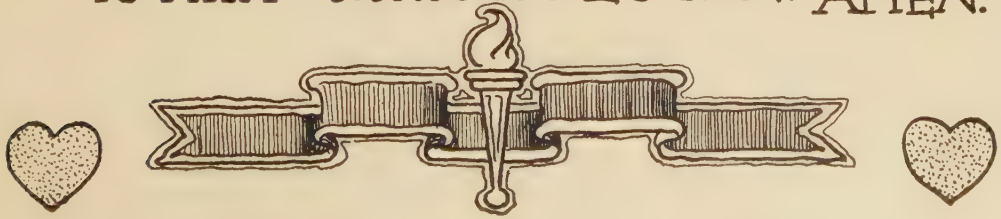
## REVENGE

O God, today I thought some one
Had injured me, so I have done
My best to pay that person back
And now my heart is hard and black.
I took *Revenge*, which only led
To bitterness and pain and dread.
Into my heart I look, and see
An ugly fiend was tempting me.
O God, I know it wasn't right,
Because my heart grew black as night.
I know that every vengeful thought
A host of evil spirits brought.
I know revenge plants seeds that grow
Up in the heart, to drag it low.
So please, God, show me while I live
That it is *braver* to FORGIVE. AMEN.

# MY HONOR

Dear God, I pray you teach me how
To trust my HONOR ever,
And teach me that a Promise made
Is broken never,-never.
O, make my WORD OF HONOR mean
That I will stand unmoving
'Mid work or play, through care or pain,
My steadfast HONOR proving.

O God, teach me when I am young
That HONOR lives inside me,
So I may ask MY HONOR things
And HE will always guide me.
True HONOR has a crown of gold,
His robes are rich and royal,
His throne is guarded in my Heart
To Him I *must* be LOYAL. AMEN.



# MOTHER'S GOOD-NIGHT TALKS

## FIRST DAY

"God is love."—1 *John* iv. 16

THIS is a very easy text to learn, only three short words. I think even the youngest child could repeat it.

Shall I try and tell you a little about the great love of God?

Some of you know what it is to have a kind father and mother; you understand a little what their love is for you. But God's love is far greater. He loved us so that he gave his only Son to die for us. Will you try and imagine what his Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, did? He left his Father's beautiful home in heaven, where he was surrounded by angels who ministered to him, and obeyed his commands. He gave it all up *willingly* to come and live on this earth, and be a little child, and grow up, and die a cruel death on the cross, so that we might live forever with him and his Father in heaven. It was only perfect love that could do this.

"I am so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of his love in the Book he has given;
Wonderful things in the Bible I see,
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

"Though I forget him, and wander away,
Still he doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to his dear loving arms do I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

"Oh! if there's only one song I can sing,
When in his beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be:
Oh! what a wonder that Jesus loves me!"

## SECOND DAY

"Jesus called a little child unto him."—*Matt.* xviii. 2

WOULD not you like to have been the little child the Lord Jesus Christ called to him? I can fancy how he ran when he saw the dear Lord holding out his loving arms to him, and calling him by name, and how pleased he was to be set in the midst of the disciples, and to hear the gracious words that fell from the lips of Jesus.

There was once a little boy who lived with an old priest, and one night while he was fast asleep in bed he heard some one call him by name, so he jumped up, and ran to the old man and said, "Here am I, for you called me," and the old man said, "I did not call you; go and lie down again." So he went back to bed.

And presently he heard the voice again calling him, so he ran to the old man and said, "Here am I," but there was the same answer as before; and the third time he heard himself called, and he went once more to the old man, and then the priest knew it was God calling the little child, and he said, "If you hear the voice again, say, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.'"

So he did exactly what he was told, and when he heard the voice once more, he said, "Speak, for thy servant heareth." This little boy's name was Samuel, and he grew up to be a great and good man.

Jesus even now is calling the little ones to him. We cannot hear his voice as we hear the voices of people round about us, but he speaks in his Book, the Bible.

He says, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with him then.
I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
'Let the little ones come unto me.'

"Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,
In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

## THIRD DAY

"Ask, and it shall be given you."—*Luke* xi. 9

JESUS told his disciples to ask in prayer for what they wanted, and it should be given them, and we may do the same.

Our prayers are not answered just as we would like them to be, but I am afraid we do not always ask for things that would be good for us.

It is quite certain God always hears our prayers when we pray from our hearts. Of course we may say a great deal in our prayers and be thinking all the time of something else, but that is not praying, and we could not expect such requests to be answered. To pray rightly is to ask God, and believe that he hears and will answer us; perhaps not exactly as we would like it; for he is an all-wise God and Father, and often sends us something much better than we asked for.

I knew a little boy who was such a long time saying his prayers one night that his auntie asked what he had been saying. At first he did not like to tell her, but after a little persuasion he said: "I can't help being long over my prayers, because I have to think over all I have done to-day, and ask God to forgive all I have done wrong, and if I have done anything pleasing to him, I ask him to bless it, and then I have to ask him for the things I want to-morrow." His auntie said, "What have you asked him to give you?" At first the little boy did not like to answer; then he said, "One of the things is, I want to ride on the pony to-morrow," and his aunt said, "Do you think your prayer will be answered, dear?" The boy's face looked so eager and bright, and he said, "Sometimes God does not give me exactly what I ask for, but he always sends me something much better instead."

I think that is how God answers prayer. We do not know sometimes what we ask, but God gives what is best for us, and I believe when we get home to heaven, and see all the way he has led us down here, we shall bless him for denying our requests, and giving what was far better for us.

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

"Fain I would to thee be brought;
Gracious God, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of thy grace
Grant a little child a place.

"Oh supply my every want,
Feed a young and tender plant,
Day and night my keeper be,
Every moment watch o'er me."

## FOURTH DAY

"I am the good shepherd."—*John* x. 14

WOULD not you like to be one of our Saviour's lambs? He says, "I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep." It is so nice to feel that Jesus *knows* us.

The shepherds who live in Palestine, the country where Jesus lived, are very different from some other shepherds; they are kinder to their sheep, and instead of driving them in front of them, they go before them, and the sheep follow them, and they call them each by name. The sheep know the voice of the shepherd, and will run to him. The shepherd loves his sheep, and will give his life for them. If a wild animal comes to the flock, he will protect them, and sometimes will get killed himself.

David was a shepherd before he became King of Israel, and while he was taking care of his father's sheep there came a lion and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock, and David went after them and caught them and killed them both. If we belong to the Good Shepherd, he will take great care of us; if we wander from him, he will come after us and find us. He says, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish." So we shall be quite safe now and forever.

"Jesus is our Shepherd, wiping every tear:
Folded in his bosom, what have we to fear?
Only let us follow whither he doth lead,
To the thirsty desert or the dewy mead.

"Jesus is our Shepherd; well we know his voice,
How its gentlest whisper makes our hearts rejoice,
Even when he chideth, tender is its tone.
None but he shall guide us; we are his alone.

"Jesus is our Shepherd; for the sheep he bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled with the blood he shed;
Then on each he setteth his own secret sign;
They that have my spirit, these, saith he, 'are mine.'"

## FIFTH DAY

"It is I; be not afraid."—*John* vi. 20

WE all know what it is to be afraid. Sometimes when we awake in the night, to find ourselves alone in the dark, we are afraid; then perhaps a little voice calls out in terror, "Mother!" and mother's loving voice answers, "What is the matter, darling? I am here." When we hear mother's voice all the fear goes quite away, and we feel happy and safe, because we know she is beside us. But supposing mother had gone away, and could not come to us, what should we do?

Why, just remember that Jesus never slumbers nor sleeps, that his loving eyes are always on us,

and although we cannot see him, we know he is near us. He never leaves nor forsakes us. So all we have to do is to rest contented that he is here, and will not let anything hurt us.

One evening Jesus's disciples went down to the sea, and entered into a ship, and went over the water to a place called Capernaum. Jesus was not with them; he had gone alone to a mountain to pray.

When it grew quite dark there arose a storm on the sea. The wind blew very hard, so that it was difficult to row, and while they were toiling they saw some one walking on the sea.

The disciples were frightened and thought it must be a spirit, and they cried out with fear, but directly came the voice of Jesus saying, "It is I; be not afraid."

He got into the ship with them, and the wind grew calm, and the waves were still, and the disciples were so happy again, knowing that all was well when they had their dear Master with them.

"Thy way is in the deep, O Lord!
E'en there we 'll go with thee:
We 'll meet the tempest at thy word,
And walk upon the sea.

"Poor tremblers at his rougher wind,
Why do we doubt him so?
Who gives the storm a path, will find
The way our feet shall go.

"A moment may his hand be lost,
Drear moment of delay!
We cry, 'Lord, keep the tempest-tost,'
And safe we 're borne away.

"The Lord yields nothing to our fears,
And flies from selfish care;
But comes himself, where'er he hears
The voice of loving prayer."

## SIXTH DAY

"Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart."
—*Matt.* xi. 29

We all have to learn, and we are always learning something all our lives. It is not only at school, but when we get older we learn more than we did at school. Jesus says, "Learn of *me*." What have we learned of him? Obedience. We read in the Bible that he was subject to his parents, but above all he obeyed his father in everything. We are told, "He became *obedient* unto death, even the death of the cross."

Then he was *sweet-tempered*. No one ever saw him cross or unkind. Only gracious words proceeded out of his mouth. He was always ready to help and comfort the sorrowing. He had compassion on the people who came to listen to him. When they were hungry he fed them. There are many ways we may learn of Jesus; we can pray to God, we may be loving and gentle to those around us, even if they do not care for us—forgiving one another. We may help the sick, if by only saying a kind word. And we can comfort those who are in trouble. The very smallest child can do that; no one knows how many troubles have been lightened by little clinging arms round one's neck, and loving kisses on the wet cheek, and a small voice saying, "Don't cry, I love you!"

"Christ, he is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us he grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us he knew;
And he feeleth for our sadness,
And he shareth in our gladness.

"And our eyes at last shall see him,
Through his own redeeming love,
For this Christ so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone."

## SEVENTH DAY

"Weep not."—*Luke* vii. 13

We are told in the Bible of a poor widow who lived in a city called Nain. Her only son had just died, and she and her friends were taking him to be buried. When the funeral procession came outside the gate of the city, they met Jesus with his disciples, and many others following. As soon as Jesus saw the poor mother, he was sorry for her and said to her, "Weep not," and then he went up to her dead son, and stopped the bearers who were carrying the body, and said, "Young man, I say unto thee arise!" Directly he that was dead sat up and began to speak, and Jesus gave him to his mother. How glad she must have been; and how she must have loved Jesus for his great goodness to her in giving back her son.

Jesus is just as ready now to help and comfort those who are in sorrow.

Little children have their troubles; many are caused by their own naughtiness, but some they cannot help. God sometimes sends us sorrow just to draw us nearer to him. He says, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." How good he is to us! He cares for even the smallest child and is always willing to help him.

"Jesus, who lived above the sky,
Came down to be a man and die;
And in the Bible we may see
How very good he used to be.

"He went about, he was so kind,
To cure poor people who were blind;
And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them and did the same.

"And more than that, he told them too
The things that God would have them do;
And was so gentle and so mild
He would have listen'd to a child."

## EIGHTH DAY

"I will arise and go to my father."—*Luke* xv. 18

JESUS told the people who came to him about a man who had two sons.

The younger one asked his father one day for a portion of his money. And when his father had given it to him, he left his home, and went away to a far country, and wasted all his money in living wickedly. He became at last so poor that he had to go to work feeding and minding some pigs, and he was so hungry that he could have eaten some of the pigs' food, but nobody cared enough about him to give him even that!

Then one day he thought of his father, and of all the good things he had left; so he made up his mind to go home, ask his father's forgiveness, and say he was no more worthy to be called his son, but would be willing to take the place of one of the servants.

When he came near to the house his father saw him, and ran out to meet him, and fell on his neck and kissed him. Then the father made a feast for his son, who had been lost and now was found.

He was so pleased to have him back again, and quite forgave him, even before his son had time to tell him how sorry he was for being so wicked.

That is the way our heavenly Father forgives us. He is so glad to have us ask for forgiveness. You know when you have done wrong how nice it is after mother has forgiven you, how happy you feel to get her loving kisses once more; and it is just as much joy to mother to know you are sorry for having done wrong.

But it is much more to our heavenly Father to have one of his little ones seek his forgiveness.

"I love to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because he loved me so.

"I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because he loves me so."

## NINTH DAY

"Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."—*John* xv. 14

How very pleased we feel when people ask us to be their friend!

We long to do all sorts of things to show our love and friendship for them. It is so nice to tell all our little joys and sorrows to our friend, and feel he likes to hear them.

If we are to be *true* friends, we must be unselfish. We must love others not for what we may receive, but for what we may give. Jesus says, "Ye are my friends." What an honor to have such a *friend!*

He takes us as we are with all our sins and faults. There are many things in our lives we may not even have told to father or mother, yet Jesus knows them all. Nothing is hidden from his eyes, but we need not be afraid his friendship will change, for he loves us, and will love us all through our lives.

We are told in the Old Testament of a great friendship between two men—Jonathan and David.

Jonathan saved David's life, when Saul the King was seeking to kill him, and they entered into a solemn covenant with each other to remain firm friends as long as they lived, and David promised to show kindness to Jonathan and his children when he should be made King of Israel. You can read this story in 1 Samuel xx.

"There's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky;
A Friend who never changeth,
Whose love can never die.
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name he bears.

"There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there."

## TENTH DAY

"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."—*John* xiii. 34

WHEN Jesus spoke these words to his disciples they had just finished their last supper with him,

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O MOTHER! TEACH THIS CHILD OF THINE
THE WORDS OF TRUTH AND LOVE DIVINE.

before he was taken to be crucified. He told them that all men should know they were his disciples if they loved one another.

If boys and girls are unselfish and glad to give up things they like for one another, and are gentle, kind, and loving to those about them, they are following in the footsteps of the Saviour and obeying his command.

Archbishop Usher, being once on a visit to Scotland, heard a great deal about the goodness and piety of Mr. Samuel Rutherford. He wished to know if all he had heard was true, so he dressed himself as a very poor man, and went to Rutherford's house one Saturday evening, and asked if they would take him in for the night. Mr. Rutherford consented, and told him to sit in the kitchen until bedtime. According to custom, Mrs. Rutherford called her servants together to read and talk with them at the close of the day. Turning to the poor man, she asked him how many commandments there were. He replied, "Eleven." On receiving this answer she said: "What a shame is it for you! a man with gray hairs, in a Christian country, not to know how many commandments there are!" By the next day Mr. Rutherford discovered who their visitor was, and asked him to preach for him, which he consented to do, on condition Mr. Rutherford would not tell any one about it. Mr. Rutherford lent the archbishop a suit of his clothes, and took him to church, telling the people a stranger would preach that day. He chose for his text, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." In the course of his sermon he said that this might be reckoned the eleventh commandment. Mrs. Rutherford, who was there, said to herself: "That is the answer the poor man gave me last night. It cannot be possible that this is he!" After the service the archbishop and Mr. Rutherford enjoyed a nice talk together, and the following morning the former went away in the dress in which he came, and was not discovered.

"One there is above all others.
Oh! how he loves!
His is love beyond a brother's.
Oh! how he loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us;
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh! how he loves!"

## ELEVENTH DAY

"Seek, and ye shall find."—*Luke* xi. 9

Our Saviour often spoke to the people in parables —earthly stories with heavenly meanings—because they could then understand better what he wanted to teach them.

"Seeking" and "finding" are several times spoken of in the Bible.

Jesus said if a man among them had a hundred sheep, and if he lost one, would he not leave the ninety-nine in the wilderness, and go after the one which was lost until he found it? And when he had found it, he would lay it on his shoulders and bring it home, and say to his friends, "Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost."

If a woman lost a piece of silver belonging to her necklet, which it was the custom of women to wear in those days, would she not light a candle and sweep the house, and seek until she found it?

Jesus said: "Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

I read once of a little girl who was very poor. Her father and mother were dead, and the woman with whom she lived did not care for her. The child was not sent to school, but made to go out every day and sell matches. She had never heard of Jesus nor of heaven.

But one day while she was standing at the corner of a street, she heard a man talking to a number of people who were round him. She could not understand all he was saying, but he mentioned some one whose name was Jesus, who said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." She thought, "I wish I could find him, that is just what I want—*rest.*" For the poor little thing was very tired. Then she listened and heard that this Jesus would forgive people all their sins, and take them to a beautiful place called heaven.

A policeman came up just then, and she moved away. But all that day she kept on wishing she could find Jesus, and ask him to take her to heaven. So she walked on and on, till she came to a large building; the door was open, and she peeped in, and saw a lot of people and children. They were singing and looked so happy. Presently the little girl went inside, and stood near the door. There in the far distance she saw a gentleman dressed in white, talking to the children, and she thought she had at last found the *place* and the *One* she had been seeking. She ran right up to the gentleman and said, "Please, are you Jesus, and is this heaven? I have been looking for you all day." The gentleman smiled and said, "No, dear, I am not Jesus, but only one of his ministers." And then he led her away to a little room, and told her about the Lord Jesus

Christ, and so she became one of Christ's little ones.

"Tenderly the shepherd
O'er the mountains cold,
Goes to bring his lost one
Back to the fold.

"Patiently the owner
Seeks, with earnest care,
In the dusk and darkness,
Her treasures rare.

"Lovingly the Father
Sends the news around,
'He once dead, now liveth—
Once lost, is found.'"

## TWELFTH DAY

"Wash and be clean."—II. *Kings* v. 13

Little children all know what it is to be dirty, and I really think some like it! Boys especially think it a dreadful trouble to wash their hands; they make all sorts of excuses why they should not do it, and much prefer to be dirty. But this is not the kind of washing I wish to speak about to-day.

In the East leprosy was, and is now, a common disease.

Naaman, captain of the host of the King of Syria, was a leper. His wife had a little Israelitish maid who told her mistress of the wonderful things which the prophet Elisha did, and she felt sure he could cure her master. The King of Syria was told what the maid had said, and he sent a letter to the King of Israel asking him to cure Naaman.

But the King of Israel was perplexed and thought the King of Syria wanted to quarrel with him, for he knew he could not cure leprosy. When Elisha heard of it, he sent for Naaman. So Naaman went with his chariots and horses, and stood at Elisha's door. The prophet did not even come out to him, but sent a message saying: "Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean."

But Naaman was angry, and went away in a rage, because he thought that Elisha would come out and touch him, and he would be cured; and he said: "Are not the rivers of Damascus better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?" But his servants persuaded him to do what the prophet had said.

So he went and dipped seven times in Jordan, and his flesh came again like the flesh of a little child. He was cured. His leprosy had all gone.

Thus you see through a little captive girl's faith in God's power this great captain was made well, but what was still more precious he learned to believe in the little maiden's God, and to leave off worshiping idols.

"She saw her master's leprous form,
And longed to see him well;
And bade him seek the help of God,
The God of Israel.

"Her master heard the wondrous news,
And soon to Israel sped;
He washed in Jordan's stream, and lo!
The leprosy had fled!

"So thus we see a little heart,
When full of gentle love,
May always find some good to do,
Some evil to remove."

## THIRTEENTH DAY

"God loveth a cheerful giver."—II. *Cor.* ix. 7

We all know what God gave. He gave the richest and most precious gift he had—*his only Son.* You know when your birthday comes, how pleased and excited you feel at receiving presents from father and mother and your little friends, and when their birthdays are coming what a delight it is to think of something you know they will like, and if you have been able to get the longed-for present ready, you feel you can hardly wait to give it to them, it seems so long until to-morrow. But at last the day comes, and the joy is greater, I am sure, on your part to give than it is for them to receive.

But what can we give to God, who has given so much to us?

Jesus told his disciples, "Ye have the poor always with you." So we can try and help *them,* if it is in ever such a little humble way. Instead of spending all the pennies which are given to us on sweets or toys, we could save them, and buy a nice little dinner for some poor children. Think what joy it would be to you to see the delight of some half-starved little ones eating the dinner you had been able to give them.

I knew two boys whose mother gave them each a penny a week. They used to save half of it, and put it in a box, which they called "The Lord's Box," because it was only to be spent for the poor.

At supper, they were allowed a certain number of biscuits, half of which they put in a tin, and saved them up until they had a nice quantity. Then they sent them to some poor children to whom they were a great treat. Do you not think those boys were far happier than if they had spent all their pennies and eaten all their biscuits themselves?

"O Lord of heaven and earth and sea,
To thee all praise and glory be.
How shall we show our love to thee,
Giver of all?

"For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all.

"We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end,
Whatever, Lord, to thee we lend,
Who givest all."

## FOURTEENTH DAY

"Is it well with the child? It is well."—II. *Kings* iv. 26

In this chapter we are told of a good and great woman who lived at Shunem.

Elisha, the prophet, often passed her house in his journeys through the country, and she used to ask him to come in and eat bread with her and her husband, or, as we should say, partake of a meal. One day, the thought came to her that she would have a little room built for the prophet, and furnish it with a bed, a table, a stool, and a candlestick, so that he could go and stay there whenever he liked.

Some time after this God gave her a little son. How she loved him! and as he grew up how carefully she must have watched over him.

But a sad time came. The golden corn in the fields was ready for reaping, for the harvest had come; and the little boy went out with his father to the reapers in the heat of the day. Suddenly he felt a pain, and cried out, "My head, my head!"

His father saw the child was ill, and told a servant to carry him to his mother. She took him on her lap, and he lay there till noon, when he died.

Then she carried him to the prophet's room and laid him on the bed. She left him and told her servant to saddle an ass and go with her to the house of the prophet Elisha. Elisha saw her coming, and sent his servant to inquire if all was well. "Is it well with the child?" And she answered, "It is well." But when she came to Elisha she fell down at his feet and told him all her sorrow.

Then he sent his servant Gehazi with his staff and told him to lay it upon the dead child. But the mother would not return unless Elisha went with her, so he went and found the dead boy lying on his bed, and prayed to God that the life might be restored. God heard his servant's prayer. The boy came to life again, and the prophet had the joy of giving him back to his mother alive and well.

Is it well with you, dear little child? If you love the Lord Jesus Christ, whether you live or die, it is well. You belong to him, so no harm can come to you. If you should die to-night, it will only be going to our Father's home above, where all is light and joy and love, to dwell with him forever.

"Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

"On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb;
Singing glory, glory, glory."

## FIFTEENTH DAY

"A soft answer turneth away wrath."—*Prov.* xv. 1

A great many children do not believe this; they think when some one says anything unkind to them the best way to answer is to say something more unkind and spiteful.

But that is not right. If any one says a rude or angry word to you, and you answer in the same way, you are helping to make a bad thing worse. But if you give a kind answer to angry words, you are doing what Jesus did. We read, "When he was reviled, he reviled not again."

I know it is easier to say the angry word, but if you would just wait a moment, and ask God to help you to say the right thing, or be silent, I am sure he would help you. Afterward, when you no longer feel angry, you would be so pleased to think that no unkind word had escaped your lips, so you would have joy in your heart instead of regret.

We read in the Old Testament of the disobedience of Balaam, who was going to a country where he was told not to go, and God sent his angel to stop him in the way. He was riding on an ass, and the ass saw the angel, but Balaam did not; and he beat the poor animal, and did all he could to urge her on, but the ass turned aside, for the angel had a drawn sword in his hand. Presently God made the dumb animal to speak, and she gently asked Balaam what she had done that he had beaten her three times. Balaam was very angry with the ass, but God opened his eyes then, and he saw the angel. So we see that the patient rebuke of this poor donkey changed the anger of Balaam into thanksgiving, and that God by the

wisdom of this ass delivered him from the sword of the angel and so saved his life.

"When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

"Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord."

## SIXTEENTH DAY

"Let your light so shine before men."—*Matt.* v. 16

HOME is the place where we ought to shine our best. It is where God has put us, and where he expects us to shine brightest.

There may be a little girl in a home, who is not beautiful or clever, but the other children in the house love her, because she is always willing to help them or play with them.

She mends their broken toys, and helps to make their dolls' dresses; when there is any quarreling she is the one to try to put it all right; or if anything is wanted, she is first to offer to go and fetch it, and the quickest to return with it.

Her face is always bright with love shining on it, and if sorrow comes the children all turn to her for sympathy. Have you, dear, such a sister in your home? If you have, you cannot love and value her too much.

But we can all try to shine. There is room for many bright ones in every home, and if we are doing the very best we can, and leaning on Jesus for help in the difficulties that are sure to come, perhaps, some day, the place for our shining will grow larger, because our light will have grown stronger and brighter.

I heard of a gentleman who had a very sweet and winning face, and he went one day to see a poor sick boy. Afterward some one asked the boy what the gentleman said to him, and he replied, "He did not say anything, he just *beamed* on me!"

"Jesus bids us shine with a pure clear light,
Like a little candle burning in the night;
In this world of darkness, we must shine—
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

"Jesus bids us shine first of all for him,
Well he sees and knows it, if our light is dim,
He looks down from heaven, to see us shine—
You in your small corner, and I in mine."

## SEVENTEENTH DAY

"Be strong and of a good courage."—*Joshua* i. 6

THESE words were first spoken to Joshua, the leader of the army of Israel, when he was standing on the brink of Jordan, and about to cross over and conquer Canaan.

When God gave these words to him, he repeated them *three* times. Perhaps Joshua felt weak, and was afraid he would never be able to take Canaan. God cheered his heart with, "Be strong and of a good courage."

We need such words too, because we have battles to fight, and temptations to overcome, but if Jesus is with us, he will make us strong and courageous. He knows all the dangers there are before us, everything which the future has in store for us. Our enemies may be strong, but no power can stand against us if he is on our side.

Perhaps some of us would not like to go into a dark room, but if father held our hand we should not be in the least afraid. So if we believe that Christ loves us, and knows all that is before us, what have we to fear? Who can harm us?

There is a story told of one of England's greatest heroes—General Gordon. Every morning during his journey in the Soudan, he would go into his tent for half an hour, and that nobody should disturb him he put a handkerchief outside the tent.

No one dared to enter the tent while this handkerchief lay there. Every one in the camp knew that God and Gordon were alone together.

It was there that strength and courage were given to this man, and he was able to go forth from his tent, filled with the peace that only God could give him.

"Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

"Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

"Onward then in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go."

## EIGHTEENTH DAY

"Consider the lilies of the field."—*Matt.* vi. 28

WHEN Jesus said these words he was talking to his disciples on the Mount of Olives. He was trying to teach them how God cares for their needs, and saw they were careful and troubled about their daily wants, and to make them understand more clearly, he turned and pointed to the lilies of the field which grew in great plenty and beauty around them.

Jesus did not direct his hearers to the lilies or flowers which grew in the gardens and received the care of the gardener, but to those of the field, which grew wild without any of man's care or attention. He would have them think *how they grew,* their different beautiful colors, their sweet scents; and yet they have no strength to toil, no skill to spin. God does it all. Jesus said "that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Solomon was the richest and most magnificent of all the kings of Israel, yet when he was dressed in his royal and priceless robes, with his crown on his head, he could not be compared for beauty to a little wayside flower.

Solomon's magnificence was made by human hands, but God made the lily. If he takes such care of the flowers, will he not much more take care of his little ones? Jesus says "even the hairs of your head are all numbered." What wonderful love he bestows on us! He clothes us, feeds us, warms us; he is always with us, watching over us by night and by day. There was once a lily which grew in a neglected part of an old garden; no one saw it grow, no one seemed to care for it. The poor lily sighed, and said to itself, "I am of no use in the world, my beauty and my sweet scent are all wasted." But one day a little girl went to that corner of the garden, and gathered the lily. She ran away up to the house with it in her hand, and took it into the room where her little brother was lying ill, and said, "See, Johnny, what a lovely lily I have found!" The little boy stretched out his hand and took the flower; he smelt its sweet perfume and admired its lovely whiteness, and said: "You dear, pretty lily, I will keep you and love you as long as you live; you have made me think how good God is to give us such treasures."

"God only is the Maker
Of all things near and far,
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread."

## NINETEENTH DAY

"Be content with such things as ye have."
—*Heb.* xiii. 5

I AM afraid some of us are never quite contented; we often wish for something we cannot have, and perhaps after waiting a long time we get it, but it does not give us the pleasure we thought it would, and we want something else.

I know a wet day is very trying to little children; they get tired of their playthings, they get tired of one another, and sometimes they say, "Mother, do tell me what I can do; I've got nothing to do." And mother suggests some work. "No, I don't like that; I want something to play with! If only I had cousin Freddy's toys I should be happy."

But that little boy wants something more than toys or work. Shall I tell you what he wants? *A contented mind.*

If we enjoy the things we have, believing God *knows* best, and *does* what is best for us, then we shall be contented on wet days as well as on fine ones.

There is a story told of a man who always said, whatever his troubles were, "God knows best." This man worked in the quarries. His fellow-workmen used to make great fun of him, and try and annoy him if they could. One day when it was near the dinner hour, one of the workmen came up to him and said, "Charlie's dog has eaten all your dinner," and then he laughed and said, "What do you think of that? You can't say now, God knows best, can you?"

The old man answered, "Yes, yes, my lad, I can; he never makes a mistake." Then he went home across the field to his wife. But there was no dinner at home, for the wife had eaten what little she had in the house. Still the old man said, "God knows best," and walked back contentedly to his work without any dinner.

As he neared the quarries he was met by some workmen who said: "You are right. God does know best! A large mass of stone has fallen right on to the place where you generally sit to eat your dinner, and if you had been there you would have been crushed to death!"

"I cannot do great things for him
Who did so much for me;
But I would like to show my love,
Lord Jesus, unto thee;
Faithful in very little things,
O Saviour, may I be.

"There are small things in daily life,
In which I may obey,
And these may show my love to thee;
And always—every day—
There are some little loving words
Which I for thee may say.

"I ask thee, Lord, to give me grace
My little place to fill,
That I may ever walk with thee,
And ever do thy will;
And in each duty, great or small,
I may be faithful still."

## TWENTIETH DAY

"Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink."
—*John* iv. 7

Jesus was passing through Samaria on his way from Judæa into Galilee. He came to a city called Sychar, near to which was Jacob's well.

Jesus was very tired and thirsty, for he had been walking a long distance, and he sat down on the stonework of the well to rest.

While he was sitting there, a woman of Samaria came to draw water, and Jesus asked her for some. He said, "Give me to drink."

The woman was very much surprised that Jesus should speak to her, for she saw he was a Jew, and the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans.

So she said, "How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me who am a woman of Samaria?" Jesus answered and said unto her, "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water."

Now, Jesus knew all about this woman, as he does about you and me. He began to remind her of her own life, and he told her of God's love.

After Jesus had talked some time with her, she went back to the city, and said to the people there, "Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?"

Many people then went out to the well to see and hear for themselves.

Jesus forgot all about his weariness and thirst; he was so glad to show these Samaritans the way of salvation. And this poor woman did what we can all do, even the smallest child: we can tell others about the Saviour we have found.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold, I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.'
I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him."

## TWENTY-FIRST DAY

"There is a boy here that hath five barley loaves and two fishes."—*John* vi. 9

You may think this rather a strange text to choose, but I want to tell you about a boy, and what use Jesus made of him.

Our Saviour had gone to a mountain to rest for a while after a long day's work.

When he saw the great number of people who had followed him, he knew they were tired and hungry too. He said, "Whence shall we find bread that these may eat?" And one of his disciples answered, "There is a boy here that hath five barley loaves and two fishes."

Then Jesus told his disciples to make the people sit down. When they were all ready, he gave thanks, and took the loaves and fishes, and divided them, giving portions to the disciples, who handed the food to the people.

When all the people (and there were about five thousand) had eaten as much as they wanted, the disciples gathered up twelve baskets full of food that was left over.

As we read this story we wonder how it was that this lad had the loaves and the fishes with him. Perhaps he had come with his father to hear what Jesus had to say to the people, or he may have come to try to sell the loaves and fishes, or best of all, he may have come on his own account to learn of Jesus.

I think wherever Christ was he generally had boys and girls among his followers. He must always have spoken in a way to interest children and draw them to him, and he loved little children.

Is it not good to think Jesus made use of this boy? Nobody else seems to have taken anything to eat, and Jesus took the five loaves and fishes and made them enough for the wants of all this great multitude of men, women, and children.

It must have made the lad feel happy that Jesus noticed him, and made use of what he had taken with him.

That boy would have missed a good deal if he had not gone that day to see Jesus.

We learn from this that the Lord can use little children if they are willing to serve him; none are too young, none too small to do his will.

There is no higher honor which Jesus can put on children than to let them serve him in any way, however small it may be.

It is scarcely possible to say how very useful a good and happy child can be, and what a blessing he or she may be to others.

"The fields are all white,
And the reapers are few;
We children are willing,
But what can we do
To work for our Lord in his harvest?

"Our hands are so small,
And our words are so weak,
We cannot teach others;
How then shall we seek
To work for our Lord in his harvest?

"We'll work by our prayers,
By the pennies we bring,
By small self-denials;
The least little thing
May work for our Lord in his harvest."

## TWENTY-SECOND DAY

"Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins."—*Matt.* i. 21

PERHAPS some of you know what it is to have a new baby in the home, a wee little sister or brother, and almost the first thing you think of is, "What shall we call our new baby?"

Then each one thinks of the name to him or her the sweetest and prettiest.

But if we were to think our hardest we could never find a more lovely name than *Jesus*.

We can generally tell whether little children love the Saviour by the way they speak his name, which is above every name.

Jesus came into the world to save us; that was the reason given for his name. Jesus means "Saviour." He came into the world and died instead of us.

I read a story about a soldier who was ordered to fight for his country. He had a sick wife and little children, and so a friend offered to go instead of him. The friend was accepted and went.

During a battle he was killed, and after it was over the man who had stayed at home heard of his friend's death, and he had a stone erected to his memory and on it after his name the words, "He died for me," were carved. This man lived because his friend died instead of him.

We live, and are children of God because our Friend and Elder Brother has died instead of us. He came into the world to save little children as well as grown-up people. We are never too young to come to the Saviour, and he is always more willing to receive us than we are to go and confess our sins and ask for pardon.

"Come, brethren, help me sing his praise,
Oh! praise the name of Jesus;
Come, sisters all, your voices raise,
Oh! bless the name of Jesus.

"The children, too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.

"And when to that bright world above
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

"Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus."

## TWENTY-THIRD DAY

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."—*Matt.* xxi. 16

THIS is a most beautiful children's story.

Jesus was going up to Jerusalem to the feast of the Passover, and he told two of his disciples to go to a certain village, and there they would find an ass and a colt, which they were to bring to him. They did as they were told. And Jesus rode upon the ass in the midst of a great crowd of people who had gathered together; and multitudes hearing of his approach in the city of Jerusalem asked who he was, and as the crowd moved along they strewed his path with branches of palm-trees which they plucked, and others spread their garments in the way, and so the procession went on as far as the temple.

Many little children were waiting for Jesus there, and they joined in shouting, "Hosanna to the son of David."

The chief priests were very displeased with the cries and shouts of these happy little ones, and said unto Jesus, "Hearest thou what these say?" And Jesus answered, "Have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?"

Our Lord was not displeased with the praises these little children gave to him. If children can do nothing else they can praise and give him thanks.

Don't you think your mother loves to have your arms round her neck and feel your sweet kisses on her lips? How much more are the praises of little children sweet to the Saviour? He loves them, he loves you. When he lived down here he took the infants in his arms and blessed them; and we know that Jesus delights in the children's songs, and opens wide his arms to those who cry, "Hosanna" to him to-day just as much as he did then.

"Hosanna we sing, like the children dear,
In the olden days, when the Lord lived here;
He blessed little children, and smiled on them,
While they chanted his praise in Jerusalem.
Alleluia we sing, like the children bright,
With their harps of gold and their raiment white,
As they follow the Shepherd with loving eyes
Thro' the beautiful valleys of Paradise."

## TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—*Eccl.* ix. 10

SOME children are careless in the way they prepare their lessons, forgetting that in years to come they will want all the knowledge they can get, and that while they are young lessons are more easily remembered than when they are old.

Some boys are very lazy even in playtime; they want it all made nice and easy for them, and they do not care about games which give them a little trouble or thought. But whatever we do, we ought to put our heart in it. We should strive to

care for two things—that we always do our best, and that all we do shall be done out of love for Jesus.

We may make the very smallest act beautiful, if it is only carrying a cup of cold water to a thirsty one, if we do it with the thought that Jesus knows about it, and loves to see us doing it for his sake.

It may be we have to sweep a room, but if we do it feeling that Jesus is looking at us, we shall do it as well as we possibly can. Or it may be that we have a fretful little brother or sister to mind for mother while she is busy. If we make up our minds to do it for Jesus's sake, we shall make the time we spend in taking care of the little child a truly happy one, knowing that we are doing our very best, and that God approves of it, though it may seem only a little thing.

A gentleman asked a servant girl if she loved the Lord Jesus. She said, "Yes, sir." He said, "How do you know?" The girl replied, "I think I do because I always sweep under the mats now." If we truly love Jesus it is sure to come out in the little things of our daily lives.

"Oh, what can little hands do
To serve the King of heaven?
The little hands some work may try
To help the poor in misery;
Such grace to mine be given.

"Oh, what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say;
Such grace to mine be given.

"Though small in all we can do
To please the King of heaven;
When hearts and hands and lips unite
To serve the Saviour with delight,
They're precious in his sight;
Such grace to mine be given."

## TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."
—*Luke* ii. 10

On the night that our Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, was born, there were some shepherds watching their flocks in a field, to guard the sheep from bears and wolves, and also from robbers, who might be lying in wait to steal their sheep. So these shepherds were in the fields keeping watch.

All at once a very bright light shone over them. They had never seen such a light before. It was far brighter than the sun, for it was the glory of the Lord that shone round about them, and an angel appeared to them. They were very much frightened, but the angel said, "Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

And as the angel finished speaking the shepherds saw with him a multitude of the heavenly host, and they were praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

When they had said this, they all returned to heaven, and the shepherds said to each other, "Let us now go even to Bethlehem."

They went at once and left their flocks, they were so eager to go and find the baby Jesus. And when they came to the little inn, they found in a manger of the stable what the angels had told them, for there was the holy child and his mother, Mary. They did not keep to themselves all they had heard, but they told to every one they could the wonderful news, that Jesus had been born, the Saviour, who should save his people from their sins.

Is this Jesus anything to us? Do we know what it is to be able to say, He is *my* Saviour?

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"'Fear not,' said he—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind—
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.'

"Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"'All glory be to God on high!
And to the earth be peace!
Good will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin, and never cease.'"

## TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

"Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."
—*Luke* ix. 58

When our Lord Jesus Christ was on the earth, although he was the Son of God, he was so poor that he had not a place of his own to sleep in. He had no home to go to at evening when he was tired. He left his beautiful home in heaven for our sakes. All day long he was doing some loving act for the poor people who came to him.

He gave sight to those who were blind, he unstopped the deaf ears, he made the lame walk, the sick well, and the dead he raised to life again.

He was worse off than the foxes, for they have holes in the earth where they hide themselves from danger, or take their rest, and protect their little ones. And the birds of the air have nests, where they sit, lay their eggs, and hatch them, and bring up their young; but the Son of man had not where to lay his head when he was weary, and wanted to rest and sleep, as he did at this time. When we are in our nice warm beds at night, and we think of all this, we can understand a little what great love the Saviour had for us, though he was Lord of lords and King of kings, yet for our sakes he became homeless and poor.

"Christ was merciful and mild;
He was once a little child;
He whom heavenly hosts adore
Lived on earth among the poor.
He the sick to health restored,
To the poor he preached the word,
Even children had a share
Of his love and tender care.

"Every bird can build its nest,
Foxes have their place of rest;
He by whom the world was made
Had not where to lay his head.
He who is the Lord most high
Then was poorer far than I,
That I might hereafter be
Rich to all eternity."

## TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

"I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest."—*Gen.* xxviii. 15

WHAT a precious promise this is—"I am with thee." Who is with us? God is; he says so. How safe we feel when we remember this! When we get up in the morning he is with us. While we are doing our lessons or playing he is with us. When we are out walking or visiting our little friends he is with us, and keeps us safe in all places where we go. And at night when we lie down to rest in our beds he is still with us, to watch over us and guard us. No earthly parent or friend is so watchful and careful about us; they have to leave us sometimes but God never does.

The words of the text were first spoken to Jacob. His parents, Isaac and Rebekah, were sending him from home to a far-off country, and as he was on his way there night came on. Jacob was tired and he had no tent or house to rest in, so he lay down on the ground to sleep, with some stones for his pillow.

While he was sleeping he dreamed he saw a ladder that went up from the earth to the sky, and on it angels of God, who went up and down the ladder, and at the top he saw the Lord God, who spoke to him, and told him he would give the country where he then was to him and to his children, and that he would bless him and make him a great name.

And God said, "Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land."

When Jacob awoke he was very happy, for he knew God would keep his promise, so he made up his mind that he would in the future do that which was right, and walk near to God, who was so good to him.

"O little child! lie still and sleep;
Jesus is near, thou need'st not fear;
No one need fear whom God doth keep,
By day or night;
Then lay thee down in slumber deep
Till morning light.

"O little child! be still and rest;
He sweetly sleeps whom Jesus keeps,
And in the morning wakes so blest
His child to be;
Love every one, but love him best:
He first loved thee."

## TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

"Lovest thou me?"—*John* xxi. 15

AFTER our Saviour had risen from the dead, he appeared several times to his disciples—once on the shore of the Sea of Tiberias as the disciples were returning from fishing all night, and had caught nothing. As they were coming to shore they saw Jesus standing there. He called to them and asked them if they had caught any fish, and they said, "No." Then Jesus told them to cast their net on the right side of the boat, and when they did so their net became so full of fish that they could hardly draw it into the boat. When this was done, Jesus asked them to come and have breakfast with him on shore. This they did, eating the bread and fish which Jesus had prepared for them.

And after this happy meal was finished, he said, turning to Peter, "Lovest thou me?" I think it was so good of our Lord to speak like this to him, for you remember it was Peter who said, "Although all should forsake thee yet will not I," and after saying that, denied him three times, just before our Lord was crucified.

But Jesus spoke to Peter with great tenderness and said, "Lovest thou me?" And Peter answered and said, "Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." Jesus said to him, "Feed my lambs."

Do you not think it comforting that the Lord

thought of his lambs, the little ones like you? He loved the children very dearly, and had often called them to him and taken them in his arms and blessed them, and he now was going back again to heaven to prepare a place for all those who should love and believe on him. He gave his disciple Peter a certain work to do for him. "Feed my lambs." "Tell the little ones about my life, my death, my rising again from the dead, my going back into heaven. Bring them to me, in working for them, praying for them, teaching them that although I have gone away yet one day I will come again." This same Jesus who told Peter to feed his lambs is ever with us now. He loves us with a perfect love. No one can be too little or weak to be loved by Jesus, and he asks us for our love. We must give him the first place in our hearts. We can give him the greatest joy by loving and obeying him ourselves, and then doing all we can to bring others to know and love the Saviour whom we have found.

"Jesus loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to him belong:
They are weak, but he is strong.

"Jesus loves me! he who died
Heaven's gates to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.

"Jesus loves me! he will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love him, when I die
He will take me home on high."

## TWENTY-NINTH DAY

"Behold thy mother."—*John* xix. 27

THESE words were spoken to the beloved disciple John by the Lord Jesus Christ when he was nailed to the cross, and was dying that cruel death. Even through all the pains he was enduring, his last thoughts were for that dear mother who had nursed and cared for him when he was little, who still loved him though the world had rejected him, and who was now standing by the cross with John. And he said tenderly to her, "Woman, behold thy son!" and to John, "Behold thy mother!" Take care of her and provide for her as if she were thine own mother.

This shows us how poor our Saviour was. He had nothing to leave her, though he was Lord of all. He had most likely taken care of her and maintained her for some years, as her husband was dead. And now in his dying moments he commits her to the care of this disciple. And at once John obeyed him, leading her away to his own home. Dear little children! if our Saviour Jesus Christ thought so much about his mother, ought we not to be loving and tender and kind to our mothers? We read in the Bible that Jesus was subject to his parents. That means he obeyed them. Let us see that we follow our Lord's footsteps in this, and obey our fathers and mothers.

I heard of a little girl who was living in India, where you know there are many poisonous snakes, and one day she was sitting in the garden reading a very interesting book. Her mother was sitting some distance away working, and as she raised her eyes to look at her little girl, what was her horror to see a large snake just behind the child ready to spring on her! The mother was almost speechless with fright, but knowing the great peril her child was in, she called out, "Mary, run quickly to me!" The little girl, who was in the habit of obeying, dropped her book, and ran to her mother as she was told. Her obedience saved her life, for in another moment the snake would have fastened upon her, and inflicted a deadly wound with its sting. So you see this little girl's life was saved by *obeying* at once.

"Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for his bed;
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

"And through all his wondrous childhood,
He would honor and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms he lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as he."

## THIRTIETH DAY

"Who is my neighbor?"—*Luke* x. 29

WE read in this chapter that a certain lawyer asked Jesus who was his neighbor, and Jesus answered him by telling the parable of the Good Samaritan.

A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho. This journey is a very dangerous one, as it is a lonely road, and robbers are watching where they cannot be seen, to pounce upon travelers, and take away their money and any valuable things they may have about them. It is almost as dangerous now, as it was in the days of Jesus.

As the man went along toward Jericho, some thieves stopped him, and took away all his clothes, and wounded him, and left him half dead. After a little while a priest came that way, and when he saw the poor man, instead of helping him, he passed by on the other side. Presently a Levite

came, and he only looked at him and passed on. Then a Samaritan, as he was journeying that way, saw the poor man, and he was sorry for him. He came to him, bound up his wounds, put him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. The next day, when he had to leave, he gave the innkeeper some money to pay for the poor man's lodgings and all he might need, and said, "If you spend any more upon him, I will pay it."

When Jesus had finished telling this story, he said to the lawyer, "Which of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves?" And he said, "He that shewed mercy on him." Then said Jesus unto him, "Go, and do *thou* likewise."

Our neighbors are all around us, and we are never too small to help them. Even in the nursery playing with our brothers and sisters we may often act the part of the Good Samaritan.

We may see one little child sitting on the floor crying, and another taking no notice of her, but if we leave our playthings, and try to see if we cannot help dry those tears, and bring the smiles back to the little face, we shall not lose our reward; for we know that Jesus is looking down from his home in heaven and is pleased to see us do what we can to help each other.

"Thy neighbor? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

"Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
Whom hunger sends from door to door;
Go thou, and succor him.

"Thy neighbor? 'Tis that weary man
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain;
Go thou, and comfort him."

## THIRTY-FIRST DAY

"For our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ."
—*Phil.* iii. 20

"Our conversation" does not mean talking to one another about our daily lives and doings. It means our citizenship—our *home* is in heaven. We might be staying somewhere in a foreign country for a time, and if any one asked us if we lived there, we should say, "No, our home is in our own country, and we hope one day to go there." So we may speak of heaven as our home.

Every true follower of Jesus, every one who has given his heart to him, is journeying to that bright home.

If we love the Saviour, and try to serve and obey him, we are showing to others that we are on our way to that city "which hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb, the Lord Jesus Christ, is the light thereof."

And now I have come to the end of this little book, and if any word I have written has made *one* little child think of what the Lord Jesus has done for him, and try to love and serve him more, and read his Holy Word the Bible, and there find with the aid of God's Spirit what a lovely life a Christian child's may be, this little book has not been written in vain.

I may never see any of you in this life, yet I pray we may all meet "around the throne of God in heaven," when we shall see our Saviour not as through a glass darkly, but face to face, and shall know even as we are known.

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearer Home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

"Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea—

"Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer leaving the cross;
Nearer gaining the crown.

"Saviour, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the might of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death;

"Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer Home,
Nearer now than I think."

# CHRISTMAS STORIES FOR OLDER CHILDREN

## A STOP-OVER CHRISTMAS

BY CLAIRE H. GURNEY

"Come, boys, you will have to jump up now, if you want to get home for Christmas," and papa set the lamp on the table and pushed aside the curtains from the window at the foot of the bed where Russell and Giles lay so covered up by gay-colored patch-work quilts that nothing but the tops of their tousled brown heads could be seen. Russell stretched, turned over, and then snuggled still deeper into the warm bed, but Giles opened his big brown eyes and looked about him.

"Why, farver" (he was an odd little fellow and never said "papa" and "mama" as the other children did, but always "farver" and "muvver"), "why, farver, what makes it so dark when it is time to get up?"

"It 's very early, Boy. Here at the farm they 're not such lazy folks as we are, and besides, it 's snowing hard."

"Snowing! Really, papa?" and Russell opened his eyes and jumping out of bed ran to the window.

"Hurrah!" he shouted. "See how fast it 's coming down!" Giles was up in a minute, as eager as his brother, and papa helped him with his buttons (which was quite fair, you know, because he was such a little fellow), so that he was hardly a second behind Russell as they raced down-stairs.

Aunt Clara had breakfast all ready for them as soon as mama came in with Sylvia and Baby Laura. Uncle Tom shook his head as he looked out of the window. "It 's going to be a tough storm, Harold," he said to papa; "you and Margaret and the children had better stay with us over Christmas. Your Aunt Clara and I 'd be more than glad to have you."

"Yes, indeed!" echoed Aunt Clara. "You always make such little nipping visits that I declare I don't have time to see you before you 're off again."

"We 'd love to stay if we could, Auntie," said Mr. Girdwood, "but you see I promised mother that we 'd take our Christmas dinner with her at home to-morrow, so we must go."

"Your mother would be lonesome without you, that 's true," said Uncle Tom, "but I 'm not so sure as I 'd like to be that you 'll *get* home if this storm continues, and you might just as well be here as snowed up on the railroad. You 'd find that was n't much of a joke with four children and two of 'em nothing but babies.

"Well," he went on after a few minutes, "if you think you must go, we 'll have to start pretty soon for it 'll take nearly an hour to get to the station, and the train is due at ten o'clock."

So the boys put on their overcoats and mittens and pulled their caps down over their ears. Mama and Sylvia put on their cloaks, and Aunt Clara brought shawls and buffalo robes, in one of which papa wrapped Baby Laura so that she looked like an Eskimo baby. Then Jim, the hired man, drove up to the door with Dan and Jerry harnessed into the big double sleigh, and papa and Uncle Tom put them all in,—mama with Baby Laura in her lap and Sylvia and Giles on the back seat, and papa and Uncle Tom and Russell on the front, and away they went, so wrapped up in the fur robes that they could hardly turn around to shout a last good-by to Aunt Clara, who stood at the window waving her handkerchief to them. The snow was getting deep, but Dan and Jerry were strong and pulled steadily, so that they reached the station in time for papa to buy the tickets and

for everybody to say good-by to Uncle Tom before getting on the train.

It was so stormy that very few people were traveling, so that there was plenty of room, and the children amused themselves by looking out of the windows, first on one side of the car and then on the other; but in an hour or two they grew tired of this, for the train was going very slowly and the snow was falling so thick and fast that they could hardly see a bit of the outside world. The wind had begun to blow and every few minutes it would dash against the car, and when occasionally Russell could get a peep through the window he saw that the snow was piling up in great drifts across the track. Laura and Giles were so sleepy that mama let them lie down on the seats and have a nap; Sylvia tried to amuse herself by making a hat for Laura's doll out of a bit of ribbon that mama found in her bag, and Russell borrowed papa's fountain pen and wrote a letter to his chum, Charlie Potter. The train went slower and slower and finally stopped,—then the engine gave two or three throbs and went jerking forward only to come to another stop, and this time there was no starting again.

"What 's the matter, papa?" said Sylvia.

"Are we snowed in?" asked Russell.

"I 'm afraid so," answered Mr. Girdwood. "I 'll go forward and speak to the conductor."

"May I go with you, papa?"

"Yes," and Mr. Girdwood and Russell went to find him.

When they came back papa looked rather serious. "Yes," he said, in answer to their questions, "we are snowed in and there is no prospect of our getting out at present; the wind is increasing every minute and I think it could n't snow any harder than it is snowing now."

"'COME ALONG, ONE AND ALL!' SAID MR. BROWN."

"Then we 're stuck tight, farver?" said Giles, who was now awake.

"Yes, Giles, 'stuck tight.'"

"Won't we ever get home, farver?" and Giles' brown eyes looked very serious indeed.

"Oh, yes, but not as soon as we expected."

"Won't we get home in time for dinner?"

"I 'm afraid not. But perhaps mama can give us something to eat. I saw Aunt Clara put a very nice-looking bundle into that bag."

Mama took out the bundle and opened it, and there were enough chicken sandwiches and sponge cake for everybody, even the conductor and brakeman. After they had eaten their luncheon they played games for a while, but as the afternoon wore away they all grew weary. It was about four o'clock when suddenly they heard some one shouting, and in a few minutes there was a great stamping of feet and a hearty laugh and then the door opened and in came the conductor and with him a tall man wearing a leather jacket and high cowhide boots. In his hand was a big basket that he placed on the floor, and then he came along to where papa and Giles were seated. His face was so pleasant and kindly that mama and the children were quite ready to answer to his cheery greeting with a smile. He told them that his name was Brown and that his farm-house was only a short distance from the track, and that when he discovered that the train was blocked he thought he 'd come down with "some milk and doughnuts for the folks. But," he went on, "wife, she says to me, 'if there 's any women folk on the train bring 'em up to the house, especially if there 's children with 'em,' and the conductor says that you are the only woman and that these are the only children on the train, ma'am, and we 'd be very glad to have you come up to the house. Of course, you 'd come too, sir."

"You are very kind, Mr. Brown," began papa, "but—"

"Oh, papa, *don't* say 'but,' " said Sylvia, "do let us go!"

"Now that 's just right," said Mr. Brown, "come along, one and all; the house is big enough and I 've a girl and a boy that 'll be tickled to pieces to have company. They 've got a Christmas tree all ready to light up after supper."

"*I 'll* go with you, Mr. Brown," said Giles.

"Good!" said the farmer, "that 's the kind of talk I like."

Mr. Girdwood laughed. "It is a most kind invitation, Mr. Brown, and Mrs. Girdwood and I accept it with pleasure. But will it be possible for these little folks and their mama to get through the snow?"

"Why, I 've tunneled through the drifts from the house to the road, and the wind has blown the snow off, till the road 's as bare as the back of your hand down here to the tracks and we 'll soon dig through this big bank by the train."

So the brakeman and Mr. Brown dug a path to the road, and papa took Laura in his arms, and Mr. Brown took Giles on his shoulder, and off they started for the farm-house. Mama was a little afraid that the train might get started and go off without them, but Mr. Brown reassured her.

"Why, ma'am," he said, "they 'll get no snowplow through this road before morning, and before they 'd get that train dug out and started there 'd be such a tooting of whistles and blowing off of steam that you 'd hear it a mile away. Besides, Jim Pearson,—he 's the brakeman,—told me he 'd come over and let us know if there was any chance of starting."

Mrs. Brown greeted her company warmly and in a few minutes the children felt as well acquainted with Walter and Esther Brown as though they had known them for years. Walter was a fine boy twelve years old, just Sylvia's age, and Esther was nine, a year younger than Russell.

After they had eaten what Russell and Giles called the best supper that ever was, they all went into the room where the Christmas tree stood. It was decorated with bright tinsel stars and festoons of popcorn and cranberries, and when Mr. Brown lighted the candles it looked very gay and pretty. Sylvia gazed at it a moment, then she whispered to her mother. Mrs. Girdwood smiled and nodded, then she and Sylvia left the room, coming back in a few minutes with some little packages that they handed to Mr. Brown to hang on the tree. What a merry time they had! At papa's suggestion they formed a ring and danced gaily around the tree; then Mr. Brown took the packages down and distributed them. How surprised Russell was to have a fine bow and arrow handed to him! (He did n't know that Walter had taken it from his store of cherished toys.) Sylvia got a lovely photograph of Esther; Giles was made happy by a big paper soldier cap; and Laura had a paper doll that she thought was a marvel of beauty. Then the packages that Sylvia had hung on the tree were taken down and the Browns were surprised in their turn, for there was a tiny parcel marked with Esther's name, which when it was opened proved to be the pretty turquoise ring that Sylvia had quietly slipped from her finger; papa's stylographic pen went into Walter's pocket; and mama had found a dainty handkerchief for Mrs. Brown. Little Giles had insisted upon giving Mr. Brown his most precious possession, a beautiful new knife. Mr. Brown thanked him warmly for it, and told him he should always keep it.

So the evening passed away; they laughed and

talked and ate walnuts and popcorn until Laura was fast asleep in mama's lap, and Esther and Giles found it hard to keep their eyes open, and even the bigger ones were growing sleepy; then off they went to bed. The snow had ceased falling, and as Mrs. Brown drew aside the curtain they all peeped out and saw the stars shining in the clear dark sky.

"I hope they won't get the snow-plow through for a week," said Walter, as he led Russell into the cozy bedroom they were to share that night.

"So do I," answered Russell; "this is one of the best Christmases I ever had."

But before the sun rose the next morning the great snow-plow, with a gang of men with shovels, had arrived, and there was only time to dress and eat a hurried breakfast before Jim Pearson came running in to say that the train would start in a few minutes. Mr. and Mrs. Girdwood could hardly say enough to thank Farmer Brown and his wife for their kindness, and the children parted with Walter and Esther with much regret.

"It seems as if we 'd always known each other, does n't it?" said Esther, and Sylvia and the others agreed with her.

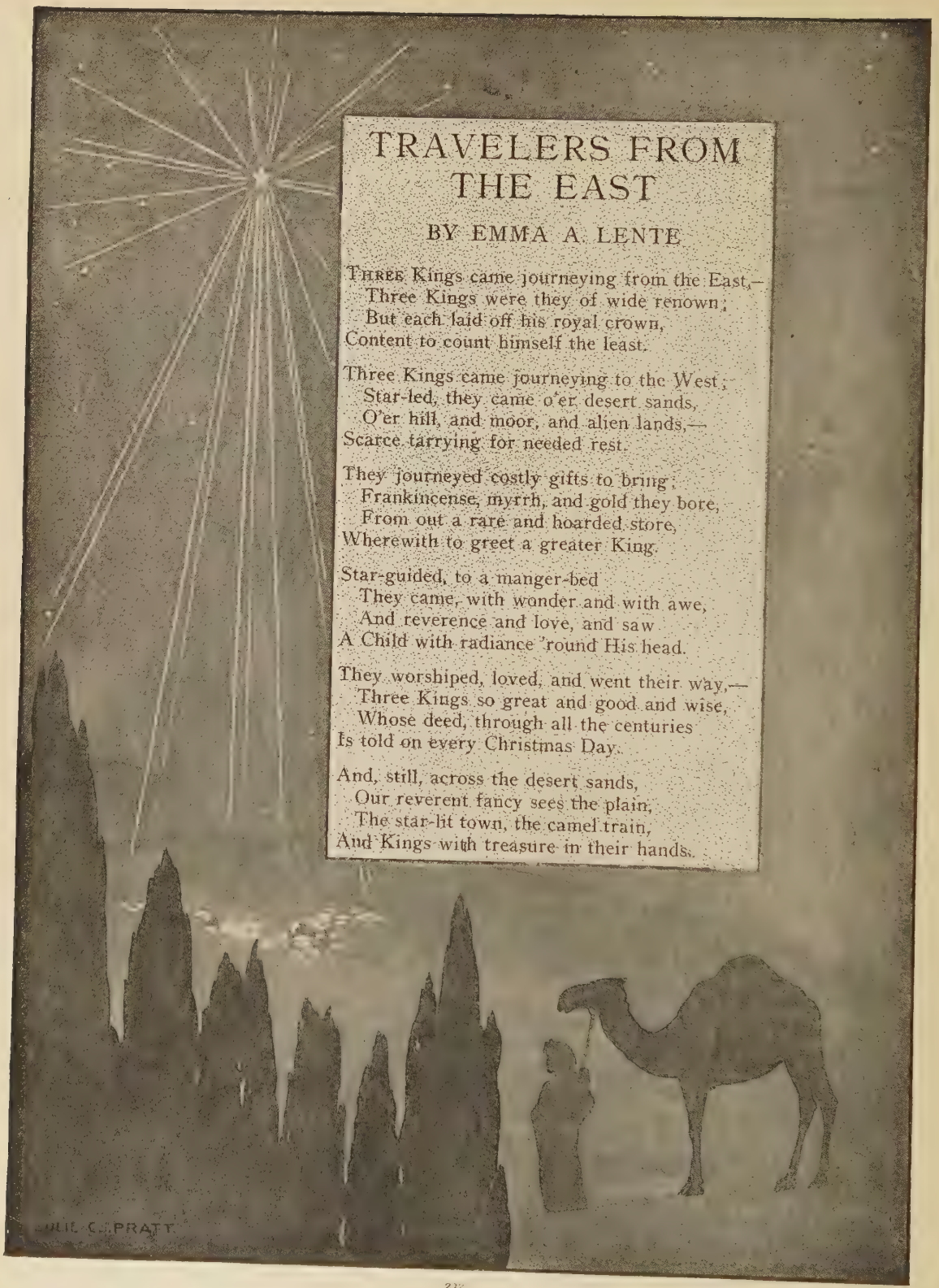
"WHAT A MERRY TIME THEY HAD!"

"We 'll stop and see you next summer, when we go to Uncle Tom's," said Russell.

But papa said that Mr. and Mrs. Brown must surely promise to come to Boston to make a return visit, and bring Walter and Esther with them. And he would n't let Mr. Brown say no.

Then the whistle blew long and loud and everybody ran for the train, shouting, "Good-by, good-by, Walter!" "Good-by, Esther."

And slowly the engine moved off, bearing with it the happy little stop-over Christmas travelers in time for them to have their promised Christmas dinner with their grandmother.



# TRAVELERS FROM THE EAST

BY EMMA A. LENTE

THREE Kings came journeying from the East,—
  Three Kings were they of wide renown;
  But each laid off his royal crown,
Content to count himself the least.

Three Kings came journeying to the West;
  Star-led, they came o'er desert sands,
  O'er hill, and moor, and alien lands,—
Scarce tarrying for needed rest.

They journeyed costly gifts to bring;
  Frankincense, myrrh, and gold they bore,
  From out a rare and hoarded store,
Wherewith to greet a greater King.

Star-guided, to a manger-bed
  They came, with wonder and with awe,
  And reverence and love, and saw
A Child with radiance 'round His head.

They worshiped, loved, and went their way,—
  Three Kings so great and good and wise,
  Whose deed, through all the centuries
Is told on every Christmas Day.

And, still, across the desert sands,
  Our reverent fancy sees the plain,
  The star-lit town, the camel train,
And Kings with treasure in their hands.

JULIE C. PRATT

# The Story of the Holly Sprig

BY ARTHUR UPSON

"I 'd be the shiniest green,"
  Wished once a sprig of holly,
"That e'er at Yule was seen,
  And deck some banquet jolly!"

"I 'd be the cheeriest red,"
  Wished once the holly-berry,
"That e'er at board rich spread
  Helped make the feasters merry!"

The life within them heard
  Down dark and silent courses,
For each wish is a word
  To those fair-hidden sources.

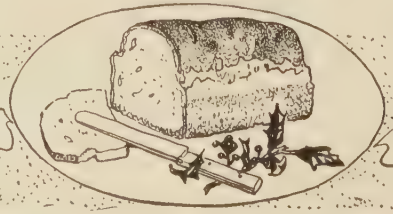
All Summer in the wood,
  While they were riper growing,
The deep roots understood,
  And helped without their knowing.

In a little market stall
  At Yule the sprig lay waiting,
For fine folk one and all
  Passed by that open grating.

The Eve of Christmas Day
  It had been passed by many,
When one turned not away
  And bought it for a penny.

Hers was a home of care
  Which not a wreath made jolly;
The only Christmas there
  Was that sweet sprig of holly.

"Oh, this is better far
  Than banquet!" thought the berry;
The leaves glowed like a star
  And made that cottage merry!



# JUDY'S IDEA

by Charlotte Sedgwick.

ANNETTE HALL'S needle was beating a faint little drum-tune on the circle of linen stretched taut over her embroidery-hoops, evolving a crimson rose; Mary Dayton's brush was tracing golden scrolls on a fine white china cup; Katrine Schuyler's long amber needles were weaving mysteries of violet wool; Rosalie Jessup's ivory paper-knife was spreading sweet-smelling powder over a broad surface of fleecy white stuff;—the Christmas Club was in busy session.

"How early it gets dark!" Mary complained, bending lower over her cup.

Rosalie sprang up, shaking sweetness all around.

"Let 's stop awhile and have our tea," she said. She pushed a bell somewhere, and then, kneeling by the fire, she prodded the big logs into a crackling blaze.

"Come on over here, girls," she called. "The tea-things are coming in a minute."

Down on the rug they sat in a merry circle, and when Annie appeared she was directed to place her great silver tray on the floor. The little kettle was already singing, and the girls fell into silence, listening and watching the fire.

"'Twilight and firelight, shadows come and go,'" Annette murmured.

"It 's all so comfy," Katrine sighed.

"Where can Judy be?" Mary wondered.

"Girls, I 'm worried about Judy," said Rosalie. "One sugar or two, Katrine?"

"Three, please," said Katrine. "Girls, she *is worried* about Judy!"

"*Why* is she worried about Judy?" asked Annette, in tragic tones.

"Because," Rosalie explained, "she has n't had a bright idea for a long time, and one must be about due; and if she should get one now, and we should catch it, and—and so near Christmas," she finished anxiously.

"Oh, *cheer* up!" Katrine comforted. "It 's been so long now, maybe she 's outgrown them."

"Rap on wood, quick!" Annette advised.

Mary reached over and solemnly rapped on Katrine's coronet of golden braids.

"Funny Mary!" drawled Katrine.

"You know we *always* do just what she suggests, Annette. She has a way—Judy has. Our only safety is not to let her suggest anything."

There was a distant sound as of a heavy door closing, a swift rush as of a little breeze coming, and then within the circle a brown elf of a girl appeared, with shining eyes and glowing cheeks.

"How dear you look!" she cried. "Oh, girls, I 've got just the loveliest idea!"

Then up rose four determined maidens and fell upon that small one.

"No, you don't, Judy Kendall,—oh, no, you don't!" quoth Mary, more in fear than in wrath.

"Perhaps if you 'll let us put you right to bed you can sleep it off, dear," cooed Annette.

"There, there, child, take a cup o' tea and forget it," advised Katrine.

Judy wriggled away from her tormentors.

"Are you all quite crazy?" she asked sweetly. "I was only going to tell you—"

"Judy darling," Rosalie broke in, "you are not going to tell us anything. No lovely ideas until after Christmas! Do you get *that* idea, Judy?"

Judy laughed, tossed the brown coat and furs and hat on a sofa, and dropped down beside the tea-tray, a slim little figure in a white serge sailor frock and scarlet tie.

"I want my tea," she said. Rosalie knelt to serve her, and the others completed the merry circle.

"You are late, Judy," Mary chided. "Not a stitch of work have you done this day."

Judy greedily ate her cake.

"What kept you, dear?" Annette coaxed.

A flame shooting up caught sweet mischief lurking in Judy's dimples, but the girls did n't see and the little flame did n't tell.

"I had a lot of errands to do for Mother," Judy explained, "and of course I had to stop and look at 'The Night before Christmas' in Hartmann's window. That window made me late at school three times last week," she added ruefully. "Well, two wee things were looking, too, and—but it 's a long story; you don't want to hear it," she ended.

Thus denied, they were sure that they wanted to hear every word of it, only they might as well be working, Mary suggested. Rosalie flooded the room with light, and the Christmas Club was busy again, all but Judy, who stayed on the floor by the fire.

"I must get these bureau-pads together while I 'm in the mess," Rosalie apologized. "Go on, dear; we 're listening."

So Judy went on. She had talked to the children beside her at the window, and they had played a merry little game of "I choose." Judy herself had chosen a tiny table set for tea and the doll party around it, which Santa Claus was leaving for one of the children "nestled all snug in their beds." The little girl wanted the baby doll in its cradle and the wee chair beside it, hung with the baby doll's dainty clothes. The small boy sniffed at dolls and manfully selected an automobile, a drum, and a pair of roller-skates, and some fur gloves.

"All right," Judy had said then, "I 'll just step in and mention to Santy what we want."

But the small girl had detained her, explaining gravely that Judy must not, for Santy was very poor this year, her mother had told them, and he probably would not come to their house at all.

"Then," said Judy, "I just whisked those babies in, and fed 'em hot chocolate and sandwiches, and made 'em tell me all about it. They are Tommy and Bessie Evans, and they live out toward the lake. Their father has been sick for a long time, and their mother is trying to make their savings last till he can work again, so Santy *is* too poor to come. And, girls, they were n't even dressed warm—their toesies were almost out of their shoesies."

"Oh, Judy!" Annette choked. Judy smiled.

"You 'll feel better in a minute, dear," she comforted. "I left those infants drinking chocolate at the little table and just ran around to Father's office and collected my March allowance."

"Your March allowance!" cried Mary, in horror.

"Of course," said Judy, easily; "I 've spent them up to—April now. Well, we bought shoes, Tommy and Bessie and I, and stockings and fleece-lined rubbers and mittens. It was more fun!"

Katrine was tapping an amber needle against her white teeth. "How big is your family, Judy?" she asked. "I wonder if they could n't wear some of Editha's and Bobby's things."

"They can," Judy said—"they do. I trotted them right over to your mother and held her up for warm coats; got those fuzzy scarlet ones your young imps wore last winter. Then I made Dave take us home in the car, Rosalie. They had never been in an automobile before, and they had simply the time of their lives, those kiddies did. And *that* is why I 'm late," she ended, and gazed into the fire, smiling. Presently she got up and joined the industrious ones.

"How many presents did you have last Christmas, Rosalie?" she asked.

"Oh, forty or fifty, I suppose," said Rosalie, carelessly. "Why?"

"I had over thirty," Judy said. "Nobody needs so many. Rosalie, won't you please give me that baby doll in the cradle this year, and the little clothes, and the chair?"

"Touched in the head, poor thing!" said Mary, pityingly. "Better humor her, Rosalie."

"She shall have her baby doll, yes, she shall," laughed Rosalie.

"A drum, Katrine?" Judy suggested.

"Yes, dear, yes; and some roller-skates—I 'll steal a pair from Bobby," Katrine promised.

"I 'd just love to give you an automobile, dearest," Annette offered.

"And I was thinking of fur gloves," Mary confessed. "Do you know what size you wear, Judy?"

"I 'm Tommy and Bessie Evans, please," Judy

corrected. "Girls, will you 'reely-trooly' do it? And then not give one thing to Judy Kendall? Girls, *will* you?"

"Oh, I think it 's *sweet!*" Annette exclaimed. "I 'm going to do it, too. I 'm—I 'm Emily Bailey, girls; you know—that little lame girl. And I want a doll and things to sew for it, and books and picture-puzzles, and—and—"

"I 'm the O'Rafferty twins, meself," Mary announced. "I dunno yit what I 'm wantin'. I 'll inquire whin me mother goes to wash for Missus Dayton nixt Monday."

"I 'll ask Mother to tell me who we can be, Katrine," Rosalie said. "She has an eye on every poor family in town, I guess. And I 'll tell you, girls, let 's hang our stockings up here by the fire, Christmas Eve, and fill them. Then Dave will take us all round in the car to distribute them."

"We must have a Santa Claus," Judy added. "Would Peter do it, Katrine, the way he does for Bobby and Editha?"

"Of course," Katrine promised. "I 'll make him."

"You see, I promised Tommy and Bessie that he would surely come, and that they should see him if they were good." She stopped in alarm, for Annette's eyes were shining with intelligence.

"Judy Kendall—" Annette began. Judy winked a naughty eye at her. Annette's brow lifted in question, and Judy winked another eye and laid her finger on her lips, whereupon Annette sprang up and hugged her.

"You *dear!*" she whispered.

"Hush!" Judy warned.

It was the night before Christmas, and all through the Jessup house five young creatures in bright dresses were stirring about with a rapidity which caused David to insist that he had counted ten of 'em at least. He mentioned his calculations to a little creature in blue who was hurrying through the hall with a big red basket on each arm. "Say," he added, "why don't you get in one of those baskets and ride?"

But the little blue creature had vanished up the stairs, laughing.

"That 's the third or tenth or second that has gone up," David grumbled, and taking his paper, he distributed his length across the second step of the broad stairs. Another little creature appeared, in white this time, but with the same red baskets.

"Halt!" came from the barricade on the stairs. "How many are there of you? I think you 're the *tenth.*"

"Just the eighth and ninth," she set him right. "I 'm Tommy and Bessie Evans."

The little creature planted a foot lightly on David's knee and she, too, vanished up the stairs, laughing.

Up-stairs, in Rosalie's sitting-room, it was very quiet. Hanging from the broad chimney-shelf were nine pairs of small black stockings, limp and empty. On the hearth little flames were playing, now hiding behind the great logs, now dancing out to "tag" some shadow creeping toward the small stockings.

The door opened softly and closed again. The little flames crouched low. Somebody was coming, dragging something over the thick rug. When the somebody got very near, the little flame sprang up and surprised a tall girl in a rose-colored gown, who carried one red basket and pulled a sled behind her.

The rose-colored girl laughed at the excited flames, and proceeded to fill the largest pair of stockings with candy and nuts. Then she drew the sled under another pair, and an inquisitive flame stretched up to read "Jimmy O'Rafferty" on the card pinned to the shelf above. A doll came out of the red basket and sat down on the shelf between two very tiny stockings; next, a scarlet automobile; and last a beautiful big book. Then, setting her basket on the sofa, the rose-colored girl vanished.

Soon the door opened again, and the flames caught a yellow girl advancing with two red baskets. She filled two pairs of stockings. Then she set a little cradle on the shelf, and beside the cradle put a tiny chair, on which she hung some tiny garments. A cupboard showing some blue-and-white dishes behind its glass doors went on the shelf beside the rose-colored girl's doll, and above the largest pair of stockings went a woolly pink kimono. Then, leaving her baskets on the sofa, the yellow girl was gone.

It was a little blue girl next, with a coronet of golden braids. She played her pretty part and disappeared like the others, to be followed by a girl in red. And last came a slim little girl in white, who plumped herself down on the hearth-rug, with a big red basket on each side, and studied the shelf above. The clock ticked the minutes away, and the little flames scolded.

"Judy!" a voice called outside the door, reproachfully. "You Judy!" The girl on the rug jumped up.

"She said not a word, but went straight to her work"; she chuckled softly, and fell to emptying her baskets. Soon the little flames were alone again with the Christmas treasures.

But only for a few minutes. Suddenly voices called along the halls and up and down the stairs, the door swung open, lights flashed up, and the room seemed full of girls in bright dresses. A

few fathers and mothers hovered in the background; David stood in the door, a great fur coat over his arm, cap and goggles in his hand; Santa Claus, brave in scarlet and fur, appeared from somewhere and took his position by the chimney.

"Jimmy O'Rafferty—Katy O'Rafferty," he announced, grabbing two pairs of chubby black

"SHE PLUMPED HERSELF DOWN ON THE HEARTH-RUG, WITH A BIG RED BASKET ON EACH SIDE."

stockings. "Will Jimmy and Katy please come forward?"

"I 'm they—thim 's me, I mean," said Mary, gathering the stockings into her arm.

"This sled is Jimmy's," Santa Claus went on, "and this doll-carriage with the fine young doll in it is Katy's. These fur gloves seem to be for Jim."

Mary piled her gifts on her sled and drew it merrily away, while Santa Claus seized the next two pairs of stockings.

"Gladys Louise Jefferson—Helen Clementine Jefferson," he read. "Whar *am* those pickaninnies?"

"Heah we is," laughed Rosalie, appearing beside him and holding up the skirt of her yellow dress. He laid the stockings in it and added two big dolls, a set of dishes, and a little table.

"Emily Bailey," he called next, and Annette stepped up to take the single pair of stockings, a lovely pink kimono, a work-basket fully equipped and stocked with bright silk and muslins, two picture-puzzles, and a copy of "Little Women."

"Why are you only *one,* you little pig?" Santa Claus demanded sternly.

"Please, sir, because I can never walk," Annette explained, dropping a little curtsy as she retreated.

Then Tommy and Bessie Evans received their chosen gifts, and last Katrine, responding to a call for Jenny Dolan and Eddie Martin, got a

doll, a cupboard of blue-and-white dishes, a pair of roller-skates, and a picture-book.

"Hurry up, now, and let 's get out of this," said Santa Claus. "These togs are pretty hot!"

"I 'll bring around the car," said David, struggling into his heavy coat. And when the honk-honk was heard out in front five minutes later, a little procession of well-wrapped girls bearing tissue-decked baskets, with Santa Claus bringing up the rear, filed down the walk.

The young men carefully stowed the five girls, the nine baskets, and the one sled in the back of the car, and climbed into the front seat themselves, where David hung a string of bells around Santa's neck, with "Shake 'em up, Pete, shake 'em up! We 're a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer, you know. All ready, girls?"

Peter glanced back. "Let her go!" he said, and with a honk-honk and a jingle-jingle the great car leaped into the night, tossing up a spray of snow.

"The lake road first, Dave," Rosalie called, and then no one spoke again, until, with a suddenness that set the bells all jingling, they came to a stop at the gate of a tiny cottage. Peter jumped out and took Judy's baskets.

"You 're a reely-trooly Santa Claus, remember," she pleaded.

"Sure thing!" he answered, starting for the door. "Honk-honk," remarked the car, and a shade flew up, revealing two childish faces in the window.

"There I am!" Judy whispered. "Look, somebody is opening the door."

It was a little woman in a big white apron, holding a lamp in her hand.

"Come in," she invited pleasantly, and then, "Oh, my goodness!" she gasped, and stepped back.

"What is it, Mother? What is it, Mother?" shrill voices cried.

"Come and see," she laughed.

They came and stared at the apparition, wonder-eyed, clinging to the little mother's skirt. For a full minute he bore their scrutiny, smiling in a manner most saintly, and then he offered each small one a basket. But they only stared.

"Take them, dear ones," the mother coaxed, "and thank Santa Claus."

Two small hands reached out then, two small faces hid behind the white apron. Peter laughed and set the baskets on the floor.

"Merry Christmas!" he said to the little mother, pulling off his pointed hat.

"Merry Christmas!" she returned, "and thank you—oh, *thank* you!"

"Oh, don't thank *me*," he began, "I—"

"Honk-honk," warned the car, and he retreated in haste and climbed into his seat. The big machine circled and went purring toward town, while a faint "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night" floated back to the little group in the doorway.

"The O'Rafferty house next," said Mary. "This sled is a nuisance."

The O'Rafferty twins were not shy. They were for climbing right into the car when it stopped at their curb, but their mother caught one by his collar and the other by her braids, which prompt action discouraged exploring expeditions.

"Ain't ye 'shamed?" she scolded. "Thank the saint for your sled and your pretty baskets, and git along into the house with ye!"

"Say, Ma, I thought he drove reindeer," Jimmy yelled. "And he 's got his family with him, Ma!"

"He has that!" Mrs. O'Rafferty agreed, as a shout of laughter came from the car. "Miss Mary, bless your sweet heart, I—" But the car was gone.

"Are n't I just the cutest twins you ever saw!" Mary insisted. "Where next, girls?"

It was over at last, and a gay-colored row of girls decorated the sofa in the Jessups' hall, weary, rather silent, and grateful for the hot chocolate which David and Peter were bringing to them.

"Great stunt, that!" Peter approved, keeping a watchful eye on Annette's cup. "That little lame kid insisted on kissing me."

"Poor baby!" Mary murmured. Peter regarded her with suspicion.

"Whose idea was it, anyhow?" Dave wanted to know.

"Judy's," said Annette, proudly.

"Why, I thought it belonged to all of us," Rosalie said.

"It did," Judy nodded, and pinched Annette.

"No, it *did n't*," Annette insisted. "It was all Judy's, only we would n't let her label it that afternoon. Don't you remember?"

"Wait—let me think," said Rosalie. "Girls, Annette is right. Judy has simply manœuvered us through this whole thing. *This* was your lovely idea that afternoon, was n't it, Judy? Now own up to it."

Judy only laughed and held her cup out to David.

"Oh, well," said Mary, "I told you we always had to do just what Judy wanted us to."

David lifted high his cup of chocolate.

"Here 's to Judy's idea!" he proposed.

The four girls sprang up to drink the pretty toast with the young men, while little Judy sat still on the sofa, laughing and blinking very fast.

"'MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT!'"

Lambert Gheel Picture Bequest, N. Y.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD (PLOCKHORST).

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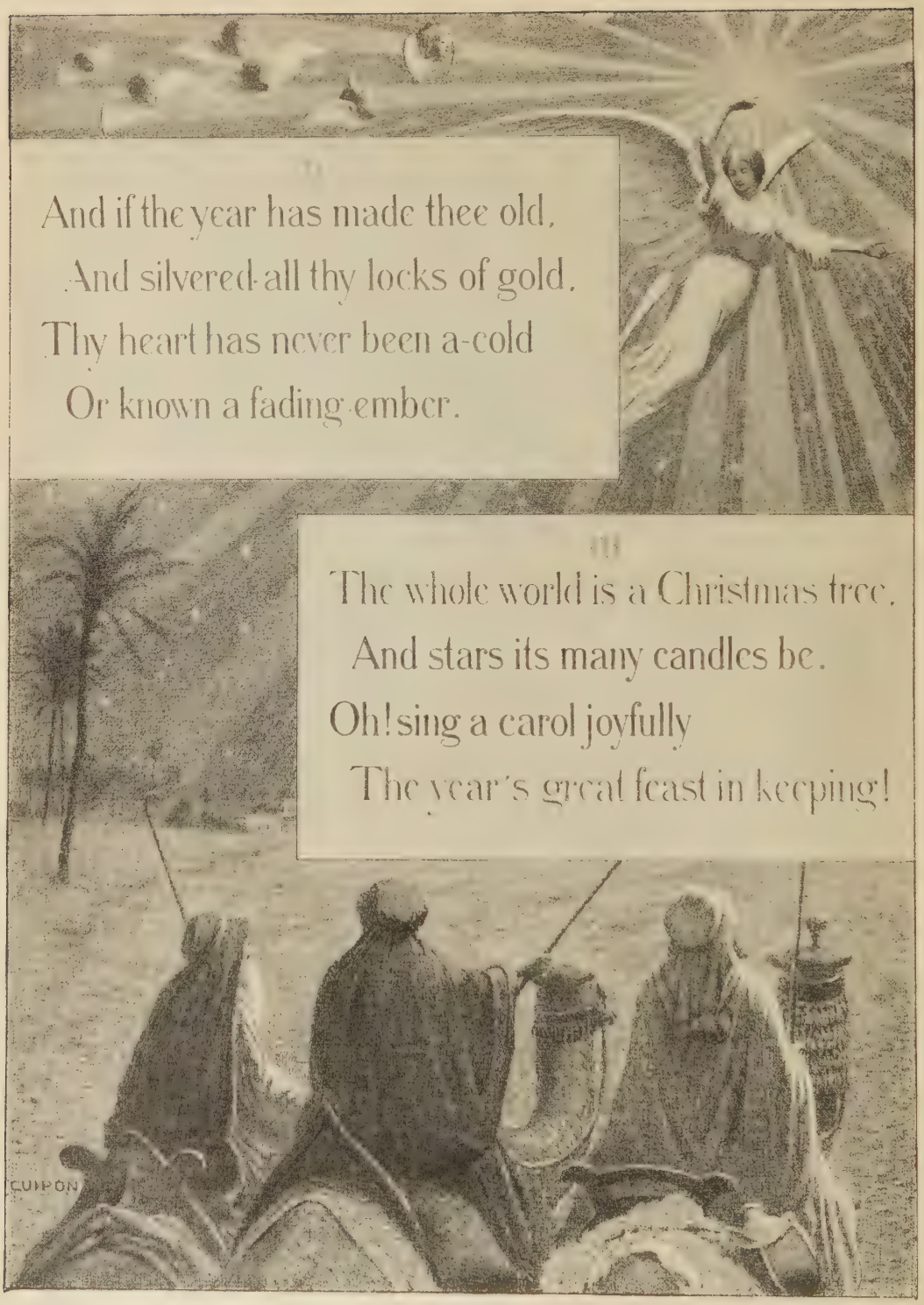
THE CHRIST (TISSOT).

ELLA·CONDIE·LAMB· 1894

# DECEMBER

I

Oh! holly branch and mistletoe,
And Christmas chimes where'er we go,
And stockings pinned up in a row!
These are thy gifts, December!


And if the year has made thee old,
And silvered all thy locks of gold,
Thy heart has never been a-cold
Or known a fading ember.
The whole world is a Christmas tree,
And stars its many candles be.
Oh! sing a carol joyfully
The year's great feast in keeping!
CUPPON

For, once, on a December night
An angel held a candle bright,
And led three wise men by its light
To where a child was sleeping.

Harriet F. Blodgett.

# THE BALD BROW CHRISTMAS TREES

BY CHARLES POOLE CLEAVES

At noon on the fifth day of December, the three Farnsworth boys completed their work of harvesting trees on the summit of Bald Brow—a "mountain" of no great elevation which bears, above the bald western slope, some of the finest Christmas trees in New England. The northern half of the mountain is the property of the Consolidated Paper Company, from whom permission to cut trees was secured. The southern half belongs to old Jared Frye, an eccentric hermit who has a fancy for raising turkeys. Through his private road and past his house was the route to the top of Bald Brow.

The trees were chopped, the butts sawed square, and all but the larger were tied in bundles, ready for shipping. There was prospect of continued fair weather, and a few days' teaming would load the car and allow the trees to be shipped in ample season. The contract read: "By December fifteenth."

As they descended the mountain at noon of the fifth, the boys were singing and shouting—gay with the joy of good work well done and the prospect of final success. In the sunny yard of the hermit's house the snow had melted, and the old man had loosed his turkeys to strut in the sun. Unfortunately, a snowball from Mark's hand missed Ned's dodging head and flew among the turkeys, striking a spotted gobbler, the old man's pet and pride, fairly on the wing. With a screech the turkey sailed across the yard and the boys' effort to prevent his escape sent him fluttering down the forest road. Frye was not in sight, and after a fruitless chase the fowl slipped into the woods. The boys, now a considerable distance from the house, concluded to let him go and trust to his instinct to bring him home.

But the next day, when they drove their teams up the mountain road, they were halted in front of Frye's house by a railing fenced across the road and a large sign which read: NO TRESPASSING.

As the permit to pass over the premises was merely a favor, and not in the nature of a contract, they were effectually barred out. The Paper Company's road, on the northern slope, was not direct, had not been cleared out, and a strip of unbroken woods lay between its completed part and the Christmas trees.

"Here 's a pretty state of affairs!" cried Tom. He dropped his reins and whip and strode up to the house, his brothers following. The old man shuffled to the door in response to his knock and listened attentively to his expostulations.

"Where 's my turkey?" he asked, when Tom paused.

"I 'll pay for the turkey, sir," replied Tom, promptly. "Mark flung a snowball at Ned and it hit the turkey and drove him down the road. We tried to catch him, but he dodged into the woods. He may come home. I 'll pay for him, anyway. What better can we do?"

The old man's eyes narrowed and his lips tightened.

"Find my turkey!" he answered, and closed the door.

The boys faced each other in dismay. Delay was serious. Storms, blocked roads, or a thaw would hinder teaming. After shipment there might be delay on the railroad.

"We 're fixed!" said Ned, mournfully.

"Can't we reason with him, or bribe him? We must do something," said Mark.

"It 's of no use," replied Tom. "He 's unreasonable; too well off and too proud to be hired. We 've got to find that turkey or make a road some other way. A pretty tough proposition in either case!"

They turned the teams and drove down the forest road to the place where the turkey had disappeared. A half hour's floundering in the crusty snow proved the folly of the search. The

frightened gobbler had fled far into the forest. Nothing but snow-shoes would mount the fragile crust, and snow-shoeing was hardly possible among the shrubbery where the turkey would be likely to skulk. If he had not already proved a savory feast to some wild beast he might wander homeward. If the weather turned colder he would probably freeze in the forest.

The boys returned to their teams.

"It 's of no use," said Tom, despondently. "Wait a couple of days, and the bird may find himself. But I 'll write the Paper Company for a permit to carry their road through to the summit. I believe a week's chopping would do it, and I am savage enough to chop day and night. There 's no small part of our year's education tied up in those Christmas trees. Boys, we *must* ship them! If the gobbler does n't turn up, or the old man relent, we must get those trees out if we have to hire a crew and lose money. We can make it up next year, and it will never do to fail at the start, in our contract."

They passed two uneasy, anxious days before they returned to the mountain and found the turkey still missing—the old man still obdurate. Meanwhile, a thaw had begun. The warmth and indolence of early spring were in the air, as if December were coquetting with April. In the village the streets were coated with a mere film of slush and ice. The mountain road was fast reduced. In the forests the snow was settling groundward. The boys broke out the Paper Company's road to its terminus, and chopped a continuation through the intervening strip. It cost them five days of hard labor, and even then there was evidence that a lack of snow to cover the stumps would make sledding impossible. Their hearts and financial interests were so much engaged in the Christmas tree enterprise that when, on the night of December thirteenth, they went to bed and listened to the drip, drip, of the eaves, Tom groaned involuntarily, and made no reply to Mark's queries.

But that night the wind whisked to the north and blew April four months away. By daylight the thermometer had dropped to its record. A crust like adamant was spread over the land, icing the roads and glazing the snow in field and forest. The roads were saved, and it was possible that a light fall of snow might soon follow

"'WHERE 'S MY TURKEY?' HE ASKED."

and cover the sapling stumps of the extended north road sufficiently to make possible the shipment of the trees by the engaging of several teams for doing the work in a day. That snow, however, could hardly fall before the fifteenth, and Tom rose early to write his Boston retailer a statement of the predicament.

But when he stood in the doorway and gazed up the shining slope of Bald Brow, over which he had often wished a road could be driven, a thought struck him that set him stamping about the crust in the dooryard.

Bald Brow was not a precipice, but a steep, rocky slope—too steep for man or horse—which was rough and craggy when bare, a mire of snow when covered. But Bald Brow coated with a solid crust afforded the simplest and most efficient means of transporting Christmas trees to the main road that skirted the base of the mountain. Any bright boy or man, his wits glowing under the stimulus of the bracing mountain air, would wake to the idea of *sliding* the Christmas trees down the declivity of Bald Brow.

They made plans in short order. Tom drew conclusions.

"I 'll shoot the bundles down the slope! You boys must stand down in the field to keep them from damaging each other, and draw them down to the roadside. We 'll be ready to load them by the middle of the afternoon, and with such teaming as this, we 'll have them on the car before tomorrow night, and then out they go on the evening freight."

To shorten the distance Tom cut through the southern woods, toiling up the mountain, over the firm crust, with light heart and quick feet. Passing behind the hermit's premises he heard a cow lowing dismally in her stall. No smoke rose from the chimney. There was an air of desolation about the scene. Urged more by the importance of the day's work than by resentment to Frye, his first instinct was to press on. But the mystery of the smokeless chimney, the pleading of the cow, and the desolateness, woke him to a sense of common duty. He approached the house. No tracks were visible in yesterday's slush and the windows were blinded by thick frost. He knocked twice. There was no response and he walked in. The room was cold, the stove fireless, and on the table, where a meal had been prepared and left untouched, the food was frozen. Tom's heart thrilled with dread.

"Mr. Frye! Hello!"

A muffled shout came from under the floor. Tom stooped and flung up the trap-door and peered into the darkness. He could hear quick, anxious breathing. Without further delay he lighted the old man's lantern and started down the narrow steps.

"Look out for that broken stair!" called a sharp voice. The strength of it relieved Tom's anxiety. He stepped carefully to the bottom of the cellar where he found the old man huddled up on the plank walk, a few potato sacks wrapped around him. His face was drawn, and he moved feebly and painfully.

"Had a tumble," he commented. "I came down for butter, and the trap-door dropped on me. Shot me down, and I broke a stair and doubled my limbs under me. I lost myself, and woke up chilly." His mouth twitched grimly in the lantern-light. "Guess I 'm pretty well bruised—or broken. Cold up-stairs, ain't it? I heard the wind blow, and it 's kinder drafty here."

"Cold? I guess it is!" exclaimed Tom. He started to explain, but the old man cut him short impatiently.

"Well, well. Start a fire in the kitchen and then help me git up. It 's warmer down here now."

Tom thrust Christmas trees out of mind as much as the pangs of disappointment would allow, left the old man in the cellar with the trap closed, and started a roaring fire in the kitchen range. Then he wrapped bedding about him, and finding him growing weak and faint, hurried out to the stable for an armful of hay with which he improvised a couch on the cellar planks. When he brought hot coffee, the old man drank it eagerly and called for food. He had the grit of a hero, but his movements brought forth exclamations of pain.

"Can't you feed my cow—and milk her?" he asked, eagerly. "Give my turkeys and hens some hot mash. They must be about frozen. Let me rest till you take care o' the critters, and the house gits warm."

He sank back on the bedding and waved Tom away. Leaving the lantern beside him and closing the trap, Tom hurried about the chores. The cow was grateful for breakfast and the famished fowls gathered stiffly about the scalded meal, and a young rooster thawed sufficiently to mount the roost and give vent to a long-delayed "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Down at the foot of Bald Brow Mark and Ned, stamping their feet on the crust and threshing their arms, had waited long and impatiently for Tom's appearance on the summit. A half hour should have brought him in sight. An hour passed. They shouted till their voices rang through the woods, but there was no reply. At last, leaving Ned as sentry, Mark started to follow as closely as possible Tom's route through the woods. But the tracks on the hard crust were

indistinct and soon lost, and Mark, after a shorter circuit, found himself on the clearing at the summit with no trace of Tom. He shouted the news disconsolately to Ned, and turned down the mountain road toward the hermit's house hoping to learn there some tidings of Tom.

Ned, determined to cover Tom's path to the summit, began a zigzag tour in the forest, gradually climbing the hill, shouting and peering into every dense covert. Sometimes he discovered drawn the old man from his dungeon and arranged him comfortably in bed—bruised, strained, and suffering from the terror of the lonely night, but with no serious injury. Ned's heart leaped at the sound of Tom's voice, and he sprang in and stood before the group with the final token of reconciliation in his arms—the turkey—which, with a gratified gobble, sprang upon the bed.

"I vow!" was the old man's comment. An abashed look and a smile of grateful pleasure

"THE TURKEY, WITH A GRATIFIED GOBBLE, SPRANG UPON THE BED"

Tom's footprints, followed them a few rods, then lost them and pursued his zigzag tour again. Where the sunlight poured down into clearer spaces he threshed the chill from his body and pressed on. At last, in a clump of firs, an old brush camp blocked his path. As he peered into it, his eyes blind with the brightness of the snow, a rustle in the corner startled him. Drawing back, he heard a querulous gobble, the voice of a vexed and uncomfortable fowl. It was Jared Frye's turkey.

He grasped the immediate horn of the dilemma, and secured the turkey without delay—determined to retrieve his snowball blunder. He was now so near the hermitage that he decided to return the bird, and continue his search—hoping, meanwhile, to meet Mark. He knocked at the kitchen door, stepped into the entry, and listened to the voices within. Tom and Mark had stole over his face, and he drew his knuckles across his eyes. "Here I be, sick and in prison, and ye come to heap coals o' fire on my head. Say, boys, it ain't too late to haul them trees down the mountain, is it?"

He looked at Tom pleadingly. The project of slipping the trees down the slope instead of teaming across his premises even disappointed him, but he settled down gratefully over the happy outcome, and slept under Ned's ministry, while Tom and Mark hurried away to secure additional help and an extra team to atone for lost time.

The trees were shipped next day, landed in Boston the twentieth of December, and the generous returns were spread far over the following months of school life. Next year's shipment—if there be no crust on Bald Brow—will pass Jared Frye's hermitage; that has all been arranged. There is no crust, now, in the old man's heart!

# The Lesson Learned

BY KATHRYN JARBOE

The snow was falling in soft, fugitive flakes down over the gray land, sifting through the branches of the dark pines on the hillside, slipping from the carved cornices of the old temple in the shadow of the pines, drifting into the shrine to touch the gilded image of Buddha that, for centuries, had looked unmoved on sun and snow alike. For this all happened in Japan.

In the pretty garden in front of the little missionary house, the snowflakes flecked the feathers of the bronze crane, rested on the broad back of the stone turtle, and heaped themselves upon the dwarf cypresses, the miniature hills and dales, and tiny little bridges. Almost as unheeded, they fell upon little Davy Brewster, who sat upon the steps overlooking the garden, his elbows on his knees, his chin cuddled into his pink palms. The feathery atoms rested on his yellow curls, on his little black shoulders, his thin black legs, and his shining black shoes. He knew well enough that it was snowing; he even watched, with moody eyes, one huge flake, bigger than all the rest, that sailed on and on, lifting now and then as though it were all unwilling to alight in the toy garden, as though it would float on across to the temple gate, to the golden Buddha itself. Davy knew, too, that it was Christmas eve; that, after weeks of weary waiting, Christmas had come to every one in his own far-off land. But not to him and to his mother.

He could hear her chair rocking softly backward and forward just inside the door. He knew just how she looked, sitting there in her new black gown. He knew that if he went in to speak to her she would draw him close in her arms and whisper: "Oh, Davy, Davyboy!" He knew that if he asked her the same question, she would give him the same answer; that if he asked her if Santa Claus was coming to-night, she would say tenderly that there could be no Christmas for him or for her, because they were left all alone in the world. He was sure that he could kiss her tears away; that if he held his hands on her cheeks and told her how much he loved her, she would stop crying; but he knew, oh, yes, he knew very well that what she had said was true—that Christmas was not coming to them.

It was such a little time ago that his father had been with them, though, that his father had told him that Christmas would come when the snow came. Now the white flakes were flying down from the sky, nestling everywhere upon the ground, but—but it was n't Christmas, it was n't Christmas for him. He wondered if it was Christmas in the heaven where his father had gone.

The snowflakes fell faster, the gray night slipped over the land. The temple bell boomed heavily down from the shadowed hill, and its waves of magical music rolled across the thatch-roofed village, across the fields, away to the misty horizon. Into the silence that trailed behind, the child's blue eyes gazed in a new terror of loneliness. Scrambling to his feet, he fled into the house and flung himself into his mother's arms, sobbing uncontrollably.

Mrs. Brewster held him close and whispered: "Davy, Davyboy!" For just an instant her tears fell on his yellow curls. Only for that instant, though, did he forget the promise he had made to his father—to be a brave boy. Suddenly mindful of it, he cuddled her cheeks with his hands, and kissed the tears from her tired eyes.

The Christmas sun flung down upon the white world a flood of golden light and glory. The branches of the pine-trees drooped under their burdens; the temple roof was all smooth and white and undefiled; the lap of the golden Buddha was heaped with snow; the bronze crane stood knee deep in the feathery mass; the stone turtle showed only his pointed head. Davy, sitting again on the steps that led down into the garden, looked out toward the horizon that was shimmering blue and pink and white, and wondered where Christmas did begin, wondered just how near to him Santa Claus had come.

From the horizon his eyes wandered back across the village of thatched roofs that lay at the foot of the hill. A bright line of vivid color, red and blue and green, was moving slowly along the snow-covered road that led from the village to the hill. Davy knew that it was the children from the Mission school wearing their gayest, brightest kimonos. He watched them as they tumbled along over the snow in their high stilted clogs, and wondered where they were going and what they were doing. Then he saw that they were climbing the hill, slipping and sliding, but always climbing. He heard them laughing and

chattering in their high, shrill voices. All at once he was terribly afraid that they were coming to his house. He had not been down to the Mission since his father had gone away; he had not seen any of the children since then, and his only impulse was to run into the house and hide. He did not move, though, and soon the line of boys and girls, looking like giant birds and butterflies of brilliant plumage, filed along the garden path, past the bronze stork, past the turtle's head, past all the tiny little bridges and tiny trees. Their faces were grave, their voices were

"DAVY HEARD THEM LAUGHING AND CHATTERING IN THEIR HIGH, SHRILL VOICES."

hushed as they looked up at the somber little boy sitting on the steps. They huddled close together, each trying to hide behind his neighbor, all save a Japanese boy called Otoyasan. He was but a few years older than Davy and had been a constant companion of the small American lad.

Otoyasan bowed low and all the line of his little followers ducked their heads in greeting.

"Good morning!" Davy spoke gravely and returned the low salute with an awkward little bow.

"Mer' Chrrissmus!" cried Otoyasan. The other children tried to echo the strange words.

"It is n't Christmas here, Otoyasan." Davy stood up now and rammed his small clinched fists deep into his tiny pockets. "It can't be Christmas for Muvver and me."

Otoyasan looked at him curiously, rubbed his hands together and, for a moment, did not speak.

"It 's Chrrissmus for ever' one, Davysan," he said at last. "It 's Chrrissmus for all the world. Your father, Revera Brewster, said it 's Chrrissmus for ever' one."

"But not for Muvver and me," answered Davy, shaking his head again. " 'Cause we 're all alone. Christmas could n't come to us, 'cause father 's died and we 're all alone in Japan."

"Revera Brewster said—" Otoyasan stopped. It was hard to remember the words, harder yet to repeat them. "Revera Brewster said," he began again determinedly, "that Chrrist love all the world. He said Chrrist love us ever' day. We must love Chrrist ever' day. We must love ever'body ever' day; but Chrrissmus Day we *show* Chrrist we love him by make ever'body happy. We say 'Mer' Chrrissmus ever'body!' we give presents ever'body." Otoyasan paused and looked at Davy. He had not remembered all the words of the Reverend David Brewster. He had not repeated them even as he remembered them. "We lig you, Davysan," he went on with sudden desperation. "We bring you present." He drew from his long scarlet sleeve a tiny samisen and laid it on the steps near Davy's feet. Near it he placed a small gray fan. "For her," he murmured, nodding toward the door of the house. "We lig her, too, Davysan."

The orator of the day had spoken. The presentation of his gifts was the signal for which his

followers had waited. Now they crowded close about Davy, each laying his or her gift for the boy on the step near Otoyasan's samisen, each putting some small article near the fan that was meant for Mrs. Brewster. To Davy, they had brought paper fish and animals, wooden trays and boxes, thin rice-cakes and colored sugar wafers; to Mrs. Brewster, bits of silk and parchment painted with birds and flowers and a great, white paper lotus-blossom. For a moment Davy stood and looked at the little party-colored group of children. Then he turned toward the house.

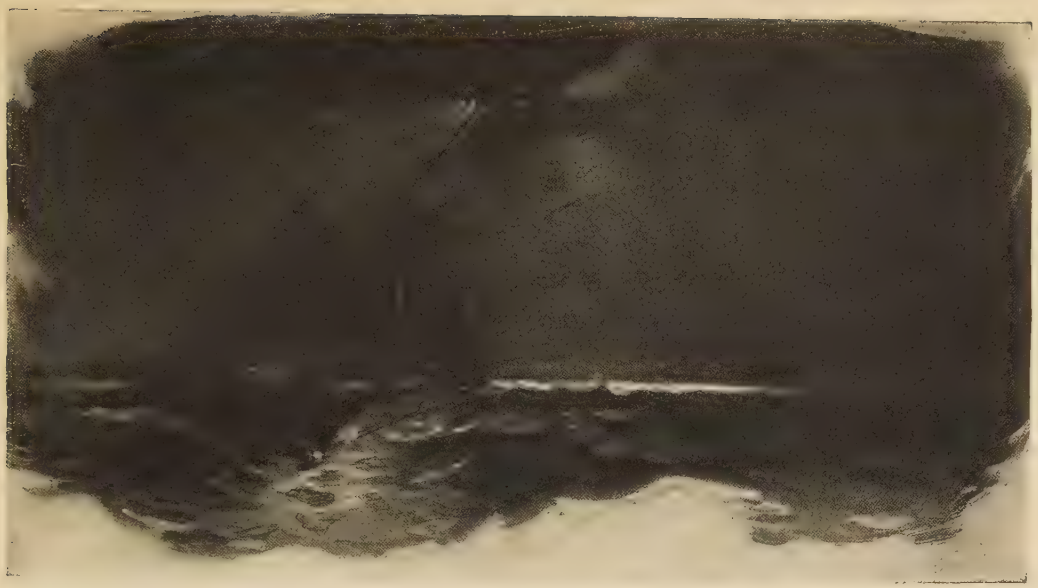
"Muvver, Muvver!" he shouted, "Christmas has come to us, after all! See, we 're not alone any more!" He pointed not to the gifts but to the children. "Muvver, they are our Christmas!"

For only an instant did Mrs. Brewster hold her hands close pressed against her eyes. Then she knelt down on the veranda.

"Davy, Davyboy," she whispered. "Indeed, it is our Christmas—the dearest Christmas that could be, because—because He sent it to us."

A ray of sunlight slipped through a rift in the temple roof and lay full on the golden Buddha, on the folded hands, on the downcast lids, on the lips that smiled in an eternal peace. In the same sunlight knelt the American mother, one arm about her own boy, the other holding close a little Japanese lad in his gay scarlet kimono. "Peace on earth, good-will to men and love eternal," she murmured. The lesson had been taught and learned and taught again.

"'MUVVER, MUVVER!' HE SHOUTED, 'CHRISTMAS HAS COME TO US, AFTER ALL!'"



# The Skipper's Lad

**A Christmas Tale**

## By Arthur Upson

**Illustrated by W. L. Jacobs**

NOTE.—There was formerly a superstition among Welsh sailors that, if their voyage found them at sea on Christmas Eve, they would be haunted with strange fears until they remembered the Night with a carol.

I

Black night, and biting keen, it was,
For Winter swept the sea;
The Skipper and the Bo's'n's mate
Aboard the *Jane Magee*
They heard the Bo's'n's whistle sound
Aloft so cheerlessly.

II

The *Jane Magee* of Portland Town
Bent through the gliding mist;
Whate'er she rode on lay unseen,
And all around was whist;
It was as though when night came on
All sound had been dismissed.

III

Now all was well, above, below,
Yet down the night had closed
So dreary in the first dogwatch
The sailors scarce reposed
As in their fo'c's'le bunks they lay
And dozed and woke and dozed.

IV

"What may this be?" Tom Wiggins cried;
"The sea-mist creeps and crowds,
And o'er the port rail I did see
Strange shapes among the clouds."
"And hark!" old Tompkins answered low,
"There 's creaking in the shrouds!"

V

"I've sailed through storms," spoke trusty Bill,
"From Hatteras to Belle Isle;
But rare the gale that, ere she broke,
Held not like this a while."
They saw the Skipper's lad look up—
Then smiled to see him smile.

VI

"You laugh, my lad," the old tar cried;
"There 's sommat on your tongue.
Heave sail, and let 'er have the wind,
And so your song be sung!"
Then clear the lad's sweet voice arose
And round the cabin rung.

VII

"Come, messmates, let us have a song,
Together, every man!
At home the Yule log burns; at sea
Let 's show the Night we can
Keep Christmas cheer as merrily
Here off the Grand Menan.

VIII

" My father walks the deck to-night,
My mother 's on the land;
A fortnight 't is we left her there
Against the yellow sand;
She had a red cap on her head,
A kerchief in her hand.

"Lo, Full upon its Rock Appeared the Light of Grand Menan!"

IX

"I stood astern and signaled back
A-leaning from the rails;—
And well I cherish all her lore
And all the old sea-tales
She told me, from the store she had
Of her kin back in Wales.

X

"'Davy'—says she—'this Christmas Eve
Will find you on the main;
The carol that I sang for you,
Oh, sing it there again,
Remembering the Holy Night,
Nor shall it be in vain!

XI

"'For oft'—says she—'by night I've heard
My poor old father say
His ship and crew once hung in spell
Without Caermarthen Bay:—
Bethought him 'twas the eve of Yule,
And carolled it away.'

XII

"So, sailor lads, pipe all hands round
And set your voices free,
For I propose a cheery song
Upon the Christmas sea,
To hail the blessed evening
Of our Lord's Nativity!"

XIII

"Three cheers for Dave, our Skipper's lad!"
The sturdy voices cried;
The cabin timbers rang again
And shook from side to side;
The watch up in the crow's-nest heard—
"Three cheers!" his heart replied.

XIV

And then in tones full rich and strong
A well-known hymn they raise—
A simple carol all had known
In boyhood's homely days.
The Skipper feels the air less keen,
Less chill the circling haze.

XV

*"God rest you, merry gentlemen,*
*Wherever you may be:*
*God rest you all in field or hall*
*Or on the stormy sea;*
*For on this morn our Christ was born*
*That saveth you and me!"*

XVI

They sing as only sailors sing
Before the capstan-bars,
Or high amid the rigging
For their audience of stars—
And as they sing the mists break way
And scatter round the spars!

XVII

Then, through the sudden rift, a sharp
Great golden radiance ran
To melt around the good ship's prow,
And in another span
Lo, full upon its rock appeared
The Light of Grand Menan!

XVIII

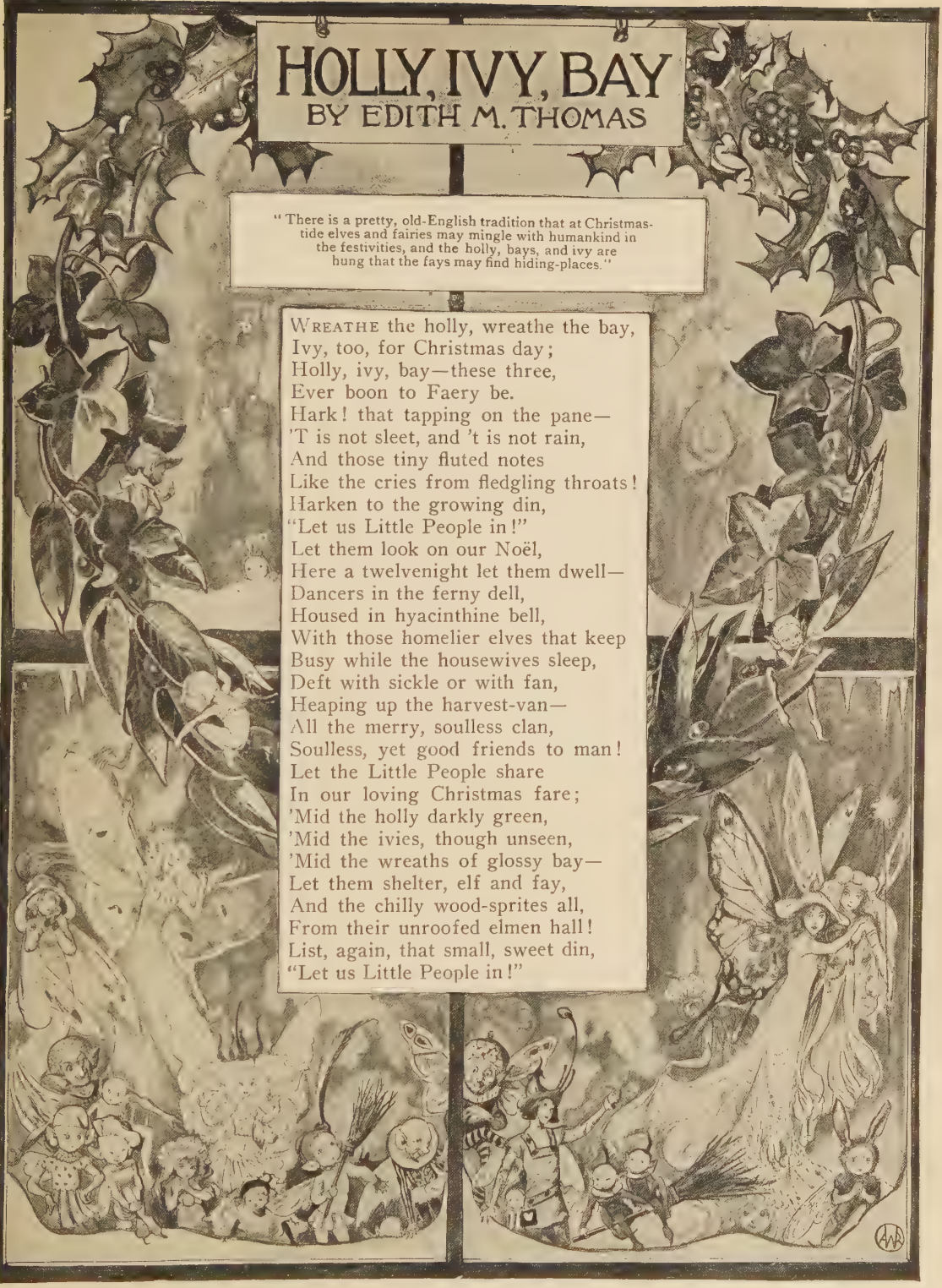
The night was clean of mist as noon,
And all the stars hung free;—
The Skipper's lad rode sailor-back
To music of their glee
Till eight bells called the sta'board watch
That Christmas Eve at sea.

"The Skipper's Lad Rode Sailor-Back to Music of Their Glee."

# HOLLY, IVY, BAY

## BY EDITH M. THOMAS

"There is a pretty, old-English tradition that at Christmas-tide elves and fairies may mingle with humankind in the festivities, and the holly, bays, and ivy are hung that the fays may find hiding-places."



WREATHE the holly, wreathe the bay,
Ivy, too, for Christmas day;
Holly, ivy, bay—these three,
Ever boon to Faery be.
Hark! that tapping on the pane—
'T is not sleet, and 't is not rain,
And those tiny fluted notes
Like the cries from fledgling throats!
Harken to the growing din,
"Let us Little People in!"
Let them look on our Noël,
Here a twelvenight let them dwell—
Dancers in the ferny dell,
Housed in hyacinthine bell,
With those homelier elves that keep
Busy while the housewives sleep,
Deft with sickle or with fan,
Heaping up the harvest-van—
All the merry, soulless clan,
Soulless, yet good friends to man!
Let the Little People share
In our loving Christmas fare;
'Mid the holly darkly green,
'Mid the ivies, though unseen,
'Mid the wreaths of glossy bay—
Let them shelter, elf and fay,
And the chilly wood-sprites all,
From their unroofed elmen hall!
List, again, that small, sweet din,
"Let us Little People in!"

(*A True Story of Christmas in River Street.*)

IT will surprise you to hear that Ted was eight years old before he ever hung up his stocking or knew anything about Santa Claus. The reason for this sad state of things was that Ted lived 'way down town in River street. Santa Claus does not go to that part of the city,—that is, he did not go before Ted was eight years old. It happened then that some young college women moved into No. 10, and Ted went to call upon them. Many children called, played games, and read picture-books, and some belonged to "clubs" at this house. They told Ted about it, and he followed as soon as he could walk so far on his crutch.

It was easy now for him to go quite fast, because he had had his crutch a long time; he could hardly remember when he did not need it. The very first thing he did remember was lying in a white bed, not at all like his own bed at home, and soon after he began to use his crutch, and was always left behind by the other children running to fires and to the police-station. After a while he could go faster, but he often lost his breath and had to sit down to rest, so he passed much of his time alone, and did not grow big and strong. In fact, he was the very thinnest and smallest boy of his age on River street, and that is saying a great deal.

The first day that Ted called at the "big house," as the children named it, happened to be the day before Christmas. It was twilight, and two men were carrying in a very tall spruce-tree fixed in a stand. Before the door closed, Ted had slipped in like a cat and stood looking curiously at the greens on the walls, the low table and chairs, and the big boxes in the room where they set down the tree. What it all meant he did not know at first, but he had seen such trees on the sidewalk in just such boxes, and an idea came to him slowly that they had a festive significance. The room was warm and bright, a large flag hung at one end between the windows, and there were colored prints on the walls. Ted found many things to look at, and, soon becoming tired, sat down on one of the small chairs to enjoy them at leisure. He did not feel like an intruder, because there were many other children looking on, and the lady who was hanging up wreaths and crosses did not notice him. He spoke to her first; his impatience got the better of his shyness, and when she came down from the high ladder he went up to her and said in a piping voice:

"Please, Missis, w'en does this concit begin?"

The lady smiled, but did not reply immediately. She held out her hand in greeting to the new guest, and Ted placed his grimy little left hand in it in a very awkward way, for no one had ever taught him how to shake hands. Then she said she was glad to see him and asked him his name. She told him hers; it was Miss Miles. Ted looked at her sharply, and he decided to tell her.

"Ted McFinley," he said; and then asked again, "W'en does this concit begin?"

"Well, Ted," said Miss Miles, very sociably, "I am sorry if you are disappointed, but we are not going to have a concert here."

"Wot 's them for, then?" asked Ted, pointing to the tree and the greens. "I seen them onct where a concit was, and I stood outside. I 'd come an' stan' here, too, if yer had concits. There 's nice singin' at concits. But if yer don't, —why, wot 's the good of them?"

Miss Miles drew a long breath; she hardly knew where to begin.

"We think the greens look pretty," she said; "and the tree is for Santa Claus. To-morrow is Christmas day, you know."

Ted nodded his head, but there was one obscure point, and he did not mean to let it go.

"Wot 's Sandyclaws?" he asked. He put his difficulty all in one word, but it took a great many to answer it. Fortunately, Miss Miles felt equal to this question, and she told him the dear old story, winding up with the astonishing statement that this wonderful being was coming there that very night for the purpose of filling the stockings of *good* children. Ted had never heard anything like this before, but Miss Miles spoke with such assured faith that he felt it must be true, and he

was puzzled as to whether he belonged among the elect. To his great delight her next words decided this question.

"Would you like to hang up *your* stocking, Ted?" she asked, moved by his pitiful ignorance of Christmas pleasures.

"Yes," said Ted, heartily, tugging at the shoe of the well foot, meaning to leave the ragged stocking he had on. Miss Miles gently stopped him; she had a queer sort of smile just then, Ted thought, and she spoke very softly.

"Oh, no," she said; "Santa Claus likes clean stockings, Teddy. Get your mother to wash and mend one for you. Then bring it to me."

She did not give him a new stocking, you see, because the College Settlement in River street is not an almshouse, and does not wish to make paupers of its neighbors. Ted stared at her, but he soon found voice to say:

"I ain't got any mother. Dad and me lives alone. I does the washin', and I kin git yer a clean one, if yer wait till I come back."

He hurried away on his crutch and he hurried back; but by the time he returned the children had all been sent home, and Miss Miles sat alone, dressing a big doll. She heard him coming, and opened the door herself, so Ted had no hesitation about entering quite boldly. Under his jacket was the stocking; he drew it out before he had breath to speak. It was a long, coarse gray stocking recently washed and stiffened in the icy air in which it had been hung up to dry. It had in the knee a great hole, which had been hastily drawn up by Ted's over-and-over stitches, and in the toe was a smaller one which he had not noticed.

"Will it do?" asked the owner, eagerly. "The other one blowed away. I 'm so sorry, for I wanted to hang it up for Kitty. She 's my sister. She ain't *very* good; but she 's good to me, an' they 've took her to the Juv'nile 'Sylum. She never knowed nothin' about that Sandyclaws, or maybe she 'd been better. Do you think he 'll go 'way up to the 'sylum?"

"Tell me more about Kitty," said Miss Miles, gently; "but first let us go down-stairs and get some tea. I 'm getting hungry—are n't you?"

"Yes," said Ted, "I 'm hungry a good deal. But," he added, as they went down together, "I did n't s'pose you ladies ever was."

"But they often are, Ted; and they get untidy, too, working all day. Would n't it be nice to wash our hands before tea?"

Ted scarcely had time to decide this question, before he found his hands and face undergoing a washing. He submitted with pretty good grace, reflecting that the ceremony might have something to do with conciliating the mysterious Sandyclaws.

"And now, Ted," said his hostess, when she had helped him to the good, plain food before them, "tell me about Kitty, and we 'll see what can be done about a Christmas stocking for her. How old did you say she was?"

"I don't know 'xactly," said Ted; "but she ain't fourteen. I heard the folks say once that she 'd git good, too, up to the 'sylum. But it ain't for good children; and I guess yer can be pretty bad, even if yer ain't fourteen. I think if Kitty got something in a stockin'—I tell yer, I 'll come early to-morrow and take her mine, if yer think Sandyclaws would n't mind. I 'm goin' to see her on Christmas. Dad says so."

"Oh, we 'll do better. I 'll lend you a stocking; and I do believe there 'll be something in it, too," cried Miss Miles, with conviction.

"Do yer really?" asked the child. "But how will he know it 's for Kitty?"

"We 'll put her name on it, Ted. You yourself shall hang it up, and then you must go home, or what will your father say?"

"Dad? Why, he won't know it. He does n't come home nights," said the boy as composedly as if such were the common habit of fathers; "and he 'll be sleepin' when I come here in the mornin'. But I 'll tell him some day, mebbe, if he happens to be feelin' good and speaks kind to me."

No fitting reply came to Miss Miles. She was puzzled, as she had often before been puzzled as to particular applications of the Fifth Commandment down in River street, and she returned to the safer topic of Christmas gifts. She hazarded guesses as to what Santa Claus might have in his pack for boys of—say, nine, and girls of thirteen; and she found Ted firmly convinced that, whatever else might be wanting, there would be "a watch that wound up," and plenty of gay ribbons. The hole in the toe of his stocking disconcerted him somewhat when he discovered it; but he brightened up upon thinking it might be stopped by putting in an apple first. "Or a orange," he suggested happily. "I never had a whole orange, and Kitty would like that best. I hope he 's got oranges. Do you think, now, he 'd jest as lief give Kitty a orange?"

Miss Miles thought so indeed. She treasured his unselfish hints as to what would please his sister; and he preferred to talk of her gifts rather than of his own.

At last the stockings were hung to his entire satisfaction, a paper was pinned on Kitty's, bearing her name, and Ted went home radiant, to dream of a wonderful giant with long, white beard, who brought Kitty back in a sleigh drawn by eight prancing circus ponies.

Now, Santa Claus had already come to River street. He did not come in the usual way, through the chimney. He came through the hearts and hands of some little girls in a school up-town who knew that he thought of going to River street and would need a great many toys. There are more little children in one house in River street than in a block of houses up-town, and it would be out of the question for one Santa Claus to supply all their wants; so these little girls formed a "Santa Claus Society," and as a result two large packing-cases full of books and toys "as good as new" stood in the hall of No. 10, awaiting the arrival of the children's saint. These Miss Miles and her friends opened as soon as Ted had gone; and such a lot of pretty things came to light! It would take too long to name half of them; and, indeed, it took a very long time to unpack them, because the children themselves had done the packing. Each parcel was wrapped up separately with a great many windings of cord, and upon many of them were directions as to destination. Most of the children had evidently wished that virtue should get its material reward in River street just as in the story-books, for they had written on the wrappers, "For a good girl," "For a good boy," or "For a girl who tells the truth," "For an honest boy," carefully specifying the age of the recipient. Some few had written out names for the dolls.

Among other odd-looking packages was a small square one wrapped in pink tissue-paper and tied with bright green ribbon. Under the ribbon lay a sheet of note-paper folded several ways, and when it was opened it read:

DERE SANTY CLAUS

i want you to give this to sum wun that has to keep still like mee cos its lots of compinny.

Respeckfly yurs
CLARA.

P. S. Aint the case splendid?
910 Jefison Avenoo.

There it was! In a gorgeous plush watch-case the prettiest toy watch you ever saw.

"As if on purpose to reward Ted's faith," exclaimed Miss Miles; "and from some unselfish little soul who thinks of others just as he does. If people only knew how near Jefferson Avenue and River street really are—"

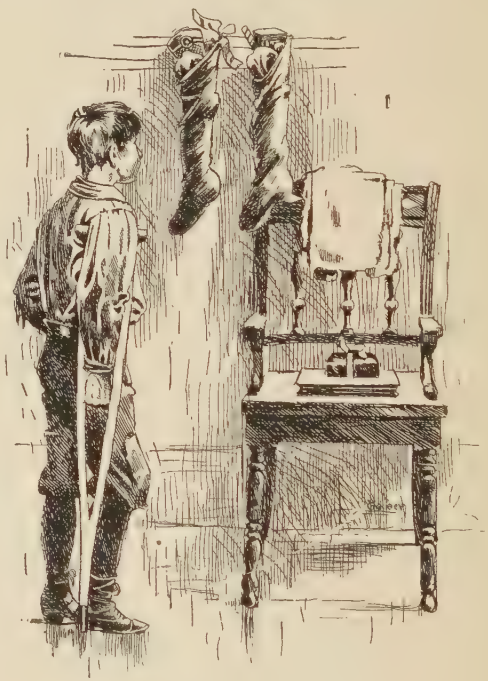
"They 'd understand the New Testament then," rejoined her brisk Boston ally, "and there might be less work for you. But we must hurry on if this work is to be done to-night."

Very late that night it was *done*. The tree hung full of gifts, the tables were covered with packages, and Ted's stockings were stuffed full.

The dwellers at No. 10 slept late after their labor, and Ted had patrolled the block opposite a long, weary time before Miss Miles came to the window on Christmas morning and discovered him leaning against the railing, his face very pallid and tired, and his large brown eyes fixed intently upon the house door, lest he should miss a chance to enter. It would never have occurred to him to ring the bell. He lived in a tenement-house where the door stands open all the time.

When she saw him, Miss Miles pushed up the window and beckoned to him.

During that dreary time of waiting on the street, Ted had begun to doubt the beautiful story of



TED'S CHRISTMAS MORNING.

last night, and even the event of his visit seemed vague and unreal. The awful thought which comes to us all, when some great pleasure is promised to us,—that it may be too good to be true,—had come to Ted.

"I might 'a' dreamed it," he said to himself, "or I might 'a' thought about it, settin' down to rest." But no; he felt sure he could n't have done that; such a flight of imagination was far beyond his powers.

So he held on bravely to the faith in Santa Claus which he thought necessary to the filling of Kitty's stocking.

Taking the end of a loaf of bread which had been put on the shelf for his breakfast, he went down three flights of stairs to the common hy-

drant and sink, and there washed his face as well as he could, before tasting a crumb. The water was cold, and there was, of course, no soap nor towel. It was very disagreeable, this first morning bath, and one cannot blame Ted for thinking it a hard way to begin the day. Shivering in his scanty clothing, he then started out, gnawing his dry bread. No wonder it had seemed to him almost noon before the kind face of last night looked out upon him.

Miss Miles could not know all this; but she did know that the children in her neighborhood had a strong objection to ringing the bell, and she reproached herself for keeping the poor little fellow waiting in the chill air while she had been eating her breakfast. It had never crossed her mind that he would come so early, and hurrying down she brought him in to a good, warm fire and proposed that he should have something to eat. Ted looked at her wonderingly. So elated was he with expectation that he had no sense of cold or hunger. It was all *real* now—if only the rest would come right. There was one question he must ask; it had worried him since daylight, and caused him many anxious doubts. He put it directly in a shrill whisper with anxious haste:

"Oh, Missis, *did* he put the things in Kitty's stocking? I went and told you she was n't good, and mebbe he heared me. I did n't mean it a bit, but he—oh, he brung 'em to her jest the same, did n't he?"

The only reply was, "Come and see."

And when he did see, his heart was too full for speech. There hung the stockings, bulging out in strange shapes, and near them hung some warm underclothing for Ted, such as he had never before owned. Ted took down Kitty's stocking very carefully, and sat down to investigate. First a pair of red mittens, then two bright hair-ribbons, two handkerchiefs, a cornucopia of candy. In the heel was the precious orange, while nuts, figs, and raisins filled the toe.

The happy brother drew a long sigh of satisfaction. He had not hoped for so many gifts. Surely Kitty would be good now and come home again to him, so that he need not sit alone. He folded up each article neatly and replaced it in her stocking before he touched his own. He, too, had mittens, the candy, and the orange, and besides he had an easy game and a bright picture-book; but beyond all else he had the watch! It was a wonderful watch. When it was wound up the hands began to travel around the face with such expedition that they made the entire circuit in about fifteen minutes. The works then ran down, and you had all the pleasure of winding it up anew. Every little boy knows that the best part of owning a watch is winding it up, so this was the very best kind of a watch a little boy could own. Under the spell of possessing it, Ted submitted to a warm bath, with plenty of soap and towels, this time, and then put on the comfortable clothing. It was rather hard to have so much washing and dressing in one morning, but then for a watch one can stand a great deal. It was soon over, and away went Ted, hugging his treasures; and I am very glad to say that not one of the rough children about thought of molesting him.

Two days passed away. A heavy snow had fallen on Christmas night, and his new friends supposed he could not travel through it. On the third day at twilight he came, slipped in as he had done the first day, and silently waited for Miss Miles. To no one else would he speak. She was soon found, and came to him; but, looking at him closely, was shocked by a great change.

"Why, Ted," she exclaimed, "how ill you are! Why did you come out this raw day, you poor child? Sit down and rest awhile before you tell me."

"I can't," said the child, faintly, holding out a small folded wad; "I jest came to bring you Kitty's stocking. I washed it, and I was 'fraid Sandyclaws would think I kep' it; but I fell down two times tryin' to come here yesterday. I 've been orful tired sence, and I guess I must stay in bed. I want to tell you that Kitty liked the things. She liked the watch best, an' I gave it to her, an' she sed she 'd be real good, 'cause now she knowed there was Sandyclaws. An' oh, Missis, it 's nice up to the 'sylum! I 'd like to go too, only she did n't hang up no stocking, and—s'pose *you* had n't!"

He paused from sheer fatigue. His interest in the subject had borne him on through this long speech, and he had more to say, but he did not say it then. A sort of shiver passed over him, he grew dizzy, and the next thing he knew he was lying in a little white bed, just like the bed he used to lie in so long ago. There were many other children in beds near him, and, after awhile, when he grew better they all began to talk together, and it was very pleasant and sociable.

When he could once more use his crutch, and was fearing they would send him back to that desolate room he called his home, a great thing happened. Miss Miles brought to see him a certain learned doctor who knew all about lame people, and by his advice Ted was taken to the "Home for Crippled Children" just beyond the city. There he is now, growing stronger and larger, and already talking of Christmas and of what he knows Sandyclaws is going to bring. For himself? Yes, sometimes; but far oftener he talks of gifts for Kitty.

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"CHRISTMAS CAROLS." BY SYDNEY KENDRICK.

# THE DOLL THAT SANTA CLAUS BROUGHT

BY KATHARINE CARRINGTON

On the stoop of a city house stood a little girl. Her thoughts were filled with Santa Claus, and the wonderful things he would bring her.

But Maude was thinking more of Santa Claus himself than of his gifts, and a determination to see the dear old man who loved children so, and who had been so kind to her, filled her little head. And in its wake came the determination to see him that very night. "For," thought Maude, "so kind an old gentleman will not really be displeased with me for wanting to thank him for the toys he has brought." And she smiled to think how astonished papa would be in the morning when she told him what Santa Claus had said.

So she went into the library, where papa sat smoking, and waiting to bid his little girl good night. Together they hung the Christmas stocking, and the little heart beat fast as she pictured Santa Claus standing where her father stood, on the hearth-rug just opposite the great window.

She went to bed dreaming of the coming interview, and meaning to lie awake until Santa Claus came; but soon the waking dreams became real ones, and Maude slept in her cozy little bed.

In another quarter of the great city, a squalid quarter where Maude had never been, lived a ragged, hungry little girl, who had never heard of Santa Claus until to-day. Her home was a basement room, scantily furnished, and unheated; but as she stood on the step, cold, hunger, everything was forgotten in the rapture that had been imparted to her by a dirty little urchin, as cold and hungry as herself. For Maggie had listened with bated breath while he told her about a wonderful old man named Santa Claus, who had lived for hundreds of years, and who loved children so that he had a mysterious workshop where he made beautiful toys for them. And Bob had told her that this very night Santa Claus would harness his reindeer to his sleigh, and would ride through the snow to the city, bringing something to every child. "Even to us, Maggie; to you and to me! Only you must hang up yer stockin', or he won't know as you wants anythink, and then he won't stop."

And Maggie was in raptures. Perhaps he would bring her a doll! And head and heart were so full of the pictured dolly that she did not see her tired father, who had been all day unsuccessfully seeking work.

He spoke to her, and she started, and remembered how cold it was, and that there was almost nothing to eat in the house, and she went quickly and helped prepare the scanty meal, and when he had sat down to it she told him. The great news could be kept no longer. And when he looked at her so sadly, she was too absorbed in thoughts of Santa Claus to notice it. She sat on the old, broken-down stool, and pictured to herself a doll.

"And *there* is where she will stand!" she said; "and she will have golding curls, and a red gownd with a long trail, like the one I seen in the shop, and a big hat with a white feather sweepin' round it, and lace on her gownd, and a string of gold beads on her neck, and red shoes and stockin's. And oh, when I wakes in the morning, *there* she will stand! And I will call her Evangerliner, and it will be grand—just grand!" and Maggie clapped her blue little hands and danced for joy.

Her father sat very still, and she went on with her talk: "And I must take off my stockin' and hang it up by a pin to the wall, or he will think I don't want anythink. That foot will be dretful cold to-night, but I ain't got no other stockin's, and I can stand it for just one night."

And off came the ragged stocking, and Maggie pinned it up against the wall, where it would greet her opening eyes; then, running quickly to her bed, pulled the thin quilt over her, and shut her eyes tight, that morning might come the sooner.

The man sat for a time with his head in his hands, the great tears falling between his fingers, and when he raised his head his eyes were hard. Taking his hat, he walked out of the house. He went directly to the rich quarter of the city. As he tramped along, his attention was arrested by the soft glow of firelight shining through an unshaded window. He drew near and looked in, and something seemed to grip his throat, for there, directly facing him in the glare of the firelight, among a multitude of books and toys, stood the doll of Maggie's imagination—"red gownd, sweepin' feather, gold necklace," and all, just as Maggie had pictured her!

Maude opened her bright eyes and sat up in bed to listen. Yes! There was certainly a noise in the library. Santa Claus had come! So, with beating heart, she slipped out of bed very quietly, and crept down the stairway, and, opening the door of the library, tripped softly in. Yes, there he was! Books and toys were grouped about the

hearth, and he was bending over a big doll in a long red frock.

"Oh, Mr. Santa Claus," she said, "I want to thank you for all the pretty things you have brought me; and please do not be angry with me, dear Mr. Santa Claus, because I love you so!"

The figure holding the doll stood erect and wheeled about.

"MAGGIE'S FATHER SAT VERY STILL, AND SHE WENT ON WITH HER TALK."

"Why!" cried Maude, "are you Santa Claus? I did n't know Santa Claus looked like that! I thought he was fat and rosy and jolly; and you are thin and poor-looking, and your eyes—your eyes frighten me! Oh, if you please, Santa Claus, don't be angry! I am very sorry, and I did n't know you would mind what I said. I did n't think!"

The color came into the man's face, and he said in a low, shamed voice: "I ain't angry, little girl; only I was just thinkin' of takin' this 'ere doll to another little girl as ain't got no doll. But I won't, if you 'll just be quiet and not call anybody."

"No," said Maude; "I won't call my father, because I know you don't like people to see you. That doll is just lovely, but you may have it, if you will give it to that little girl who has no doll, for I have a great many, you know. And are you going now, and may I see you go, and will you go up the chimney? I never supposed Santa Claus *could* look like you, or that he would talk like you, either. I think I am sorry I saw you," and tears came into the earnest eyes, "because I loved you so much before. But I will try to like you, Santa Claus, because you are so good."

The man's face grew red again as the child spoke, and he hesitated; but his eyes fell on the dainty stocking crammed with Christmas goodies, and he thought of that other stocking, hanging thin and empty opposite Maggie's bed, and he

"'WHY!' CRIED MAUDE, 'ARE YOU SANTA CLAUS? I DID N'T KNOW SANTA CLAUS LOOKED LIKE THAT!'"

walked with the doll in his arms toward the window.

"Oh," cried Maude, "are you going—and out of the window? I thought you would go up the chimney! I thought Santa Claus *always* went up the chimney!" and Maude was ready to cry again.

But the man was gone. He had climbed out of the window, and was lost in the darkness without.

Feeling queer and frightened, Maude turned without a glance at the toys scattered over the carpet, and crept back to bed, where she sobbed herself to sleep.

The next morning Mr. Page was much disturbed by the open window and the missing doll, as well as by Maude's listlessness over her gifts; for Maude could not bear to tell even papa what

a dreadful man Santa Claus was, and she hugged her grief in silence. But soon all was made clear. The butler announced a man to see Mr. Page, and when he entered, Maude, who sat on her father's knee, sprang up, exclaiming, "Why, it 's Santa Claus!"

"No, miss," said the man, at once; "I ain't Santa Claus."

And then, speaking rapidly, he told Mr. Page the whole story of Maggie's happy expectancy, and her empty stocking; of the open window, and the doll like the one of Maggie's fancy; how Maude's trust had shamed him; "For," he said, "I ain't no thief—leastways, not ever before"; how the thought of the empty stocking had turned the scale; and of Maggie's rapture when the doll greeted her opening eyes; and he wound up by begging Mr. Page to punish him in any way he chose, but not to take her one treasure from innocent Maggie.

And Mr. Page's eyes filled with tears as he looked at his own little daughter, and thought of the other child in the bare tenement with her one treasure.

To the man he gave work, that he might repay by honest labor the price of the doll; and to this day the crowning glory of Maggie's life is "the doll that Santa Claus brought."

# CHRISTMAS BELLS

THE years come not back that have circled away
With the past of the Eastern land,
When he plucked the corn on the Sabbath day
And healed the withered hand;
But the bells shall join in a joyous chime
For the One who walked the sea,
And ring again for the better time
Of the Christ that is to be!
Then ring—for earth's best promise dwells
In you, O joyous prophet bells!
And the Mount of Transfiguration still
Looks down on these Christian lands,
And the glorified ones from the holy hill
Are reaching their helping hands.
These be the words our music tells
Of solemn joy, O Christmas bells!

rom a carbon print by Braun & Co., of Pari nd N. Y

From the

THE HOLY NIGHT

THE SIMPLE SHEPHERDS COME TO DO REVERENCE TO THE

# Snow Bound Santa Claus

By Izola L. Forrester

Drawing By Florence E. Storer

The Pacific Overland Express, from Omaha to the coast, stopped short with a slow, reluctant jerk. For over ten miles, since noon, it had tried to make its way through the snowbergs that lay in huge drifts on the track, and now it gave up the fight, and rested at the eastern base of Great Bear Pass.

Nell blew on the frosted window-pane until she had melted a peep-hole to look through.

"Just mountains and mountains everywhere," she announced dolefully, and four other young Harrisons listened in doleful sympathy. Christmas in a snowed-up car would be something dreadful.

"It 's five o'clock now," said Max, "and the conductor says we won't be out before to-morrow, maybe, because they 've got to telegraph for a snow-plow to help us out."

Curled together in a disconsolate heap on one seat, Benjy hugged Tomikins up close, and they sobbed in united woe.

"No candy, or turkeys, or ballses, or dollies, or anysing," cried Tomikins.

"And no Santa Clauses too," added Benjy, with a fresh howl.

Even Jeanette, as big sister, felt the tears gather slowly in her eyes, in spite of her fifteen years, as she thought of the thirty-six miles that lay between them and Silver City.

"Will Santa Claus find us 'way out here?" asked Nell.

"Sure he 'll find us," promised Max, valiantly. "He 'll make a bee-line right over the mountains with those ponies of his—"

"Reindeerses," prompted Benjy, sitting up, and taking an interest in life once more.

"Don't you suppose that papa 's beginning to worry about us, Jeanie?" asked Max.

Jeanette nodded her head. She knew if she tried to talk she would curl up in a heap, like the twins, and have a good, hard cry.

At the end of the train, in the private car *Pocahontas,* sat Mr. John P. Ridley. It did not please Mr. Ridley that the Pacific Overland Express should be held up by a snow-storm. He believed that a properly conducted railroad should be equal to any snow-storm.

He kept his private porter busy running back and forth through the train, finding out what chances there were of getting through Great Bear Pass that night. It appeared that Mr. Ridley was especially anxious to get through that night for two reasons. The boxes and numerous small pieces of baggage that were stacked in one end of the car explained one of these reasons. The explanation of the other Mr. Ridley reserved to himself, to the telegraph operator back at Barker Junction, and to Warren, general manager of the Lakota mines in Silver City.

He was sorry for Harrison. He was a hard worker and thoroughly competent, but they needed a younger, quicker man as assayer at the Lakota mines. Harrison was, if anything, too painstaking. He experimented. Also, he was strictly conscientious. If it had not been for the coming deal in the Sunset mine, he might have kept him; but a thing like that needed a different sort of man. Not that it was n't a "square deal." He believed himself that the Sunset was a good thing, and only half developed, but so far the output had not justified the price he had put on it. In case of questions asked by the buyers, he

did not want exactly a false report made by the assayer, but he did want a man who could see beyond the specimens in his hands, and who would look after the interests of his employer enough to prophesy favorably on the future of the Sunset. Harrison was not good at prophesying.

Therefore a telegram had gone forward from Barker Junction which rendered the position of assayer vacant, and Mr. Ridley was very anxious to arrive in Silver City in time to meet the new assayer from Butte and instruct him on a few minor points of prophesying, before the buyers for the Sunset should interview him.

When six o'clock came, he had his private dinner prepared in his private kitchen by his private chef, and he enjoyed it as well as his dyspepsia would permit him to enjoy anything, while in the cars ahead the general public rummaged in lunch-boxes and -baskets, and shared with one another remains of cold chicken and ham sandwiches in philosophical merriment over the situation.

At half-past eight Mr. Ridley found his privacy growing monotonous. On Christmas eve, in a snow-bound train stranded in the heart of the Rockies, privacy is a bore, and so Mr. Ridley took a stroll through the train.

He found relief for a while in the smoking-compartment of the first sleeper. There were several persons aboard the train who recognized the value of Mr. Ridley as a fellow-passenger, and were glad to make him welcome.

He had noticed, in passing through the sleepers, a rather noisy crowd of youngsters who were singing, playing games, and otherwise having a very jolly time.

It was after eleven when he left the smoking-compartment. On his way back through the cars, the conductor met him, and explained apologetically that the wires were down for several miles ahead in the pass, and it had been necessary to send back to Barker Junction in order to telegraph ahead for a snow-plow. It might be several hours before they could go on—possibly not before the next morning.

Mr. Ridley was annoyed. As he went on through the narrow, curtained aisles of the sleepers, he felt vaguely resentful toward the whole system—railroad, snow-storm, passengers, and all—as a combined force of circumstances that could detain a man like John P. Ridley against his will. Suddenly he stopped short before Section 4 in the third sleeper. The two berths were made up, and they were close quarters, too. In the upper one slept Max and the twins, Benjy cuddled up crosswise at the foot, and in the lower berth were Nell and Jeanette.

But all that Mr. Ridley saw was a row of stockings pinned up on the long curtains, like misplaced tails on a donkey-sheet. He stared at them through his eyeglasses thoughtfully. Two small ones just alike, well darned around the toes and heels, one long, double-kneed one for a boy who might possibly play marbles, and two fine-ribbed ones with small feet.

After a minute's inspection, Mr. Ridley walked back to the end of the car and had a talk with the porter. When he had finished he knew the personality of each stocking, and the requirements of its owner. And then a very curious thing happened on the Pacific Overland Express. Back and forth between the third sleeper and the private car Mr. Ridley's private porter marched, his arms full of boxes and parcels; and when it came to opening them before Section 4, Mr. Ridley himself took a hand.

When the five stockings were full, and bulged out at the tops, there were other parcels placed cautiously in the little hammocks that hung at the head and foot of the lower berth, and Mr. Ridley caught a glimpse of Nell's brown pig-tails and Jeanette's yellow curls lying side by side on the pillow. When he returned to the private car after all was done, he was smiling comfortably to himself, and had forgotten all about the wretched facilities of railroads for dealing with snow-storms. At home there were two heads, very similar to those in Section 4, waiting for papa to come. That was the first reason why Mr. Ridley wanted to get over Great Bear Pass that night.

But just as the private porter gathered up the last pieces of string and paper from the aisle and started away after Mr. Ridley, Max's head appeared at the curtain opening of the upper berth. His hair was standing on end as only the hair of a pillow-tousled boy can act, and his eyes were round with sleepy, surprised amazement when he saw the bulging stockings.

In half a minute he had dropped from the berth, and a small white ghost in baggy night-clothes stole through the cars after Mr. Ridley, and never stopped until the vestibule door of the *Pocahontas* shut out the world from its privacy.

At half-past seven on Christmas morning, the snow-plow came through Great Bear Pass. The blizzard had stopped, and it was clear and cold. A committee of five waited for admittance in the vestibule of the *Pocahontas* while Mr. Ridley bathed, shaved, and dressed. It was a joyous, excited committee. Max led as guide, with Nell hugging his shoulder, and Jeanette tried to hold the twins in check, until finally the private porter ushered them in past the tiny kitchen and pantry, all shining brass and tiles, past the little compartment dining-room, into the parlor section, with its

dark-green hangings and deep, low willow chairs, its bookcases, and piano, and broad windows.

Mr. Ridley rose from his desk to greet them. It was an awkward moment. Max and the girls waited doubtfully for each other to speak, until Tomikins broke the ice.

"Merry Cwismus!" he said.

"The same to you, sir," responded Mr. Ridley, a twinkle gleaming in his eyes. "Merry Christmas to all!"

Then Jeanette began: "We came because we wanted to thank you—"

"For being Santa Claus—" added Nell, eagerly.

"I saw you," exclaimed Max, forestalling any possible disclaimer. "I looked over the top of the curtains. My! but you just ought to have seen the kiddies when they found those music-boxes!"

CHRISTMAS MORNING ON THE SLEEPER.

Christmas breakfast is a lonesome affair all by one's self. There were five guests in Mr. Ridley's dining-room, and it was such a merry, delightful breakfast that no one noticed the time until the train began to move slowly forward.

"We 're going!" shouted Max, joyously. "'Rah! I really believe that papa stayed in the depot all night."

"Are you going to Silver City?" asked Mr. Ridley.

Of course they were. Why, did n't he know that before? Individually, and in chorus, they all told him how it had happened. 'Way back when the twins were only a year old, the dearest little mother in the world was called to rest, and since then they had lived in Chicago with grandmother Wilcox until papa could take them all. It had been a long time to wait,—almost three years,—and they had been rather poor too.

"Not raggedly poor," protested Nell. "Just shiny."

But now everything was changed. Max's brown eyes sparkled with sturdy pride as he told how his father was assayer at the Lacota silver-mines, and how they were the finest mines in Colorado. Perhaps Mr. Ridley had heard of them. It appeared that Mr. Ridley had—slightly. It was a fine position, Max assured him, and steady, too. That was why papa had sent for them all to come to him, because he was sure it would last. And it would n't be hard at all, because Jeanie was going to be housekeeper, and they would all help her; and last of

all, they just wanted to tell Mr. Ridley one thing —there was n't a single father in the whole world quite as splendid as the one who was waiting for them in the depot at Silver City.

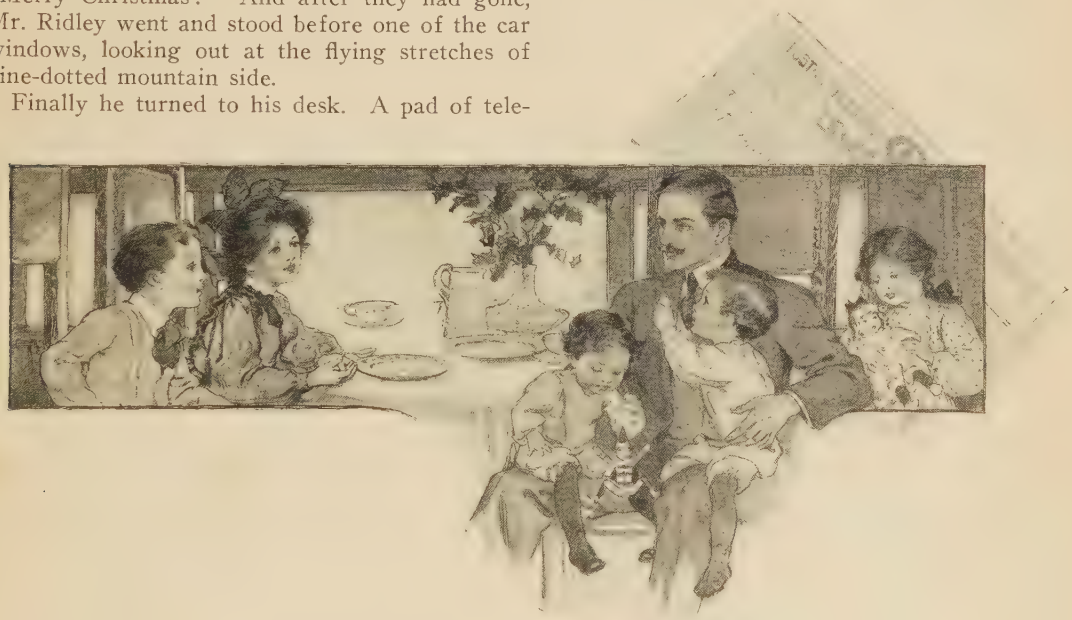
Mr. Ridley listened, a twin on each knee, and smiled. When breakfast was over, Jeanette said they must go back, because the kiddies were clamoring for the music-boxes. So they waved their hands to him from the vestibule, and called, "Merry Christmas!" And after they had gone, Mr. Ridley went and stood before one of the car windows, looking out at the flying stretches of pine-dotted mountain side.

Finally he turned to his desk. A pad of telegraph-blanks lay on it, and he wrote a message and called the private porter.

"Send that as soon as we reach Crescent," he said.

It was the last gift from Santa Claus; and Warren, general manager of the Lacota mines smiled when he received it. It read:

Retain Harrison. J. P. Ridley.



# IN CHRISTMAS LAND

In the beams and gleams came the Christmas dreams
To the little children there,
And hand in hand, to the Christmas land—
'Neath the Christmas skies so fair,
They went away on a magic sleigh
That tinkled with silver bells,
Over the white of the snow, one night,
Where the king of the Christmas dwells.

They saw him marshal his soldiers small,
In beautiful, bright brigades;
At the tap o' the drum they saw them come
With guns and glittering blades.
The little soldiers were made of tin,
With painted coats of red,
And they drilled away, with their banners gay,
By a cute little captain led.

# A CHRISTMAS CURE

BY EMILIE POULSSON

SANTA CLAUS sat by the fire in his own home, looking anxious and troubled. His droll little mouth was not drawn up like a bow; his eyes had not twinkled for ten minutes; and his dimples, even, would n't have looked merry if they could have helped it.

Santa Claus sat there thinking—thinking. It was just before Christmas. What was the matter with the good jolly old Saint? Had his sleigh broken down? Had any of his reindeer run away? Had he lost his own, particular, pet, private map?—for a body must have a wonderful map to guide him all about among the chimneys of the whole world.

"SANTA CLAUS SAT THERE THINKING—THINKING."

But no,—it was none of these things. Could n't he find toys enough to go round? Bless your dear little anxious heart, don't you be afraid of that! He had thousands of bushels of toys left after planning all the stockings of the children whose names were down in his books! Oh! no. Santa Claus had toys enough. That was n't the trouble!

I should n't have said, "after planning *all* the stockings." One stocking there was for which Santa Claus had not yet planned a single thing; and that was why poor dear old Santa Claus was in such a state of worry and anxiety. This stocking belonged to a little boy whose good parents had long before Christmas sent in his name to Santa Claus. But although there had been plenty of time, and Santa Claus had put plenty of thought upon the matter, he had not yet been able to decide upon even ONE thing for that little boy's stocking. So there he sat by the fire, thinking and thinking and thinking.

Perhaps it seems strange to you that Santa should be puzzled about such a thing as that, when filling stockings is his regular profession, —(a highly honorable one, too, and long may Santa live to grace it!),—but the little boy to whom that stocking belonged was a very strange and unusual child. If anything was given to him he would either break it to pieces very soon or do some naughty mischief with it. Worst of all, he would even hurt his nurse or his little brothers and sisters with his beautiful toys, if he happened to feel like doing so.

Yet kind old Santa could not bear to leave even this stocking empty. So he had been puzzling his brains to find something with which the little boy could not hurt people, and something he could not break; and although he had been thinking over all his lists of toys and presents, nothing had he found yet!

"Chirp! Chirp!" sounded a sharp little voice. "Chirp! chirp! You may as well give it up. He does n't deserve anything, the little scamp!"

"Oh! Is that you, Cricket?" said Santa. "Come up here," and as he held out his fat forefinger a

tiny and very black cricket reached it with a sudden jump.

"You may as well give it up!" creaked the cricket in a shrill tone. "You can't think of anything *I* know."

"It begins to seem as if I could n't," said Santa Claus dolefully. "But I am so sorry for the boy! I can't bear to think of that stocking, and of the poor little rascal's disappointment on Christmas morning. What do you think of those nice little donkeys, saddled and bridled, and with cunning little baskets slung at each side? Little—(ahem! you know who I mean, and it is best not to mention names)—he would be delighted with one of them, and they are really quite strong."

"Chirp!" snapped out the cricket, scarcely waiting for Santa to finish; "quite strong, indeed! But you know perfectly well that it does n't matter much how strong a thing is, any more than how nice it is. That boy breaks everything! You know yourself he had ten presents on his birthday, about a month ago, and where are they now? All broken but the umbrella his mamma gave him, and that has been put away."

"I know, I know," said Santa. "No! I can't give him the donkey!—nor any other of those fine little animals that we have this year. Nor a drum; nor a cart; nor a wheelbarrow; nor a ship; nor a fire-engine; nor a top; nor a music-box; nor a clock! Oh! *how* I *did* want to give him one of those fascinating clocks!" and Santa Claus looked very wistfully at the cricket, and then sighed heavily. "But I know I could n't. I can't bear to see the nice presents and interesting toys broken to pieces. But I 've thought of *one* thing, Cricket; and I don't believe he *could* break it. And yet he would like it, I am sure." Santa looked a little more cheerfully at the cricket, and continued: "I thought of a nice little hammer and box of nails, and some blocks of wood for him to hammer the nails into! That 's the present for him. Hey, now! what do you think of that?"

"What do I think?" said the cricket. "I think, Santa Claus, that you have forgotten how the little boy beat his brother with his drumsticks; how he snipped his sister's fingers with the scissors; how he threw his harmonica at the nurse; how he—"

"Dear, dear, dear!" groaned Santa, "so he did; so he did!"

"And if you keep giving him things when he uses them so wrongly," continued the cricket, "how will he ever learn better? To be sure, his mamma and papa and all his kind friends are trying to teach him, but it is necessary that everybody should help to train such a boy as—"

"I know," interrupted Santa, "I know. You 're a wise little counselor, and not as hard-hearted as you seem. And if you think it will cure the poor little fellow, I suppose we must give him the sawdust this year."

"Yes," said the cricket solemnly, "sawdust it must be."

CHRISTMAS morning came. The little boy, whose name Santa Claus did not wish mentioned, saw all the other children pull out one treasure after another from their long, well-stuffed stockings, while in his own, which he had hung up with so much hope the night before, there was nothing but sawdust!

If I should use all the sad words in the English language I never could tell you how sad that little boy was as he poured the sawdust out of his stocking, and found that Santa Claus had really sent him nothing else.

Poor little chap!

It was almost a year later, just before Christmas, when Santa Claus again sat by his fire—thinking.

But this time he was in no trouble; no, indeed, not he! He was rounder and rosier and jollier than ever before; and how he was smiling and chuckling to himself! His eyes twinkled so, and were so very bright, that you could almost have lit a candle at them. He and the cricket had been planning all sorts of ecstatic surprises for the stocking of the boy to whom they had given sawdust the year before; for, if you can believe it, the little boy had been trying all the year to be careful and gentle, and he was really quite changed!

"Sawdust is a grand thing," chirped the cricket, leaping about in delight.

"Yes, but I am glad we do not need to use it this year," replied Santa. "Let me see the list again. Don't you suppose we could cram in one or two more things? Have you put down the—"

THIS is the end of the story; or, at least, all that could be told before Christmas; for if I should write more and a certain little boy should read it, he would know just what would be in his stocking—and that would never do in the world!

BRINGING IN THE YULE LOG.

# SIR CLEGES AND HIS GIFT

*(An Old English Christmas Legend)*

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Not in the time of King Arthur, but in that still earlier day when King Arthur's father, the great Uther Pendragon, ruled Britain with a strong hand, there dwelt near the city of Cardiff, so tell the old chronicles, "a worthy, strong, tall, fair, courteous, gentle knight, named Sir Cleges, with his good wife, Dame Clarys." In his youth Sir Cleges had been a great champion. Right well had he served his king in the wars against the heathen invaders,—the Saxons, Danes, and Northmen,—and worthily had he won much wealth in lands and treasure. But he cared little for wealth, loving to give, rather than to hold in store. Both he and his dame were wont to bestow bountiful alms on the poor and rich guerdon to wandering minstrels. Each Christmas-tide they held a great feast at which they gave presents of food and robes to all who might come. So one Christmas morning Sir Cleges awoke to find that he had no more the means of giving, for all his treasure was spent, all his lands were gone, and little enough remained for himself and his wife.

So he went forth heavily from his door, and his sorrow was heightened as he heard on all sides the sounds of rejoicing and the music of "trompes, pipes, clarions, harps, lutes, and gitterns," celebrating the dawning of Christmas Day. Then out came the good Dame Clarys and comforted him, saying, "Surely, we have each other; and will not the Lord provide the little that we may need in our old age?" So they went in together and ate joyfully such food as they had.

And then Sir Cleges again went forth into his garden, and kneeling beneath a great cherry-tree, thanked God for all His mercies and prayed for the welfare of those he loved. As he arose he grasped the bough above him to help him to his feet; and as he looked upon that bough, behold! it was laden down with green leaves and rich red cherries!—although it was the Yule-tide.

Then greatly he marveled and rejoiced, and cried out to Dame Clarys. "But now," said she, "take this gift of Heaven to the king in his castle of Cardiff, and sure am I it will much avail us."

"Aye, good wife," replied Sir Cleges, "to Cardiff will I go and to the court where I have not been these many years; for fain would I again see my lord the king, at whose right hand I fought in my youth,—though small chance is there that he will know his strong knight of the old wars in this mean garb and this long gray beard."

So Sir Cleges gathered the cherries into a huge pannier, covering them with the leaves, and set

out for Cardiff, poorly clad as he was and staff in hand, for he had neither war-horse nor palfrey.

Now, when he came to the king's gate he found a proud porter. And the porter, seeing that he was ill clad, called to him gruffly: "Thou churl, withdraw thee smartly, without delay, or else shall I break thy head! If thou seekest again to come in, it shall rue thee,—for then shall I beat thee!"

Sir Cleges answered mildly, though his heart was wroth: "Good sir, I pray thee, let me go in; for I have brought a present for the king. Behold it!" and he uncovered the pannier.

Now the porter, seeing the cherries, knew full well that he that brought so marvelous a present would surely receive rich gifts in return; so he said: "Churl, thou comest not into this place unless thou grantest me a third part of that which the king shall give thee,—whatever it may be."

As he needs must, Sir Cleges gave his word thereto and passed through the gate and on.

At the hall door he met the king's usher, holding his staff of office raised as if to smite, and saying, "Go back, thou churl, without tarrying! or I shall beat thee, head and body!"

Again answered Sir Cleges, humbly: "Good sir, I have brought the king a Christmas gift that even this morning grew in my garden."

The usher lifted the leaves from the pannier, beheld the untimely fruit, and marveled. "I tell thee truly, churl," said he, with cunning, "e'en yet thou goest not in unless thou grantest me a third part of thy winning when thou com'st back."

Sir Cleges saw no other way, and so agreed.

And, with heavy heart, he went on into the hall.

And there was feasting, harping, and singing. And the king sat on a raised seat at the great table, amid his knights and lords. Then came the steward bustling from among the richly clad nobles and went boldly to Sir Cleges. "Churl," said he, "who made thee so hardy as to come into this place? Thou art too bold. Withdraw thee with thine old clothes!"

Simply and sadly answered him Sir Cleges: "I bear a gift for the king," and showed it.

Then marveled the steward: "This saw I never at this time of year since I was man. And thou shalt come no nearer the king unless thou grantest me a third part of the gift that he shall give thee."

"Alas!" thought poor Sir Cleges, "among these thieves I shall have naught for my labor unless it be a dinner!" But, sighing sore, he answered: "So let it be. Whatever the king award, thou shalt have the third part, be it less or more."

Then the steward made way for him among the throng and hastened out beyond the curtains to await his returning. And Sir Cleges went up to the dais, where, kneeling before the king, he uncovered his pannier, saying, "My lord, Heaven hath willed that earth should bear this fruit this very day, and sendeth it to thee with honor."

And the king said: "Heaven be thanked; and likewise do I thank the bringer. In truth, this is a fair sight and a great wonder."

Then he commanded that place be made for Sir Cleges at his board, and bade him feast and be merry, for that his gift should much avail him. And he caused the cherries to be served bountifully through the hall; and never before had any that were there tasted of such luscious fruit. And when the feast was done he said to his squire: "Bring now before me the poor man that brought the cherries!"

So Sir Cleges came again before the king and fell on his knees, saying, "My lord, what is your will? I am your man, free-born."

Said the king: "I thank thee heartily for thy gift. Thou hast honored all my feast. So shall I grant thee whatever thou wilt have."

Now said Sir Cleges joyfully, yet, withal, somewhat grimly: "Gramercy, my liege king! right comforting is this to me. I tell thee truly, to have land or other riches is too much for such as I am. So, if I may choose for myself, I pray thee grant me twelve strokes of my staff to be dealt where they are due; for fitting it is that men should pay their debts."

At that was King Uther troubled, for he loved not unseemly brawling. "Now do I repent my granting," said he. "I would advise thee, thou hadst better have gold or fee; more need of them thou hast than of sturdy blows, given or taken."

"My liege," answered Sir Cleges, "it was thine own grant, therefore am I full glad thereof. Yet do I promise, and pledge my head thereto, that these twelve strokes, thy gift, shall be bestowed only where they are rightly due; so I pray thee to send after me two trusty knights who, unseen, shall note all that is said and done, and bear witness whether or not I keep my word."

Ill content was Uther, yet might he not gainsay that which he had granted; therefore he gave Sir Cleges leave to go, and bade two knights follow him secretly as he had desired.

While he was gone the king still sat with his lords in hall, and the minstrels sang to them ballads of brave deeds in old wars; and the chief of them all sang of a gallant adventure of Sir Cleges. Whereat said the king: "Harper, tell me of this knight, Sir Cleges, since thou hast traveled widely; knowest thou him?"

"Yea, in sooth," answered the harper; "some time since I knew him. He was a true knight of yours, and a comely, and fair of stature. We minstrels miss him greatly, for free was his bounty."

Then said the king: "I trow Sir Cleges is dead. Would he were alive! I would sooner have him than five others. I loved him much, for gentle he was, and stark in fight."

But now arose a great noise and bawling without the hall; and presently in rushed the steward, the usher, and the porter, crying for the king's justice upon a false churl; and amongst them was not one head unbeaten. And behind them followed the two knights, holding their sides for laughter; and behind all strode Sir Cleges, grim and tall, tightly gripping his stout oak staff.

"'I PRAY THEE, LET ME GO IN; FOR I HAVE BROUGHT A PRESENT FOR THE KING.'"

The king commanded silence and bade one of the two knights tell freely what he had seen and heard. Then said the knight, when that he could speak for merriment: "My liege, we two, as was thy pleasure, followed this good man whom these three varlets misname 'churl.' Hardly had he left thy hall when up to him came this thy worthy steward, seeing us not, for we were well hidden behind a curtain. 'Churl,' said he, 'now give me, according to thy promise, a third part of what the king hath given thee.' 'Aye,' answered the stout man, 'have here some strokes!' and four masterly strokes he laid on with good will, and left the steward blubbering. Then, as he went on his way, thy usher and thy porter in turn likewise demanded of him a third part of thy gift, and likewise did he deal with them right worthily. So do we two bear true witness, on the honor of our knighthood, that he hath paid these strokes but where they were due according to his word. And truly do we discern that no churl is he, but a stout man-at-arms, for from his stark bearing may it be seen that his hand knoweth sword-hilt better than plow-handle."

Now loudly laughed the lords, both old and young, and louder laughed King Uther; and steward, usher, and porter were fain to slink away to nurse their broken heads in shame.

Then said the king: "What is thy name? tell me, good man."

And he answered: "My name is Sir Cleges. I was thy own knight till poverty came upon me."

Now the king came down from the dais and clasped both Sir Cleges's hands in his own. "Old friend," said he, while all the assembled guests ceased talking, "oft hast thou done me good service with sword and lance on battle-field years agone when we both were younger and stronger than we are to-day, when each would have gladly given his life to save the other. But of all the timely and valuable services thou didst render me in the past, I have never received better service than thou hast done

me this day, when thy stout staff hath dealt justice on the grasping knaves who would stand betwixt true people and their king."

So he clothed Sir Cleges in fine robes, befitting his rank, and bestowed upon him much riches, together with the castle of Cardiff, where the good knight and his dame dwelt long in peace, bounty, and honor, beloved by all the people.

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# THE BEST TREE

CARL lay on the floor by the firelight bright
Thinking about the trees.
"I love them all," he said to himself,
As he named them over with ease;
"The chestnut, ash, and oak so high,
The pine, with its needle leaves,
The spruce and cedar and hemlock green,
And the maple with its keys.

"The dainty willow, with pussies gray,
The birch with bark so white,
The apple-tree with its blossoms sweet,
And the fruit so red and bright.
But the one I love the best of all
Blooms and bears fruit together;
It 's sure to be filled at this time of the year,
Whatever may be the weather."

# CHRISTIAN HEROES AND TEACHERS

## STORIES OF THE SAINTS

A SAINT is a good man or woman whose life has been spent in charitable work, in devotion to God, and in true repentance for any sin. In olden times, when nearly all Christians were ruled by the Church of Rome, many noble men and women, whose lives had been full of goodness, were, after death, made saints by the Church, or "canonized," and a day of the year fixed for paying reverence to their memory. In time many beautiful legends, partly true but largely imaginary, came to be told about these saints, and these legends are well worth reading, even if we only regard them as beautiful stories. Here we read of the lives of some of the best known of these saints.

### THE LITTLE POOR MAN OF ASSISI

THERE lived in the town of Assisi, in Italy, in the thirteenth century, the son of a very wealthy merchant, and his name was Francis. He was a handsome, bright-eyed, merry-hearted boy, and as he grew up to manhood he lived only for pleasure and excitement. He became famous for the wild way in which he spent his money, and even set himself to outdo the sons of noblemen in grandeur and vanity.

But in the midst of his wild and foolish life there came to him a voice from heaven, and he saw all at once how foolish and vain he had been, for it is a madness to take delight in rich raiment and to think only of bodily pleasure, when every day we live only carries us nearer to the mystery of death.

Francis gave up his mad ways and set himself to serve Christ. He tore off all his rich clothes, and lived like a beggar. His father was furious. His old companions pelted him with mud. Nearly everybody thought that he was mad. But some people began to perceive that Francis was indeed a disciple of Christ. For he did not rave, he did not shout, he did not make himself a fool in people's eyes. No, he was the same cheerful, bright-eyed, happy-minded man, but with this difference —that all his cheerfulness came from love of God.

And this was the secret of St. Francis. He adored poverty. If, said he, Christ became a poor carpenter's son for us, surely we ought to make ourselves poor for him. And he found a deep joy in poverty. He spoke of poverty as a lady, and said he had married this beautiful lady of poverty. He wore a rough brown dress, eating simple food, and spent all his time in teaching people not to desire riches and greatness, but to desire poverty—that is to say, to love God so much that everything rich and grand and magnificent appears silly and trivial and unworthy.

St. Francis loved everything that God had made, and all the animals and birds were his special friends. They were never frightened of him, and when he walked in the woods the birds would come and perch on his shoulder and sing their good morning to him.

And sometimes he would stand still and let them all come round him, and would preach a little sermon to them, telling them how they ought to praise God for his goodness.

"Little sisters" he always called them, and it is said they would listen quietly while he spoke, and then, when he gave them his blessing, they would rise up to heaven singing their hymn of praise, just as if they had really understood their little service.

Once when St. Francis and some of his friends were returning home, they heard a great number of birds singing among the bushes. And when St. Francis saw them he said to his companions:

"Our sisters, the birds, are praising their Maker. Let us go among them and sing our service too."

The birds were not in the least disturbed, but continued their chirping and twittering, so that the men could not hear their own voices. Then St. Francis turned to the birds and said:

"Little sisters, cease your song until we have given God our praise." And they at once were quiet, and did not begin to sing again until the service was over.

And it was not only the birds that loved him, but every kind of creature came to him for comfort and shelter.

Now we will repeat a story which was told about St. Francis after he was dead, when people tried to remember all the wonderful things that he had done, and perhaps made them a little more wonderful, out of love for the saint.

Once, when the saint was living in the city of Agolio, a terribly fierce wolf began to prowl about the town. He carried off everything eatable he could find, and grew so bold that he even seized the children and made off to his mountain den with them. The whole town was terrified, and people scarcely dared go out of doors for fear of meeting the terrible wolf. And though the men hunted him, he always escaped and came prowling down at nightfall again.

When St. Francis heard this he said:

"I will go out and meet this wolf, and ask him what he means."

"He will kill you," cried all the people, and they tried to persuade him not to go.

But St. Francis set out, taking some of his religious friends with him. They went bravely along for a short way, and then the friends turned back afraid and ran home, leaving St. Francis alone. And presently he heard a deep growling and the sound of a terrible rush, and the great wolf, with blazing eyes and open mouth, came bounding toward him. But as he came nearer, St. Francis went forward to meet him, and making the sign of the cross, he said: "Come hither, brother wolf. I command thee in the name of Christ that thou do no more harm to me nor to any one."

And then a wonderful thing happened; for, as soon as the wolf heard the saint's voice, he stopped, and then came gently forward, and lay like a lamb at St. Francis's feet. Then St. Francis talked quietly to him, and told him he deserved to be punished for all the evil he had done, but if he would promise to kill and plunder no more, the people of Agolio would promise on their side to give him food every day. And the wolf rubbed his head against St. Francis's habit and gently laid his paw in the saint's hand. And always after that the good people of Agolio used to put out food for the wolf, and he grew so good and tame that he went quietly from door to door, and never did harm to any one again.

St. Francis and his religious brethren lived in a convent that was built close to a wood, and this wood was the place St. Francis loved best. For he could be quite alone there, to pray and meditate, with no one to disturb his thoughts. And often, when all the other brothers were asleep, he would steal quietly out and kneel for hours under the silent trees, alone with God.

Now we are told that there was a little boy at the convent who loved St. Francis very much, and wanted to know all that he did, that he might learn to grow like him. Especially he wondered why St. Francis went alone into the dark wood, but he was too sleepy to keep awake to see. It was a very poor convent, and all the brothers slept on mats on the floor, for they had not separate cells. At last one night the boy crept close to the side of St. Francis, and spread his mat quite close to his master's, and in case he should not wake he tied his little cord to the cord which St. Francis wore round his waist. Then he lay down happily and went to sleep.

By and by when every one was asleep, St. Francis got up as usual to pray. But he noticed the cord and gently untied it, so that the boy slept on undisturbed. Presently, however, the child awoke, and finding his cord loose and his master gone, he got up and followed him into the wood, treading very softly with his bare feet that he might disturb nobody.

It was very dark, and he had to feel his way among the trees; but soon a bright light shone out, and as he stole nearer he saw a wonderful sight. His master was kneeling there, and with him was the blessed Virgin, holding our dear Lord in her arms, and many saints were there as well. And over all was a great cloud of the holy angels. The vision and the glorious brightness almost blinded the child, and he fell down as if he were dead.

Now when St. Francis was returning home he stumbled over the little body lying there, and guessing what had happened he stooped down and tenderly lifted him up, and carried him in his arms, as the good shepherd carries his lambs. Then the child felt his master's arms round him, and was comforted, and told him of the vision and how it had frightened him. In return St. Francis bade him tell no one what he had seen as long as his master was alive. So the old story tells us that the child grew up to be a good man and was one of the holiest of the friends of St. Francis, because he always tried to grow like his master. Only after St. Francis died did he tell the story of the glorious vision which he had

seen that night in the dark wood, at the time when no one knew what a great saint his master was.

For six hundred years men have loved St. Francis, whom we call the Little Poor Man of Assisi. He has taught us all, the wicked and the foolish, that we *can* change and *can* become good, that we can grow almost like the beautiful and sinless Christ.

St. Francis is dear to us for many reasons; but perhaps we are grateful to him, more than for any other of his virtues, for just this simple teaching—that we should never be unkind to bird or beast, but should treat them all as brothers and sisters, and spread the love of God among all living things.

## ST. CECILIA, THE SWEET SINGER OF ROME

There was a strange scene one day in the city of Rome when it was a crime punishable by death to be a Christian. A handsome young Roman soldier, by name Valerian, had just brought home his bride, a very beautiful and proudly bred Roman girl, named Cecilia. The festivities were over. The guests had all gone. Valerian was alone with his bride. Then Cecilia said to him:

"I am your wife, but I do not belong to you. I belong to Christ. All my life up I have given myself to Christ, and I have a guardian angel who will guard me from evil."

Valerian was much surprised, for he had no idea that the noble parents of Cecilia were among the despised Christians.

"Show me this angel," he said to his wife; "then I shall know if what you say is true."

She told him that he could not see the angel until he had learned to love Christ, and bade him go along the Appian Way, outside the city walls of Rome, and ask the poor people who lived there to direct him to Urban the Good. This Valerian did, and he found Urban living underground in the Catacombs. Urban told him the story of the fatherhood of God and the sonship of Jesus Christ, and Valerian believed and was baptized. So happy was he in his new faith that he persuaded his brother also, and these two, with the beautiful Cecilia, spent their lives in doing good to the poor. The home was very happy, for Cecilia had a lovely voice, and she sang songs to God which thrilled the hearts of the two brothers, and they knew that after death they would all meet in a happier world.

Soon it became known that Valerian and his brother were Christians, and they were put to death. But Cecilia became bolder in preaching, and was brought before the governor.

"What sort of a woman are you?" he asked roughly. "And what is your name?"

"I am a Roman lady," she replied proudly. "Among men I am known as Cecilia, but my name is Christian."

Then she was condemned, and they carried her away to her own house, and placed her in a bath of boiling water. She was then bound, and a sword descended upon her neck, but did not sever it. For three days she lived, giving all her money to the poor, and singing praises to God; then she died, and was called ever after St. Cecilia.

## ST. GILES, THE MAN WITH A TENDER HEART

It was in the beautiful land of Greece that St. Giles was born. His parents were of royal blood, and were Christians; so the boy was brought up most carefully, and taught all that a prince should know.

He was a dreamy, quiet boy, and what he loved best was to wander out in the green woods by himself, with no companions but the animals and birds and flowers. He would lie for hours watching the birds busily build their nests, or the rabbits as they timidly peeped at him out of their holes. And soon all the woodland creatures began to look upon him as their friend, and even the wildest would come gradually nearer and nearer, almost within reach of his hand; and they seemed to listen when he talked to them, as if they could understand what he said. One thing they certainly did understand, and that was that he loved them and would do them no harm.

St. Giles could not bear to see anything suffer, and his pity was great for all those in pain; and often he would mend a bird's broken wing, or bind up a little furry foot that had been torn in a trap; and the birds and beasts always lay quiet under his hand, and seemed to know that he would cure them, even though the touch might hurt.

It happened that one day, when St. Giles was kneeling in church, he saw a poor beggar lying there on the cold, stone floor. He had scarcely any clothes to keep him warm, and his face had a hungry, suffering look, which filled the heart of the saint with pity. He saw that the poor man was ill and trembling with cold, so without a moment's thought, he took off his own warm cloak and tenderly wrapped it round the beggar.

The warmth of the cloak seemed to bring life back to the poor chilled body, and when St. Giles had given him food and wine, he was able to lift himself up, and to bless the kind youth who had helped him.

And when the people saw what had happened they thought St. Giles had worked a miracle, and cured the man by his wonderful touch; for they did not realize that all kind deeds work miracles every day.

It did not please St. Giles that people should think he possessed this miraculous gift of healing, and he had no wish to be called a saint. He only longed to lead his own quiet life and to help all God's creatures who needed his care. But the people would not leave him alone, and they brought to him those who were sick and lame and blind, and expected that he would heal them.

It is true that many needed only a little human aid, and the food and help which St. Giles gave them would soon make them well again; but there were some he could not help, and it wrung his heart to see their pleading eyes, and to watch them bring out their little store of hard-earned money, eager to buy the aid which he so willingly would have given had he been able.

So at last St. Giles determined to leave his native city, for he had been all alone since his father and mother had died. He wished to escape from the anxious crowds that refused to leave him in peace; but first he sold all that he had and gave it to the poor of the city, an act which made them surer than ever that he was one of God's saints. Then he sailed away across the sea to a far-off country.

There St. Giles found a lonely cave in which an old hermit lived. "Here at last I shall find peace and quietness," said he to himself, "and men will soon forget me."

But even here ere long his friends found him, for his fame had spread across the seas. So once more he set out and went farther and farther away, by paths that few had ever trod before, until in the depths of a green forest he found another shelter, a cave among gray rocks overgrown with lichens, and hidden by the sheltering boughs of the surrounding trees. St. Giles had always loved the woods and this was just the home he had longed for. A clear stream flowed not far off, and his only companions would be the birds and beasts and flowers.

Early in the morning the birds would wake him with their song, and the wild creatures would come stealing out of the wood to share his meal. And his silent friends, the flowers, would cheer and help him by their beauty, and remind him of God's garden whose gate would one day open for him, where he would wander in the green pastures beside the still waters of life for evermore.

But of all his companions the one St. Giles loved best was a gentle white doe, who came to him as soon as he settled in the cave. She seemed to have no fear of him from the first, and stayed with him longer and longer each time, until at last she took up her abode with him, and would never leave him, lying close to him when he slept, and walking by his side wherever he went.

This peaceful life went on for a long time and it seemed as if nothing could disturb its quiet happiness. But it happened that one day as St. Giles was praying in the cave, and his companion, the white doe, was nibbling her morning meal of fresh grass by the banks of the stream, a curious noise was heard afar off. It came nearer and nearer, and then shouts of men's voices could be heard, the sound of horses galloping and the note of the hunter's horn. Then came the deep baying of dogs, and before the startled doe could hide, the whole hunt was upon her. With a wild halloo they chased her across the greensward and through the trees, and just as she disappeared into the cave one of the huntsmen drew his bow and sent an arrow flying after her. Then they all dismounted and went to see what had become of the hunted doe, and soon found the opening into the cave. But what was their surprise, when they burst in, to find an old man kneeling there. He was sheltering the terrified doe who had fled to him for refuge, and an arrow had pierced the kind hand that had been raised to shield her.

The huntsmen were ashamed of their cruel sport when they saw the wounded hand of the old man and the trembling form of the white doe as it crouched behind him, and they listened with reverence to the hermit's words as he spoke to them of man's duty toward God's dumb creatures.

The King of France, who was one of the hunting-party, came often after this to see St. Giles, and at last offered to build him a monastery and give him all that he could want; but the old man begged to be left alone in his woodland cave, to serve God in peace and quietness. So there he lived quietly and happily for many years, until God took him and he left his cave for the fairer fields of paradise.

People loved the thought of this peaceful old saint who dwelt in the woods and was the protector of all sorrowful and suffering creatures, and so they often called their churches after St. Giles, especially those churches which were built in the fields or near green woods.

The surroundings of many of these churches are to-day changed. For instance, there are no fields now round his great cathedral church in Edinburgh; but the poor and sick and sorrowful crowd very near to its shelter, and the memory of the pitiful heart of the gentle saint still hovers like a blessing round the gray old walls.

## ST. NICHOLAS, THE REAL SANTA CLAUS

Of all the saints that little children love is there any to compare with Santa Claus? The very sound of his name has magic in it, and calls up visions of well-filled stockings, with the presents we particularly want peeping over the top, or hanging out at the side, too big to go into the largest sock. Besides, there is something so mysterious and exciting about Santa Claus, for no one seems ever to have seen him. But we picture him to ourselves as an old man with a white beard, whose favorite way of coming into our rooms is down the chimney, bringing gifts for the good children.

Yet this Santa Claus, in whose name the presents come to us at Christmas time, is a very real saint, and we can learn a great deal about him, only we must remember that his true name is St. Nicholas. Perhaps the little children, who used to talk of him long ago, found St. Nicholas too difficult to say, and so called him their dear Santa Claus. But we learn, as we grow older, that Nicholas is his true name, and that he is a real person who lived long years ago, far away in the East.

The father and mother of Nicholas were noble and very rich, but what they wanted most of all was to have a son. They were Christians, so they prayed to God for many years that he would give them their heart's desire; and when at last Nicholas was born, they were the happiest people in the world.

They thought there was no one like their boy; and indeed he was wiser and better than most children, and never gave them a moment's trouble. But alas, while he was still a child, a terrible plague swept over the country, and his father and mother died, leaving him quite alone.

All the great riches which his father had possessed were left to Nicholas, and among other things he inherited three bars of gold. These were his greatest treasure, and he thought more of them than all the other riches he possessed.

Now in the town where Nicholas lived dwelt a nobleman with three daughters. They had once been very rich, but great misfortunes had overtaken the father, and now they were all so poor they had scarcely enough to live upon.

At last a day came when there was not even bread enough to eat, and the daughters said to their father:

"Let us go out into the streets and beg, or do anything to get a little money, that we may not starve."

But the father answered:

"Not to-night. I cannot bear to think of it. Wait at least until to-morrow. Something may happen to save my daughters from such disgrace."

Now, just as they were talking together, Nicholas happened to be passing, and as the window was open he heard all that the poor father said. It seemed terrible to think that a noble family should be so poor and actually in want of bread, and Nicholas tried to plan how it would be possible to help them. He knew they would be much too proud to take money from him, so he had to think of some other way. Then he remembered his golden bars, and that very night he took one of them and went secretly to the nobleman's house, hoping to give the treasure without letting the father or daughters know who brought it.

To his joy Nicholas discovered that a little window had been left open, and by standing on tiptoe he could just reach it. So he lifted the golden bar and slipped it through the window, never waiting to hear what became of it, in case any one should see him. (And now do you see the reason why the visits of Santa Claus are so mysterious?)

Inside the house the poor father sat sorrowfully watching, while his children slept. He wondered if there was any hope for them anywhere, and he prayed earnestly that heaven would send help. Suddenly something fell at his feet, and to his amazement and joy, he found it was a bar of pure gold.

"My child," he cried, as he showed his eldest daughter the shining gold, "God has heard my prayer and has sent this from heaven! Now we shall have enough and to spare. Call your sisters that we may rejoice together, and I will go instantly and change this treasure."

The precious golden bar was soon sold to a money-changer, who gave so much for it that the family were able to live in comfort and have all that they needed. And not only was there enough to live upon, but so much was over that the father gave his eldest daughter a large dowry, and very soon she was happily married.

When Nicholas saw how much happiness his golden bar had brought to the poor nobleman, he determined that the second daughter should have a dowry too. So he went as before and found the little window again open, and was able to throw in the second golden bar as he had done the first. This time the father was dreaming happily, and did not find the treasure until he awoke in the morning. Soon afterward the second daughter had her dowry and was married too.

The father now began to think that after all it was not usual for golden bars to fall from heaven,

and he wondered if by any chance human hands had placed them in his room. The more he thought of it the stranger it seemed, and he made up his mind to keep watch every night, in case another golden bar should be sent as a portion for his youngest daughter.

And so when Nicholas went the third time and dropped the last bar through the little window, the father came quickly out, and before Nicholas had time to hide, caught him by his cloak.

"O Nicholas," he cried, "is it thou who hast helped us in our need? Why didst thou hide thyself?" And then he fell on his knees and began to kiss the hands that had helped him so graciously.

But Nicholas bade him stand up and give thanks to God instead; warning him to tell no one the story of the golden bars.

This was only one of the many kind acts Nicholas loved to do, and it was no wonder that he was beloved by all who knew him.

There were many stories told after the death of St. Nicholas, and it helped and comforted people to think that, though they could no longer see him, he would love and protect them still.

Young maidens in need of help remembered the story of the golden bars and felt sure the good saint would not let them want. Sailors tossing on the stormy waves thought of a storm which had sunk to rest at the prayer of St. Nicholas. Poor prisoners with no one to take their part were comforted by the thought of other prisoners whom he had saved.

Little children perhaps have remembered him most of all, for when the happy Christmas time draws near, who is so much in their thoughts as St. Nicholas, or Santa Claus, as they call him? Perhaps they are a little inclined to think of him as some good magician who comes to fill their stockings with gifts, but they should never forget that he was the kind bishop who, in olden days, loved to make the little ones happy. There are some who think that even now he watches over and protects little children, and for that reason he is called their patron saint.

## ST. FAITH, THE CHILD MARTYR

Among the many martyrs who long ago gave up their lives, rather than deny their Master, we love to remember one little maid—a martyr and saint. We do not know a great deal about her, for she lived so very long ago, but what we know makes us love and honor her, and speak her name with reverence.

Faith was the name of this little maiden, and her home was in France, in the pleasant country of Aquitaine. Her parents were rich and noble, and she was brought up carefully, and taught to be courteous and gentle to every one. But she did not need much teaching, for her nature was sweet and pure, and her face was fair, with the beauty that shines from within.

The town in which little Faith lived was called Agen, and lay at the foot of a high rugged hill, which seemed to keep guard over it. It was a quiet little place, and most of the people who dwelt there were Christians, living happily together with the good bishop at their head.

But one day a heavy cloud of dust was seen rolling along the highroad that led over the mountains to the city gates. And messengers came running breathlessly into the town, warning the people that a great company of soldiers was marching toward them. It was thought they had come from Spain, and the news spread like wildfire through the town that Dacian, the cruelest governor of all that country, was riding at their head.

In fear and trembling the people waited. They stood in little knots, talking under their breath of all the evil this man had done; or, shutting themselves into their houses, they scarcely dared to look out at the windows. And soon the great company came sweeping in, swords clattering and armor glittering in the sunshine; rough soldiers laughing carelessly as they rode past the frightened faces. And at their head a cruel, evil-looking man who glared from side to side, as if he were a wild beast seeking his prey.

Doubtless it pleased him to see how every one trembled before him, and he smiled scornfully to think how easy a task it would be to teach these Christians to deny their God and drag their faith in the dust.

And soon the reason of his coming was known to all, for he ordered it to be proclaimed in the market-place, that every Christian who refused to sacrifice to the heathen gods should be tortured and put to death. And to make his meaning quite plain, the soldiers spread out all the terrible instruments of torture, so that men might know exactly what lay before them if they refused to deny Christ.

But in the night the terrified Christians stole silently out of the town, and climbing the high hill that overlooked the city, they hid themselves in the great caves among the rocks.

Scarcely any one was left behind. Even the good bishop was afraid to stay and face the danger, and it seemed as if Christ would have no one to fight on his side against the evil company.

But when morning came, and the furious Dacian discovered that the people had fled, he sent

his soldiers to search and bring any who might remain hidden in the city, that he might wreak his vengeance on them.

And among the few that were left they brought to him the little maid Faith. She was only a little child, but she did not know what fear meant.

"You cannot hurt me," she said, looking at the cruel, angry faces around her, "because I am not yours, but God's."

And then she signed herself with the sign of the cross, and with bent head prayed:

"Lord Jesus, teach my lips to answer their questions aright, so that I may do thee no dishonor."

Then Dacian looked in anger at the child standing there with clasped hands and steadfast eyes, and asked her roughly:

"What is thy name?"

"My name is Faith," the little maid replied with gentle courtesy.

"And what God dost thou serve?" asked the cruel governor.

"I am a Christian, and I serve the Lord Christ," replied the child.

"Deny him, and sacrifice to our gods," thundered the governor, "else shalt thou endure every kind of torture, until there is no life left in thy young body."

But Faith stood with head erect and hands clasped tight together. Not even the ugly instruments of torture could frighten her.

"I serve the Lord Christ," she said, "and you cannot hurt me, because I am his."

Such a little maid she was, standing there among those rough, cruel men, offering her life gladly for the faith of her Master. Such a few years she had spent in this bright world, and so many stretched in front, holding pleasures and promises in store. And now she must give up all, must put aside the little white robe and golden sandals, and take instead the robe of suffering, and go barefoot to meet the pain and torture that awaited her.

And though they scourged her, and made her suffer many cruel torments, they could not bend her will, nor break her faith. Indeed, it seemed as if she did not feel the pain and anguish.

And God stooped down, and gathered the little faithful soul into his bosom. And when the people looked, the child was dead.

But in the cave among the mountains that very day the bishop sat, sad and troubled.

He was gazing away across the plain to where the town lay half hidden in the mist, thinking of those faithful few who had chosen to stay behind. And suddenly the mist broke in front, and a vision stood out clear before him. He saw the child Faith being scourged and tortured; he saw the flames leaping around her, and then, as he looked again, lo! her head was encircled with a golden crown set with precious stones, each jewel sparkling with light. And from heaven a white dove came gently flying down, and rested on the child's head, while from its wings a soft dew fell that quenched the flames.

And as the vision faded, the bishop bowed his head in his hands and wept. The thought of what this child had dared to endure for her Master, while he had shrunk from suffering aught for his sake, filled his heart with shame. He could not stay there in safety while any of his people might suffer as she had done.

So that night he returned to the city to help and comfort the few remaining Christians. Before long he too was called upon to suffer death for his Lord, and many others gave themselves up, led by the example of little Faith.

Some say that even the rough soldiers were touched by the child's death, and many became Christians. They began to think that such a religion was worth living for, if it could teach even a child to die so bravely.

And so, though she lived such a short time on earth, she did a very wonderful work for God, and we call her now St. Faith, thinking often of her as we read these words: "A little child shall lead them."

## ST. CHRISTOPHER, THE GIANT WHO CARRIED THE POOR

An old hermit was sitting in his cell one day, when there appeared before him a mighty and huge man, who said his name was Offero, and told him the strangest of stories.

"I was strong from my youth up," he said, "and beat every comer at games and sports. But I wearied of these idle things. A voice within me drove me forth, and would not let me be satisfied.

"So I put on my armor, and took my sword, and journeyed till I came to the palace of the greatest king on earth. Him I served, till one day I saw him make a sign on his forehead whenever the minstrel who sang before him made mention of the Evil One. I would not serve him longer, because he feared the Evil One, and was not a brave man. So I journeyed on, till in the center of a black forest I found Satan keeping his court.

" 'Art thou the bravest king on earth?' I asked. And hearing him say that he feared nothing, I took service with him.

"But one day I saw him cower from a little

wooden cross set up on the highway, and I challenged him, saying:

"'What! are you the bravest man on earth, and fear a piece of wood?'

"'It is not the cross I fear,' said he, 'but him who once hung there.'

"So I left him, and have ever since striven to discover who is this Christ that hung upon the cross. And now the voice within me has brought me to you. Tell me, I pray you, the story of Christ."

The hermit told him, and the giant lifted his great sword to the sky, and swore that he would henceforth serve only Christ. The hermit said that Christ did not wish men to fight for him but to fight against evil by gentle living and prayer.

Offero said that might well be true; but God evidently had not given him great muscular strength for nothing, and that strength he would devote to Christ. So the hermit took him to the banks of a wide and angry river, and bade him dwell there and help poor people to go across it. This pleased Offero very well, and he built a hut, and tore up a pine-tree for a staff, and when poor people wanted to cross the angry flood he carried them over, and said he did it for the love of God.

One wild night a little child came to him to be carried across, and Offero set him on his shoulder and waded into the hurricane. But as he went the child grew heavier and heavier, so that Offero's knees bent under him. Yet he got across, and when he set the child down he said:

"How is it that you are the heaviest burden I ever carried?"

Then the child became glorious with a wondrous light, and said to Offero:

"Heavy did I seem to thee because I bear the sins and sorrows of the whole world. I am Christ. And because thou hast been kind to the weak, and hast borne Christ upon thy shoulders, I will call thee henceforth Christopher."

Then the child vanished, and Christopher (that is, the "Christ-bearer") kneeled in the darkness.

## ST. URSULA AND THE TEN THOUSAND MAIDENS OF BRITAIN

A most wonderful sight was seen one day in Brittany. In a great meadow were gathered together more than ten thousand of the finest maidens from Britain, and on a throne was seated the Princess Ursula of Brittany, telling these British maidens the story of Jesus Christ.

Princess Ursula was the only daughter of the King of Brittany, and so lovely that the story of her beauty had passed into all lands. Prince Conon of Britain desired her for his wife, and she told him to send her ten of his greatest ladies, each escorted by a thousand maidens, and to wait for her three years. Then she taught these ladies to be Christians, and set out with them to visit foreign lands, while Prince Conon at home gave himself up to a study of Christ.

Princess Ursula and her great company of ladies made a wonderful impression wherever they went, and many people became Christians because of them. And Prince Conon's love waxed so strong that he came and followed her, with many great bishops and clergy, including even the Pope of Rome. And Conon longed for the time when Ursula would be his bride; yet was he very happy to go across the world with her, spreading knowledge of the blessed Saviour. And Ursula loved him, but she knew that God had a great work for her to do. So they all went together, telling people of the love of Christ.

But in this pilgrimage Ursula came to a place where the heathens of the land rose against her, and they slew the bishops and clergy, and Prince Conon and his knights, and all the women except Ursula, whose lovely face dashed the courage of the most brutal men, and stayed the hands of the most savage.

So Ursula was brought before the King, and he said he would marry her; but she spoke to him so truly of the wicked murders he had done that he himself seized up an arrow and shot it into the heart of Ursula. And thus it was that Ursula came into heaven last of all that shining host who had gone across the world at her bidding with the message of Christ's love.

## ST. CATHARINE, THE GIRL WHO DEFIED AN EMPEROR

One of the commonest sights on the night of the fourth of July is the catharine-wheel, or what is better known to American children as the pin-wheel. A large, showy wheel is made up of a wooden hoop, with sticks for spokes, and little rockets all round the rim, so that when it is fixed to a wall and lit the gun-powder inside the rockets lights and hisses and spouts sparks, and causes the wheel to revolve, so that it looks like a ring of brightly colored fire.

The catharine-wheel gets its name from a saint who was bound to a wheel. It was St. Catharine of Alexandria. She was a Christian, and the cleverest girl in Egypt of her day. She lived in the fourth century, when most of the people about her were heathen. One day she heard that the Emperor Maximinus had ordered that many poor people should be slain as a sacri-

fice to the idols the Emperor worshiped, and Catharine went to his palace and condemned his cruelty and stupidity.

It was in vain that he tried to argue with her. She was too clever for him, and what she said was too just and right to be affected by anything that he could urge. So the Emperor sent for all his wise men to argue with her. They were as helpless as he had been. She defeated them all in a great debate, and many people became Christians on hearing her wonderful words. This made the Emperor angry, and he ordered that she should be put to death—tortured to death on a wheel.

What this wheel was like we do not now exactly know. One account says that it was shaped like an ordinary wheel, but armed with spikes, which hurt her at every movement. Another account says that it was not one wheel, but four wheels joined, armed with teeth.

Whatever the nature of the wheel, poor Catharine was bound to it. But a wonderful thing happened. No sooner had she been tied to the wheel than an angel appeared—so the story in the old books runs. The angel loosed her bonds and set her free. He broke the wheel in pieces; he killed the man who had invented it, and destroyed also several of the cruel people who had gone to see the brave girl tortured. Those who escaped ran away, crying, "Great is the God of the Christians! He doeth wondrously both in the heavens above and in the earth beneath."

But the wicked Emperor was not content. He had Catharine beaten with scourges, and caused her to be cast into a dark dungeon and kept without food for twelve days. But in her sorrow there came to her comforting visions and healing for her wounds, and the stories say that a dove brought her food.

At the end of the twelve days the Emperor had Catharine led forth, and ordered his executioner to strike her head off with a sword, and so at last she died.

That is the story which the old books tell. We must not believe it all as having happened exactly like this. People did not then write history at the time that events happened. For years and years a story would be told by word of mouth, and by the time that it first came to be written exaggerations and mistakes would creep in.

But it is certain that St. Catharine was tortured on a cruel wheel, and that she escaped with her life from it. The old pictures of her show the wheel as her symbol, and to this day we get the name of the catharine-wheel, which all boys know, though perhaps neither they nor the firework-makers know how the name came about.

## ST. BENEDICT, THE BOY WHO FLED FROM ROME

MANY years ago there was a wealthy family in Italy, and the only son was the hero of the house, on account of his pleasant, cheerful manners and the brightness of his understanding. His parents wished him to become a judge, and while he was yet a youth they sent him into the great city of Rome to study law. But the boy, whose name was Benedict, found Rome a dreadful and a wicked place; he was shocked by the luxury that met his eyes, and by the light, flippant, and very often evil conversation which reached his ears. Instead of thinking about the law, he thought about this wickedness, and wondered what God must think of the city of Rome. So greatly was he shocked by the wickedness of the city that he ran away from it, and hid himself in the hills, determined to serve God in silent loneliness. But his old nurse, who loved him dearly, followed Benedict, and waited upon him with tender care. For a long time he lived in this manner, until it seemed to him wrong that he should let this old woman fetch him food, and once more he ran away. This time he traveled far into the mountains, and lived in a cave. He did not escape temptations in this lonely life, and once he was so frightfully tempted to return to Rome that he flung himself naked into a thorn-bush and rolled in it till the pain had driven all evil thoughts out of his mind.

Many years passed, and people heard of the holy man living alone in a cave and thinking only of God. They came and visited him. A company of monks were so impressed by his preaching that they asked him to come and rule over them, and this he consented to do. But Benedict found that the monks lived too easily, and he introduced a greater sternness into their lives. Then the monks repented that they had ever asked him to be their superior, and they poisoned some wine and presented it to Benedict in a cup. But Benedict was warned, and he made the sign of the cross over the wine, and the cup fell to the ground and was shivered into fragments. Then Benedict returned to his cave, and many holy men came to live near him; and he built houses for them to live in. These monks had to desire three things—poverty, purity, and obedience—and they had to agree to work seven hours every day with their hands. St. Benedict caught a fatal fever in nursing the poor, and while he was dying he bade his followers bear him into the chapel, where he died before the altar. The order of monks that he founded grew to be very large and did much for the spread of Christianity in Europe.

### ST. CRISPIN, THE PATRON SAINT OF SHOEMAKERS

The patron saint of shoemakers is St. Crispin, and the reason is this:

In the third century there lived at Soissons, a small town of Gaul, now France, two natives of Rome, brothers, Crispin and Crispinianus.

They were teachers of Christianity; but they thought it right to earn their own living, and this they did by the making of shoes. They charged money to the well-to-do, but for the very poor they made these shoes without cost of any kind.

Their fame spread, and many of the people in Gaul visited them, and learned from them the story of Christ's love. At last there came to Soissons the heathen emperor, and he commanded that these shoemakers should be arrested, and they were tried, tortured dreadfully, and afterward beheaded.

Whenever you see the picture of a saint with the palm of victory in one hand, and in the other an awl, you may know it is either Crispin or Crispinianus, the patron saint of shoemakers.

## SOME FAMOUS MONKS

The monk is a picturesque figure. He reminds a world too easily vulgar, too easily satisfied with the frolic of vanity fair, that life carries an immense responsibility. He is one of the texts of Christ in human form: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" There is more than one way of reading this text, but the monk is at least one rendering of it. He reminds us that, in comparison with eternity, man's life is but a shadow.

One monk, as we shall see, was the first to lift up a voice for science after a silence of fifteen centuries.

### ATHANASIUS, WHO STOOD BY HIS IDEAS

Let us begin with the most curious of all monks —and hardly meet to be called a monk—the famous Athanasius. A little man, radiant with intelligence, possessing "the face of an angel," according to Gregory, Athanasius was said to be "quick in sympathy, pleasant in conversation, and still more pleasant in temper, effective alike in discourse or in action, assiduous in devotions, helpful to Christians of every class and age, a theologian with the speculative, a comforter of the afflicted, a staff of the aged, a guide of the young." At the age of thirty he was called to be Bishop of Alexandria.

In those days a great controversy tore the Church, and the struggle became at last "the whole world against Athanasius, and Athanasius against it." Again and again he was driven from his bishopric; again and again he returned. Once soldiers rushed in to take him at the altar. He showed no fear. This devoted son of the Church spent the periods of his exile in monasteries, and during those weeks of quiet wrote some memorable books. His devotion to his ideas concerning Christ were of the most devout and sacred kind, and we owe it to the monasteries in Upper Egypt that some of those ideas have come down to us. Born about 296, Athanasius died in 373.

### THE FEARLESS AMBROSE, WHO MADE AN EMPEROR DO PENANCE

Of all the monks who ever lived, if he can properly be called a monk at all, the strangest is St. Ambrose. At the age of thirty-six, after a successful life as a lawyer, he became a governor, and lived in Milan. A dispute arose between two sects of the Church over the election of a bishop. There was a dispute in the church that was almost a war. Ambrose hurried to the scene, and made an earnest and eloquent appeal to the people for Christian behavior. As he ceased speaking—so says the legend—an infant's voice suddenly cried out: "Ambrose is bishop."

The crowd took up the shout. In vain did Ambrose protest that he was a bad man and not fit at all to be a bishop; in vain did he try to escape. The whole city insisted, and the lawyer and governor, selling his goods and putting by his robes of state, became a Christian bishop. The day came when he showed his spirit. The powerful Emperor Theodosius ordered a massacre, and the slaughter had been carried out. Ambrose, shocked to the soul by this bloodthirsty outrage, wrote to the Emperor, refusing to let him enter the church of Milan.

The Emperor replied that David had committed murder. "Imitate him in his repentance as well as his sin," answered the heroic bishop. For

eight months the bishop kept the Emperor at bay. Then, one day, the Emperor's courtiers came to Ambrose and announced that the Emperor was coming. "I will hinder him from entering the vestibule," said Ambrose; "yet, if he will play the king, I will offer him my throat." When the Emperor heard this, he said: "I will go and receive the refusal which I desire." But on meeting the bishop he said: "I come to offer myself to submit to whatever you may prescribe."

Ambrose then commanded him to do public penance, and in future—because his temper was ungovernable—to let thirty days run between the order for capital punishment and its execution. Ambrose was a just, fearless, and upright man, and his writings are those of a devout and fervent worshiper of God. Born about 340, Ambrose died in 397.

## ST. JEROME, WHO FLED TO THE WILDERNESS

St. Jerome is interesting to us as the Latin translator of the Scriptures. He is also interesting by reason of the picture he presents to us of a man fighting what he considered a dreadful sin; namely, a love of books. Poor Jerome was a scholar, and he loved old books, and he could only be happy with venerable authors full of tales of long ago. But a day came when, brought by sickness to death's door, he reflected on the next world, and came to the conclusion that pagan literature was wicked.

Before this time he had been a man who loved to take part in arguments about the Church; now he became a man who wanted to live the Christ-life. He became a hermit, and lived in the wilderness. But in the wilderness were books in a monastery there, and soon he was among his temptations again; he again became mixed up in violent arguments. Called to Rome to help in a dispute, he became a great favorite with ladies, and when he set out to the Holy Land, he was followed by a train of these admirers. They built three nunneries and a monastery, and Jerome settled down in this monastery at Bethlehem to write the Old Testament in Latin. Jewish rabbis came to him by night to help him in his work.

But whenever an argument broke out in Rome, off flew Jerome eagerly, for he simply could not keep himself out of an altercation. He was "always spoiling for a fight." So violent was his manner that the monastery in which he stayed was attacked by furious enemies. To the end of his life Jerome was a scholar and a disputant. No wilderness and no monastery could ever have held this worthy man without books. He was a good man, and deserved his sainthood. Jerome was born about 342 and died in 420.

## THE ENGLISH MONK WHO TOOK CHRISTIANITY TO GERMANY

It was a monk from England who, in the eighth century, carried Christianity to Germany. His name was Winfrid, and he was born probably at Kirton or Crediton, in Devonshire, the son of a West Saxon chieftain. At seven years he was sent to a monastery school in Exeter. The Pope saw him in Rome, took a fancy to him, gave him permission to go as missionary to the Germans, and changed his name to Boniface.

We get a quaint picture of the period in the scene which took place between Boniface and the heathen of Germany to decide between God and Woden. Boniface undertook to chop down their sacred oak. The heathen, thinking he would infallibly be struck down by their wrathful god, stood by to watch his destruction. The oak fell with a crash; Boniface did not. Whereupon the heathen embraced Christianity, and out of the oak Boniface built an oratory to St. Peter.

But alas for poor Boniface! He was himself to taste the bitterness of a similar defeat. After a life of the most manifold and successful labors; after having converted thousands to Christianity, set up monasteries, built churches, and even crowned a king of France in the name of the Pope; after all this Boniface was attacked by a body of pagan plunderers, and was slain. The poor old man, frail and delicate, fell before the clubs of savage robbers. His life was one of the most useful, hazardous, and courageous ever lived by man. Boniface died in 755.

## ST. BERNARD, WHO DENIED HIMSELF

One of the most attractive monks in history is St. Bernard, called the "last of the fathers," so simple was he, so full of faith, so quiet of soul, so touched by the spirit of Jesus. He was the son of a French knight, and as a boy drew others to the religious life. He became a Cistercian monk, and set himself to kill all sense of enjoyment, all desire for pleasure in his own soul. He seldom took food till he was on the edge of fainting, and when friends came he would stop his ears with flax so that he might hear no worldly talk. This was in his boyhood.

Some time later we hear him saying of book-learning: "You will find something far greater in the woods than in books. Stones and trees will teach what masters do not know. Think you not

you can suck honey from the rock, and oil from the flinty rock? Do not the mountains drop sweetness, the hills run with milk and honey, and the valleys stand thick with corn?"

He lived the most hard and desolate life, preaching repentance with a rare eloquence. When he was fifty-five, and worn to a thread, he was bidden bestir Europe for a second crusade. Pale and shrunken, to a degree which seemed almost supernatural, he made a long and exhausting tour of France and Germany, preaching with a success so great that in some districts scarcely one man was left to seven women.

Behind this old man came a young monk stirring people up to massacre the Jews. Bernard turned back, reproached the monk as "a child of the devil," and sent him to his monastery. "Had not the tender mercy of the Lord sent priest Bernard, none of us would have survived," said a Jew. That such a tender and beautiful life of fervid piety should have been lived in the twelfth century is a glory of Christianity. St. Bernard was born in 1091, and died in 1153.

## ST. DOMINIC AND THE BLACK FRIARS

If every person who crosses Blackfriars Bridge in London knew how it came by that name, what a great multitude of people would know the extraordinary story of St. Dominic! The name comes to us from one of the most notable figures in the Roman Church—a Spanish priest known as St. Dominic. He began life with a beautiful and earnest devotion to Christ. As a boy he prayed often; at the university he sold his clothes in a time of famine to feed the poor, and offered to go as a slave to Morocco in place of a poor woman's brother who had been captured by the Moors. He was ordained a priest, and soon became known for the rigor of his life and the eloquence of his preaching.

So far Dominic was an earnest son of the Church. But a day came when he went on a mission to Denmark, and no sooner had he left Spain, where the people feared and obeyed the priests, than he found himself among people of a vastly different character. Shocked by their disobedience, by their heresies, and by the manner of their life, Dominic set himself to reform or punish them.

Meeting a magnificent cavalcade from Rome on the same mission, he exclaimed: "How can you expect success with all this secular pomp! These men cannot be touched by words without corresponding deeds. Throw aside your splendor, and go forth as the disciples of old, barefoot, without purse or scrip, to proclaim the truth."

Dominic practised what he preached, and became a barefooted, black-robed, mendicant friar—a black friar—and set out to convert these disobedient children. He founded the order of the Dominicans, also called the Black Friars, to whom the Pope intrusted the conduct of the Inquisition. Dominic was born about 1170 and died in 1221.

## ROGER BACON, WHO WAS SAID TO KNOW EVERYTHING

A great scholar-monk was the English Roger Bacon—"the miracle of the age he lived in." He was said to know everything. He marks an interesting place in human history. From the days of Archimedes, about 300 B.C., to the days of Roger Bacon, about 1200, science is dumb. Fifteen centuries of silence! We shall never catch up those lost 1500 years. Roger Bacon was the first man to break the long silence. This friar studied chemistry and astronomy. Under one Pope he was allowed to work unmolested. But soon his knowledge gave offense; he was cast into prison in France, and only came out to drag his weary way to England, where he soon died—one of the many martyrs of science. Religion nowadays does not persecute men of science; but while some members of the Church condemn it, all show their approval by using the telegraph wire, the railway train, the ocean steamer, and so on. Roger Bacon, who lived from 1214 to 1294, would have been glad to see this day.

## THOMAS À KEMPIS, THE LITTLE MONK WHO WROTE A FAMOUS BOOK

Early in the fifteenth century, when Europe was in a state of the greatest confusion—England fighting France, while two popes, existing at one and the same time, were making a havoc of Church government—there lived in a poverty-stricken monastery in Germany, earning bread for himself and his brother monks by copying religious books, a little man, with soft brown eyes, whose name was Thomas à Kempis.

That name was then quite unknown outside the monastery walls. To-day it is known in practically every language under the sun. The little monk knew nothing of the storm in the world.

He was a deeply religious, profoundly pious man, living a useful and contemplative life. The noise of cannon and the shouts of kings reached his ears like the sounds of children at play. This quiet and simple little man, besides copying other people's books, wrote some of his own. One of them, called "The Imitation of Christ," which he gave to the world without his name, tells the

simple story of the soul in communion with its invisible destiny.

So sweet, so true, so natural, so golden with the breath of a loving, yearning soul is this little book of the little monk, that it has been translated into more languages than any other book in the world except, of course, the Bible.

Little did Thomas à Kempis imagine, while he wrote, that those words of his would become the heart-literature of Europe for centuries. He had been reared in a poor cottage, the son of overworked peasants, and his real name of Thomas Hammerken had been changed at school to "Thomas from Kempen," Kempen being the name of the little town where his peasant mother had nursed him. How wonderful is it that this man has sent the name of that humble German town round the whole earth by just writing down, again and again, that he loved God and desired immortal life! Thomas à Kempis lived from 1379 to 1471.

## A MONK WHO WAS A GREAT PAINTER

A VERY famous monk, one of the men who helped to make Florence beautiful, was the painter known to all the world as Fra Angelico. In books his name is often given as Fiesole, or as Fra Angelico Fiesole. This may seem a little puzzling, but the explanation is simple. His name was Guido—we do not know his other name. When he became a monk, he had to forsake his own name, and take that of Giovanni. Giovanni is the Italian name for John. Whence, then, came the names Angelico and Fiesole? He was born at Fiesole, the little hamlet on the hill above Florence, and he was called the "angelic friar," because of his paintings of angels.

It was in 1387 that Angelico was born, and when he was twenty years of age he entered the monastery at Fiesole, to devote his life entirely to religion and painting. He painted nothing but religious subjects, and preached beautiful sermons with his brush. His first paintings, as a young monk, were done at the city of Cortona, but they have now been destroyed. In 1418 he was recalled to Fiesole, and labored there until 1436. Then he went down the hill into Florence, to reside in what was then the Dominican convent of St. Mark, but is now a national museum.

Here he executed some of the most famous of the paintings which are still to be seen. Some remain where he painted them; others have been removed to places more secure. Most of them have been left just as his brush finished them; those which have been "restored," as it is called, have been spoiled. His fame spread, and he was called to do paintings at Orvieto and Fiesole.

Fra Angelico's work at Fiesole included a picture now in the National Gallery in London. It is a magnificent painting of Christ bearing the banner of the resurrection, attended by a host of saints. This picture serves to show how industrious Fra Angelico was, for in it 266 figures of saints are drawn.

After he had been nine years at Florence, Fra Angelico was summoned by the Pope to Rome. The Pope had heard of the painter's godly life as well as of his work as an artist, and wished to make him archbishop of Florence.

Angelico was as modest as he was good and skilful. He prayed the Pope not to make him accept the dignity, and the Pope permitted him to remain a humble friar, and appointed instead a friend of Fra Angelico. In 1445, and again in 1455, Angelico worked in the Vatican. He died in Rome in the latter year, and there he was buried.

There never was a more beautiful life than that of Fra Angelico. He labored with all his zeal for the poor, who regarded him as a brother. He regarded his ability to paint as a gift from God. When he wished to paint he used to kneel and pray. Then he rose and did the work upon which he had set his mind. What he had once painted he never altered.

Fra Angelico felt that everything he did as an artist was in answer to his prayers, and that therefore it must stand, as of too holy an origin to be touched up or improved. Religion was to him his hope and joy, and he tried to lead others to share his rapture by the most beautiful paintings of heavenly beings, and by presenting, with all his tender genius, the stories of the Bible. He painted the sorrows of Jesus as well as his triumphs. These were sad days in the life of Fra Angelico, and he would weep bitterly as he painted the Crucifixion.

## SAVONAROLA, THE GREAT MONK WHO MADE KINGS TREMBLE

SAVONAROLA is one of the picturesque figures of the Middle Ages. In the midst of that gorgeous, wicked, and careless period, we see the shrunken figure and the gaunt face of a little hooded man, whose glowing black eyes, flashing judgment and anger, glance like lightning on the crowd from under the shadow of his cowl. He was terrible to sin. Rulers feared him, wicked people maligned him, and the populace was swept like a sea by the tempest of his preaching. He came from his monastery to chastise the world. The world

accepted the conflict. Savonarola was raised high in honor, then tried, tortured, hanged, and burned. His ashes were thrown into the river.

Such, in brief, is his history. When we look more closely at this great figure we are puzzled by many things. Some people would have us believe that scarcely a greater hero ever crossed the earth; others that he was perhaps the grossest impostor who ever lived. To-day men read history not to take sides in a fight, but to see the truth of things. Savonarola appears to us now a strange mixture of nobility and delusion. We call him a hero, we cannot call him an impostor; but we can criticize him.

He seems to us not a man who sought to deceive, but was himself unconsciously deceived. He believed, for instance, that evil spirits came and wrestled with him in his cell; that the Holy Spirit settled on his shoulder in the form of a dove, and spoke in his ear through the dove's beak; he declared that he conversed with God; he saw visions of the most frightful and appalling description.

This, in our day of calm reason and medical knowledge, assures us that the heroic soul of this good man was afflicted by the distempers of his brain. The preacher who sways a multitude needs a cool head. The severe discipline practised by Savonarola—his brief hours of sleep, his long prayers, his sparing food, his deficiency of healthy physical exercise—unfitted him for meddling in politics. He was certainly a very dangerous man.

But his courage was magnificent. His hatred of vice and luxury was most honest. As he passed to the gibbet on which he was burned—in sight of the cathedral where great crowds had flocked to hear his preaching—a bishop said:

"I separate thee from the Church militant and the Church triumphant."

"Not from the Church triumphant," replied the monk, with quiet confidence, "that is beyond your power."

Savonarola was born in 1452, and died in 1498. A famous portrait of him by a fellow-monk, Fra Bartolommeo, was painted from life, and the original still hangs in Savonarola's cell at the monastery in Florence.

## THE SPANISH SOLDIER WHO FOUNDED THE ORDER OF JESUITS

In 1491 there was born in a Spanish castle a boy destined to become one of the most famous men who ever threw off the world to put on the monk's hood. This was Inigo Lopez de Recalde, known to history by his monk's name and his Roman sainthood, as St. Ignatius de Loyola. He was a nobleman, and grew up on his father's estate without learning of any kind. He became a page in the court of Ferdinand, and, later, embraced the profession of arms. While following the calling of a soldier, he was severely wounded in the right leg at the siege of Pamplona. While he lay in his father's castle recovering himself of this wound, certain books of religion, given to him to while away his idleness, laid a hold on his soul.

When he rose from the bed it was to journey to a church, where he hung up his soldier's arms, and vowed himself to live a religious life. He removed himself to a hospital, and worked in menial offices to learn humility. Then he journeyed to Jerusalem, and came back inspired with the idea of founding a new religious society. He put himself to school to learn. While learning he began to influence men. From city to city he went, begging his way, until at last in Paris he found freedom, and there he lived as a mendicant. At the university his persuasive powers drew certain young men to his side, and at the age of forty-six he was ordained, and set out on his preaching mission.

Incredible miracles have been ascribed to him, but the miracle of Loyola lies in his creation of the Jesuits, a society spread all over the world, and working in many languages to one and the same end.

For a man who was not ordained until he was nearly fifty, and who was fighting at the age of thirty, this is a most remarkable achievement.

He drew men to him by the force of his holiness. It is narrated of him that while in Paris he sought to gain the affection of a young student named Xavier, who withstood all the earnest advances of the religious zealot.

One day Xavier, having done well in the class for philosophy, was strutting about in great pride, when Ignatius came to his ear and whispered: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Xavier was converted, and became the famous St. Francis Xavier of the Jesuits. Such was the real power of Ignatius—a personal influence on the side of holiness. Loyola died at Rome in 1556, utterly worn out by his labors and his severe mode of life.

The distinguishing feature of the Jesuit Order is that the members do not retire from the world and shut themselves up within the walls of a monastery, where they know little or nothing of the busy world, and the busy world knows little and cares less about them. They remain very much in the world, and are active in the homes of men, in the parliament of nations, and in the councils of Rome. They are monks of the world.

# GREAT CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES

THERE are many battles where no gun is fired, and real heroes who wear no red coats, for Peace, as John Milton sang, has her victories no less renowned than war. Among the world's great heroes stand out the names of many brave men and women who have gone out to teach the Bible to peoples of distant lands, and to carry the blessings of Christianity into uncivilized countries.

The missionary, who fulfils the command of Jesus to his disciples, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," cheerfully leaves his native land, his home, and his friends, to spend his life where there is no civilization, no comfort or safety, to dwell with dark-skinned men who worship ugly idols and are given to superstitious and cruel practices. The climate is often deadly, and his health breaks down where no doctor can advise or help; he has to endure hardships and sufferings, and the work of years seems sometimes almost hopeless until he gains the confidence of the natives.

To this consecrated service some of the best students from our colleges gladly give themselves, but we shall see how many of the best missionaries come of humble parents. They have very often been poor boys who have taught themselves, and have had to overcome many difficulties in their early days. They have made all the better missionaries for this, for in their work abroad they have been able to build their own houses and to teach their converts how to cultivate the land and to do other useful work. Of course, they have had to learn the language, and after that have often done good service in translating the Scriptures and many of our well-known hymns into the native tongues. The missionary is the pioneer—the first in the field; he makes it possible for trade to follow in his steps; for the natives will believe in the white men who come on business, because they respect and trust the one who has been their good friend and taught them to live rightly.

Let us look at some of these brave missionaries, whose names have become household words all over the world.

## HANS EGEDE, THE FIRST MISSIONARY TO GREENLAND

THE Moravians are the pioneers of modern missionary enterprise, for although they are a very small body, they have had more than 2000 missionaries in different parts of the world in the last two centuries. One of the most famous of these was Hans Egede, a young Danish minister of the Moravian Brethren, who sailed from Bergen, in Norway, in the year 1718, to live among the Eskimos in the frozen North. He landed on the inhospitable shores of Greenland, and soon found how difficult it was to teach people so gloomy and superstitious, and for years he had to endure great hardships with little encouragement.

But he held on, and at one time, when the Eskimos were plague-smitten, he made his house their hospital, and tenderly nursed them, an act of mercy that won their gratitude. Egede was a man of simple faith, and with great humility did his work at a time when there were few missionaries anywhere, and none at all in the arctic regions. As quite an aged man he returned home to Copenhagen, bringing his wife's remains for burial among her own people, and on November 7, 1758, he too entered into his rest.

## CAREY THE COBBLER, WHO BECAME THE FATHER OF MODERN MISSIONS

BUT it is to William Carey, the learned cobbler who translated the Scriptures into Bengali, that we owe the organization of missionary work and enterprise in the churches of English-speaking lands. When the popular idea, and even the belief of clergymen and ministers, was that if God wanted the heathen to be Christians he would convert them in some miraculous way himself, Carey taught the great truth that it was the duty of Christian men in England and other lands where the Gospel was known and loved to carry out the Divine commission and go and preach to others.

Carey was a country boy, born in the village of Paulerspury, near Northampton, England, and his father, who was parish clerk and schoolmaster, taught his son so well that his mother used to hear him counting in his sleep. William liked books, and was also fond of gardening. Picking up a little Greek and Latin while working as a shoemaker, he became a Baptist minister on £16 a year, and to add to his income still made and mended shoes, and did a little teaching.

One of the outstanding events in modern missionary history is the famous sermon preached

by Carey at a meeting of ministers at Nottingham, in June, 1792, that led to the formation of the Baptist Missionary Society, the first organization of its kind. The text was Isaiah liv. 2–3, and the preacher divided his sermon under two heads: "Expect great things from God," "Attempt great things for God," words that afterward became the motto of the society.

The sermon made a profound impression, and the ministers decided there and then that by their next meeting, which was to be at Kettering, in the same year, a plan for the formation of a missionary society should be prepared, and this was done.

Then came his call to India as a missionary for Bengal, but he had difficulty in getting there because of the opposition of officials. Arrived at Calcutta, Carey found himself and family homeless, friendless, and with scarcely any money. He tried to earn something by planting indigo, and at once gave himself up to the translation of the New Testament into Bengali, and became so proficient in that language that he was appointed one of the tutors in Fort William College. Through his efforts, joined with those of other missionaries, the government passed a law forbidding the burning of widows, and during his forty years of splendid Christian labor he earned the position of distinction which he holds in the history of missionary enterprise. A domed tomb of solid stone, in the cemetery at Calcutta, marks his resting-place, the only inscription, at his own request, being his name and the date, with the words:

> "A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
> On thy kind arms I fall."

## THE GREAT LABORS OF HENRY MARTYN

Another noted English missionary to the people of India was Henry Martyn, the Cambridge student, who traveled also in Persia. He was a Cornish boy of Truro, but was so weak in body that it seemed impossible that he would make any mark in the world, or live to find himself famous. But at St. John's College, Cambridge, he showed great aptitude for study, and it was during a vacation spent in Wales that his heart responded to the call to enter the mission field. While at the university, he became fast friends with another deeply religious student, Henry Kirke White, the Nottingham poet. After his father's death, Martyn had to make some provision for his sisters, so he went out to India as a chaplain under the Board of the East India Company. On the voyage out he preached to the crew, and spent much time in learning Hindustani. After a short stay at the Cape he reached Madras on April 22, 1806.

In his Indian work he met with great opposition, not so much from the natives as from the English officials, civil and military; but he persistently labored on, translating the Bible with his faithful *moonshee,* or teacher, by his side. He also turned his eyes toward Persia, and with great pains and patient scholarship translated the New Testament into Persian, traveling in that country that he might get to know and thoroughly understand the people.

The Mohammedans, however, treated him and the Bible that had cost him so much labor to translate with scant respect. Finally, in a time of plague and fever, he passed away at Tokat, in October, 1812, writing: "O Lord, thy will be done! Living, dying, remember me!" Lord Macaulay wrote his epitaph, and he is counted as one of the saints of the great missionary calendar.

## ROBERT MORRISON, WHO GAVE THE CHINESE PEOPLE THE BIBLE

Robert Morrison, like Carey, was a shoemaker, and it was he who translated the Bible into Chinese. It often happens that a missionary has one part of the world in his mind, and yet goes to another. Livingstone's original intention was to go to China, but he went to Africa. So Morrison, who meant to follow Mungo Park to Timbuctu, found his real sphere in China.

As a youth he learned his father's trade at Morpeth, England; but before going abroad he not only became a medical student at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, but found a young Chinaman in London who taught him his language, and also showed him the sort of people to whom he was going to preach across the distant sea.

Arriving there, he let his hair grow, and wore a pigtail, and tried to live like a Chinaman until his health failed. His great work was the translation of the Bible; but he also gave the English Prayer-book to these people in their own tongue. But he was of great service to the English government in difficulties which arose with the Chinese, and at one time he was the secretary and interpreter of the consul. Before he died, in 1834, Morrison had finished his great dictionary of the Chinese language in six quarto volumes. To-day, all the Christian workers and their converts in China read the Bible he left behind.

## THE MARTYR OF ERROMANGA

John Williams, known everywhere as "the Martyr of Erromanga," was a young blacksmith. It

was in City Road, London, that he swung the hammer at the forge. One Sunday night in 1814 a good old woman took him to the Moorfields Tabernacle, which led to his conversion, and to his future career as a missionary.

He had little education, but was quick-witted, and impressed people with his honesty; he had also the knack of sticking to a thing, otherwise he would never have mastered the language of Tahiti, in the Society Islands, where he first went to preach the Gospel. He taught the natives some valuable lessons in handicraft, as they watched him build first his house, and afterward his mission ship, the "Messenger of Peace," with scarcely any tools. Perhaps the most difficult task was to make a pair of smith's bellows of goatskins, which the rats ate before morning.

In his boat, with mat-sails, he made dangerous voyages from time to time, thousands of natives, who loved him, bidding him farewell with songs of sorrow. Six times Williams was nearly drowned, the sea-waves dashing his vessel on the rocks. He was spared, however, to evangelize these South Sea Islands, and translated the New Testament into Raratongan. He came home, after many years, to plead the cause of these poor people in England. Returning on November 20, 1839, he landed with three companions on the shore at Erromanga. But the natives were hostile. A big savage struck Williams on the head, killing him, and a shower of arrows followed. In a few moments "the rippling water was red with the blood of the noblest man that has ever gone to those far-off isles of the South Sea, laden with blessings for the ignorant and outcast."

## THE SAILOR WHO CARRIED THE GOSPEL FAR

When George III. was King, young Allen Gardiner, the middy who took Christianity to the wild Patagonians, had his first taste of the sea in war-time. Later, he bought a Bible at a second-hand shop, the reading of which changed his whole life, and he went to Africa, after many dangerous adventures, preaching the Gospel to Dingan, the Zulu chief, over whom he exerted a good influence. After a time he sailed for Brazil —for South America was in great need of the Gospel—and earnestly worked among the Indians of Chile. Several times he nearly lost his life, but, nothing daunted, he resolved to visit Tierra del Fuego, and landed among the Patagonians with a few brave companions. He found these people very degraded, as Darwin had described them, but, with infinite patience and faith, Gardiner tried to bring light to their dark hearts The closing days of this brave life were very pathetic. Landing at a certain point, he and his helpers found themselves without food. John Pearce, one of the number, crawled along the beach to say that Joseph Erwin had not spoken for two days, and when Gardiner, after a painful struggle, reached the place, Erwin lay stiff and cold. Still another, John Bryant, was found cold and dead, with a smile upon his face, not far away.

Thus died they all, waiting for the help that never came. A month afterward an English ship anchored by the still shores of Tierra del Fuego. All was silent in that dreary region. Along the beach the faithful martyrs lay. The captain cried like a child at the awful sight.

Gardiner had fallen down by the boat, too weak to climb back again, and scattered on the beach were the papers on which he had written in pencil the story of their sufferings. Written on the rocks were the words: "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from him," painted there by Allen Gardiner as he lay, racked with pain, waiting for death.

## HOW ROBERT MOFFAT DID PIONEER WORK

Robert Moffat was a young gardener, and he became the pioneer missionary of South Africa. He was born at Ormiston, in East Lothian, Scotland, in 1795, and his early days were divided between his Latin grammar, the blacksmith's hammer, and his violin. Afterward he became an under-gardener in Cheshire. Seeing a placard of a missionary meeting, he attended, and this so influenced him that, after much prayer, he offered himself as a missionary.

He sailed for the Cape on September 18, 1816, and his first work, having learned Dutch, was with the farmers and the poor Hottentots, who were little better than their slaves. He visited Africander, "the Bonaparte of South Africa," and greatly influenced him for good, bringing him down to Cape Town, to the astonishment of the Dutch. He then founded the mission stations in Namaqualand, and worked among the Bechuanas at Lattaku.

He translated part of the New Testament into the Bechuana language, and returning for a visit to England in 1840, he was able to translate some of the Old Testament, including the Psalms. In the year 1873, as a tall, white-bearded old man, he was invited by Dean Stanley to speak at Westminster Abbey, and a great crowd listened with

reverence to his thrilling story of work among the natives of South Africa.

His later work was at Kuruman, where his daughter married Livingstone, and at last, with his faithful wife, he returned home, and died full of years and public honors in August, 1883, the veteran apostle of the mission field.

We tell about David Livingstone, the Scottish weaver-boy, in another place. We also give elsewhere the story of Father Damien, who gave his life in order to relieve the sufferings of the lepers in Hawaii.

## GLADSTONE'S FRIEND, WHO BECAME A MISSIONARY BISHOP

Bishop Selwyn, the athletic student who worked so hard in New Zealand, was born in an old-fashioned rectory at Hampstead, England, on April 5, 1809. After some preparatory schooling at Ealing, the boy, who one day was to be a bishop, was sent to Eton, where he made friends with many who like himself became in later years great men. His school chum was W. E. Gladstone, and their friendship remained till the very last. Here, and afterward at the university, Selwyn was first in all the sports. It was said of his good nature that "he always took the laboring oar in everything." He could dive like none other, and in the grounds was "Selwyn's bush," over which he leaped and turned a somersault into the river on the other side. In due time he became a curate at Windsor, and he was consecrated Bishop of New Zealand on October 17, 1841.

The Maoris were not yet settled to English rule, and in the conflicts that often occurred the personal influence of Bishop Selwyn counted for much. The Maoris trusted him, and he was peacemaker often at great risk to himself. "I am your mediator," he used to say to them. "I have eaten your food, slept in your houses, talked with you, prayed with you; let us dwell together with one faith, one love, and one Lord." He traveled through the country, and once, after visiting an island, he brought two little girls back with him, arrayed in garments made by himself out of an old quilt.

After Selwyn returned home he became Bishop of Lichfield, where he worked hard, and at last, on April 11, 1878, lay dying. Calling some children to his bedside, he said softly: "I wish you were little robins so that you might sit on my finger." Soon afterward he whispered in the Maori language: "It is light," and, smiling, passed to the land of everlasting day. It was a fitting close to such a faithful life.

## THE BRAVE BISHOP HANNINGTON, WHO DIED A MARTYR

Bishop Hannington, the merry schoolboy, who died for the faith in Africa, was such a cheerful youth that they called him "Mad Jim" at school, and all through his life this happy-heartedness never left him. He had a pleasant curacy in Devonshire, and then went to Hurstpierpoint, in Sussex, where, though married and settled with his family around him, the call of God came to Hannington to go to Africa as a missionary. He landed at Zanzibar in 1882, and traveled up the country, through dense forests, perils by robbers and wild animals, and eventually reached Uyui, near to the spot where Stanley had said good-by to Livingstone some years before. Whenever he met the chiefs he preached to them of Christ; and after reaching the great lake called Victoria Nyanza he turned homeward, and was in England again after a year's absence. In 1884 he went out again to Equatorial Africa, labored at Uganda, was captured by a treacherous chief, and, after declaring to the natives that he was ready to die for Uganda, was shot with his own gun.

## THE ENGINEER WHO BECAME A MISSIONARY

Another devoted missionary who died at the post of duty in Uganda was a young engineer named Alexander Mackay. He was never anything but plain Mr. Mackay, a young man with an apostolic spirit and a large heart of grace and faith. Born a Scotsman, in a Free Church manse, he studied hard for his profession, both in Edinburgh and Berlin, reading also good books, but never neglecting the Bible his mother gave him when he left home.

He was always a strong character, and when he was in Uganda, faced by worries and persecutions enough to daunt anybody, his spirit was undismayed. He passed through the terrible experiences of those early years when he had to fight not only "the heathen in his blindness," but the Moslem and Christian factions which strove for conquest.

Mackay told his wonderful story in his letters home, never making much of his part of it, though he was really the hero of many a struggle. He wrote articles trying to open the eyes of his friends in England to the real needs and troubles of Africa, all the while he was working away at practical things, with his heart full of the love of God. Mackay always thought of himself last. In one of his letters he said: "But what is this you

write—'Come home'? Surely, now, in our terrible dearth of workers, it is not the time for any of us to desert his post." Mackay died of fever on the morning of February 8, 1890, still young in years, but in Christian service almost a veteran.

## HOW JAMES CHALMERS WAS KILLED WHILE TRYING TO MAKE PEACE

James Chalmers is often spoken of as Tamate, the name by which he was known in New Guinea. When he first landed, a native called out: "What fellow name belong you?" "Chalmers," was the answer. "Tamate, Tamate," the native shouted as he ran back to his companions. This is how he came to go to New Guinea: his father, who gave him sixpence for learning the 23d Psalm, was a stonemason in Argyllshire, and sent the boy to Sunday-school, where he heard from his teachers of the need of help in Fiji.

Coming home he determined to answer the appeal. From that time his face was turned toward the mission field. After going to Cheshunt College he was ordained at East Finchley, and in due time started for Samoa and Raratonga, in the Pacific. He took with him a good, brave wife, who shared his trials. His work among the cannibals in these islands was rendered more difficult by the strong drink they took, that Europeans brought to them. But he loved the savages, though he often stood in great peril when dealing with strange chiefs, who tried to rob him and threatened his life with their clubs and spears. But Tamate, unarmed, defied them, and lived to be a white-haired old man. Then, one day, hearing of trouble among the natives on Goaribari Island, he went up the Fly River and, in his fearless way, walked among them, seeking to make them quiet and peaceful; but they knocked him down and speared him, and afterward feasted upon his body.

## THE RAIN THAT CAME UP FROM A HOLE IN THE EARTH

John G. Paton, a Dumfries laddie, became the Apostle of the New Hebrides. He won this title of honor by living among the natives of these islands until his hair was white, gaining their love by his patience and helpfulness, and teaching them how the grace of God could make the very worst of men good.

He left Glasgow as a young man, and the chief of the Island of Tanna told him the fever would soon kill him; but his life was mercifully spared not only from disease, but from the clubs of these cannibals; for he was not afraid to stand between quarreling tribes; and on one occasion his house, with all his books and medicines, was burned to the ground.

Paton believed in prayer, and one of the wonderful stories he used to tell was how, when all the natives were suffering from drought, he dug a well in sight of them all, asking God to send water. The people had never heard of such a thing, and one chief said to Paton:

"No, missi; you will never see rain coming up from the earth on this island. We wonder what is to be the end of this mad work of yours. We expect daily, if you reach water, to see you drop through into the sea, and the sharks will eat you! That will be the end; death to you, and danger to us all."

When at last the water came in refreshing springs, the people brought their idols and burned them, promising to worship only the one true God.

## LAS CASAS AND HIS MISSION IN AMERICA

The title "Protector of the Indians" was given to Bartolomé de las Casas by the rulers of Spain, who claimed all the lands in America discovered by Spaniards. As early as 1498 Las Casas began to earn his title, when he was a student at Salamanca. At this time Spain and adjacent countries were interested in the strange discoveries made by Columbus, and several Indians had been sent to Spain. One of them was given as a present to Las Casas, but the young student promptly made arrangements for the return of the Indian to his native island, now known as Haiti. In after years, when Las Casas came to the New World, he met this Indian, who rejoiced to see his benefactor.

Las Casas was born at Seville, in 1474. Soon after finishing his course at the University of Salamanca, where he studied philosophy, theology, and jurisprudence, he joined a party of young noblemen who were going to the West Indies. Although educated as a lawyer, in the year 1500 he was engaged in mining and farming in the New World. Then, as when a student at Salamanca, he was interested in the welfare of the Indians, many of whom he had in his employ—in fact, he held them as slaves, as did others of his countrymen in the West Indies. In 1510 he was ordained to the priesthood, the first clergyman ordained on American soil for work among the natives.

The Indians enslaved by the Spaniards were not accustomed to severe manual labor, and were

often treated cruelly in order to make them accomplish more work. Las Casas endeavored to persuade his countrymen to treat them with more kindness. Six years after his ordination he was appointed to the charge of protecting and converting the Indians. His first work was to teach them about God and their duties toward their Creator. Many times he faced death to defend them, as at the massacre of a large number at the Indian town of Caonao. Las Casas was resting after a long journey, when he was awakened by the shouts of Spanish soldiers and the cries of their poor victims. At once he ran into the midst of the carnage and tried to direct the Indians to places of safety, while he implored their murderers to cease their inhuman work.

The Indians loved Las Casas, and obeyed him like children. He, with others of his own spirit, might at that time have converted and civilized all the natives. Had there been no Las Casas in the West Indies, the Indians of that portion of America would soon have perished; for while many were murdered, many others died in the mines from overwork, lack of nourishment, and harsh treatment. When Las Casas wrote the history of those times, he excused some of the cruel deeds of his countrymen on the ground that the white men were often seized with an ungovernable fear when they saw large numbers of Indians who hated their masters. Many of the Spaniards who first came to the West Indies were criminals and adventurers greedy of riches, no matter how obtained. Las Casas and his fellow-workers often found the task of making Spaniards act like civilized beings much more difficult than teaching the natives how to act as Christians.

After Las Casas had been ordained to the priesthood, he retained his mines and plantations for a short period. He placed in charge men who were kind to the Indians. In 1514 he began a new method of protecting the natives. Assisted by a trusty layman, he partitioned all the property among those thought deserving, retaining only a horse for his own use. He began a more vigorous campaign, not only against the cruel treatment of the Indians, but also against the injustice of holding them as slaves. Finally he decided to place matters before King Ferdinand, and he used wisdom in preparing for his mission. His intention of returning to Spain he announced in such a manner that many thought he was discouraged, and that he would go home never to return. He obtained from Velasquez, then representing Spain in Cuba, "a written testimonial of the important services he had rendered to the Spanish crown and to religion in the pacification of the islands." This testimonial served a good purpose when influential slaveholders learned that Las Casas was in Spain trying to interest the King in the cause of the Indians. Las Casas obtained interviews with Ferdinand, to whom he pictured the hardships of the Indians in the mines, and the cruelties of the masters, who were largely to blame for the death of thousands without a knowledge of God or the grace of the sacraments. Ferdinand was shocked at the story, but before positive action had been taken he died.

Las Casas worked on, and the two men who ruled Spain as regent and ambassador until the heir, afterward the Emperor Charles V., was old enough to reign in place of his grandfather, King Ferdinand, were soon listening to the tale of cruelty. The Protector was heard, and a real attempt was made to assist him. The Indians were to be treated like freemen of the crown. Henceforth the Spaniards in the West Indies were to "live off their own industry"; the Indians, if employed by them, must be treated with justice.

As the cause Las Casas pleaded grew in favor with the rulers of Spain, the hatred of his enemies became greater, and no means were left untried to work his ruin. He returned to America as "Universal Procurator and Protector of the Indians"; but opposition was strong and continuous.

At length Las Casas made a second voyage to Spain, whither Charles had brought his own officers of court and state. His chancellor was a wise old Dutchman, and to him Las Casas first presented himself, with the result that Charles was led to appoint the chancellor and Las Casas to draft laws for the government of the Indies, such laws to do justice alike to white men and to natives.

A second time was Las Casas victorious; a second time a great gain was made; but yet the end was not attained. When the Spanish settlers complained that if they were obliged to free the Indians they could not work the mines and plantations, Las Casas recommended that each one then owning Indian slaves be permitted to bring from Spain a limited number of negro slaves, because the negroes already knew the Spaniards, and also because they could endure more toil and tropical heat than could the Indians. Before this time negroes were at work in mines and on farms in some of the American islands.

In the history of the West Indies written by Las Casas, he blames himself for making this suggestion regarding the importation of negroes. "I was thoughtless," he says, "in not realizing that slavery of negroes is as unjust as slavery of Indians."

Las Casas and the cause he espoused lost a true friend when Charles V.'s Dutch chancellor died, for there were still left to be reckoned with the greedy gold-seekers. Las Casas had helpers, but he especially needed the influence of men near the throne. He prayed and planned, talked and listened. The gold-god was a power he must conquer in order to save and convert the Indians and bring them to the true God. His next plan—often obstructed by his enemies—was to organize bands of white-robed crusaders, laymen who would work with the Dominicans and Franciscans for the conversion of the Indians. But he wanted a certain territory in Spanish America assigned to the crusaders, within which no white-faced worshipers of the gold-god should be allowed to enter. The original rules for the colonization and government of this exempt territory are still in existence. Translations of them have been made into many languages. The contract made by Charles—now ruler of one half of Europe and of all that was then known of America—with the poor American priest was signed with all due formality by the Emperor, in his own handwriting, and by Las Casas, on the 19th day of May, 1520, in the city of Corunna.

Las Casas had found difficulty in obtaining the imperial signature because there were so many surrounding the Emperor who were interested in thwarting his plans regarding the American Indians. After receiving this authority something was accomplished, but there was still much to be done. In the year 1521, Las Casas entered the Dominican Order. He made his novitiate, and again the world knew that he had not forgotten the Indians. Hernando Cortés, by his treatment of the natives, led Las Casas to return again to Spain. Later he undertook another voyage across the Atlantic in behalf of the Peruvian Indians. In 1543 he was appointed Bishop of Cuzco, Peru, but he declined the honor and the appointment was withdrawn. A year later he was made Bishop of Chiapa, Mexico. In 1547 he once more crossed the Atlantic in the interest of the Indians. He never again came to America, but the slaveholders in the New World feared him even more when he was in Spain than when he was here. The good seed sown by this first American priest has continued to bear fruit. He died in Madrid in the year 1566.

## JEAN DE BRÉBEUF, MURDERED BY THE INDIANS

Among the names of men and women who have given their lives for the sake of religion in America, none stands for more zealous labor for God and humanity than that of Jean de Brébeuf, who was born at Bayeux, France, March 25, 1593. At twenty-four he went to Rouen, and asked admission to the Jesuit novitiate. (It is worthy of note that Rouen has given America more than one missionary and martyr: Daniel, Jogues, Raymbault, and others represent her as witnesses to the faith on this continent.)

From his first appearance in Rouen Brébeuf showed himself a strong character, whose strength was clothed with humility. Such was he from young manhood in France to martyrdom in America.

As a college boy he did not always stand first in his studies, and sometimes he was censured for not passing good examinations. Of him perhaps it might be said, as some one has said concerning an American who sought to serve human welfare, that he would leave a Greek accent slanting the wrong way while he righted a falling man.

Brébeuf was ordained a priest about 1621. On April 24, 1625, with three other Jesuits (one a lay brother), he sailed for America to work for the salvation of souls. They arrived in Quebec on June 19. Finding the hostility of the Hurons too intense, Brébeuf, on October 25, started on a mission among the Algonquins. The hard life he had to live; the filth of the tepees; the wretched food he had to eat; the long journeys he made; the cold he suffered—all these things are sad to think of. But running through the hours and days was ever his prayer, "All for Jesus!" Nothing of earth could tempt such a man to live the life he endured that winter.

The savages mocked him for his awkwardness in doing things in which they were skilled. At first he could not speak a word of their language, and for that they scoffed at him. But on this trip he mastered their tongue and compiled an Algonquin grammar and dictionary. A savage will be made less savage by associating with a saint, and the worthier Algonquin companions of that first winter never forgot his patience and endurance.

The summer brought him an opportunity to work with the Hurons. In company with others he began life among them. After a few months we find him alone with the Indians in the vicinity of Lake Huron. He lost no opportunity of doing acts of kindness. He baptized the dying children, and to all who would listen to him he told over and over again, in his most persuasive way, the story of Jesus. He wrote or translated into Huron a catechism which is still in existence.

Owing to political troubles the English drove the French, missionaries included, from Quebec and its vicinity; and early in 1630 Brébeuf was

again at Rouen, France. This same year he met Isaac Jogues, who had returned from America for a short time.

In 1633 Brébeuf journeyed back to Canada to work for souls, especially for his beloved savages, the Hurons, whom he longed to bring to Christ; but again circumstances kept him with the Algonquins. He made several conversions, all remarkable.

As usual, the Hurons came down to Quebec with their furs for the English traders. The Iroquois attacked them before they reached their destination. The few that were left after the battle hastened to the missionaries to beg their protection, and Brébeuf and several others went back with the Hurons. On the journey over Lake Huron the canoes were separated, evidently by design, and Brébeuf was the first white man of the party to arrive at Georgian Bay. They landed at an inlet where there were no signs of any human life. Brébeuf had lived here with the Hurons some years before. Now what was his surprise to see the Indians throw his few packages on the shore and prepare to desert him! He appealed to them not to leave him there alone, without food or shelter; but they departed without giving him food even for a day.

As they rowed away, Brébeuf knelt and thanked God for protecting him thus far, and earnestly asked for guidance that he might do God's holy will. Next he put on his person the things he most valued, and hid the rest; then he started out to investigate his surroundings. He went to the place inland where he had built a chapel, and what was his joy to find it still there. Going on farther, his joy increased as he saw a village, and soon he heard shouts of welcome. He was among Indians with whom he labored when he first joined the Hurons, and all seemed glad to see him.

The first Iroquois baptized a Christian was a Seneca chief upon whose head Brébeuf poured the water of baptism in the year 1636. He, with other fathers who had joined him, labored faithfully among the Hurons, serving them as nurses during the prevalence of a severe contagious disease. One Indian had been under instruction for some time. The missionaries were not inclined to baptize him until they were convinced of his sincerity. At last it was decided that he should be baptized, and Trinity Sunday was the day selected for the rite. The poor little chapel looked gay with its lights and flowers, and the pictures which some of the fathers had brought with them from Europe. The children, to whom had been taught some simple hymns, "sang like little angels" as Brébeuf, after a short explanation of the sacrament, poured upon the bowed head of the chief the water of baptism, and gave to this new Christian the name of Peter. This baptism of an adult Huron took place in the year 1637, and he who had been a cannibal assisted in converting many others.

Later, however, the Indians again became incensed at the white men. At a council Brébeuf's eloquence did much to check their fury, but he saw that a massacre was near at hand, and he made all preparations possible to avert it. On October 28, 1637, he wrote his famous letter to his superior at Quebec, in which he told that from all appearances his companions and himself were near to martyrdom. His letter is one to be read over and over again.

When the time came which Brébeuf had anticipated, the Indians, according to their etiquette, made a feast at which the palefaces were to appear. When the eating was over Brébeuf arose, and contrary to the methods of oratory of the Indians, who told of their own brave deeds, he spoke to them of God and the Redeemer, of heaven and hell. No signs of approval were manifest, but for some reason the martyrdom was deferred.

The year following several conversions were made, but Peter, the Christian Iroquois, was tortured and put to death.

On November 2, 1640, Brébeuf and two young men from the mission started for the country of the Neutrals, a nation whom they had not visited. The Hurons had sent messengers in advance and described Brébeuf and his companions as sorcerers who would put them all to death. The Indians determined to hold a council as to what to do with these dangerous men who had come into their land. Brébeuf tried to enter the council and talk to them; but they drove him out. From village to village he traveled with one of his companions. He faced death without a tremor when he saw an opportunity to speak of God. His courage won the admiration of even his savage enemies. At last, after four months of torture in many forms, the missionaries determined to return to the Hurons; but when they were about to start, a fierce blizzard arose and they entered a village which they named St. William. Here a squaw gave them shelter and her children waited upon them as friends. Brébeuf and his companion were forced by the storm to remain in this shelter twenty-five days. During those twenty-five days they actually wrote a book comparing the languages of the Hurons and Neutrals, receiving much assistance from the squaw who harbored them.

Their companions who were left in Huronia

began to become uneasy about Brébeuf and his companion. Finally two Indian chiefs and two servants volunteered to go in search of them. They arrived at St. William just as the blizzard was abating, and all began the return journey. There was much suffering from cold and accidents. Brébeuf fell on the ice and broke his collar-bone, and other causes made him almost helpless. But there is a bravery in bearing pain silently that is greater than the bravery of doing deeds of daring that make the world shout praises.

Some years afterward Brébeuf was working at the Huron village which the fathers called St. Louis. On the morning of March 16, 1649, the village of St. Ignatius II. was attacked by over a thousand Iroquois. After the savages had butchered or burned all the inhabitants they went to St. Louis. Most of the men were away on hunting expeditions, leaving but a weak force left to defend the place.

The Iroquois, always brutal, seemed more inhuman than ever. Brébeuf and Gabriel Lalemant, his companion, hastened from place to place, baptizing those who had been receiving instruction, absolving the Christians, and encouraging all to think of God and heaven. As soon as the attacking savages saw the missionaries, they fell upon them with fiendish glee. They tore off their clothing, but did not at once put them to death. After destroying the village and butchering nearly all of the inhabitants, they dragged the two whom they considered leaders to the village of St. Ignatius II. Brébeuf and Lalemant, shivering with cold, entered the gate of the village through lines of infuriated savages, who struck them with clubs and knives. They were bound to stakes, and the savages began to prepare the fire. Brébeuf said aloud to the Christian Hurons: "Do not falter. Your torments will not be for long, but your glory will be for everlasting!" "Echon," they called out to him, "fear not for us; our thoughts will be in heaven while our bodies are suffering. Pray for us to the Master of life that he may have mercy on us." ("Echon" was a name the Indians had given to him almost from the first. It means "The man who drags the loads.")

How they tortured him! They struck him with knives, they burned him with brands, they stuck hot prongs into him, cut off parts of his body, roasted the flesh, and ate it before his eyes. His voice, full of the love of God, was heard above the savage din encouraging his converts to be faithful. Pen cannot describe the fiendishness of the monsters who danced around him. They seemed determined to make every inch of his body share in the death-agony. But not a moan escaped his lips, not a frown appeared on the face of the large, strong man. Only tender words and looks of encouragement to his dusky children, telling them of the glories of heaven and how God loved them. Three hours passed, and his spirit was released by the stroke of a savage who clove his head with a tomahawk. So ended the life of a Christian hero than whom none ever more faithfully served the Master whose name he lived and died to make known to people that dwelt in darkness.

## ISAAC JOGUES, A HERO AND A MARTYR

Some men show great heroism by deeds of daring and courage, others by bravely and uncomplainingly bearing sufferings.

Nearly three hundred years ago a little boy named Isaac Jogues lived in Orléans, France. In his youth he decided to give his life to the service of God; and the work he chose to do was to go into some heathen land and preach the Gospel of Jesus.

He was young when he first heard the story of the strange people who lived near a large river in that New World across the great waters. The stories of what is now known as America were then more wonderful to the children of Europe than any fairy story you have ever heard.

"I will go to them," said the young boy; "I will teach them about the God who created them, and the dear Jesus who suffered death in order that souls might be saved."

Would you like to know how he prepared for the work of instructing savages? He entered one of the best schools in France, and he became a member of the Society of Jesus, and lived among those men whose motto was "All for the greater glory of God."

In 1636 he landed in Quebec. His first letter from his new field of labor, written to his beloved mother, is still in existence. In this letter he told her of the strange sights he had seen—of the dark-skinned people, who came to look upon him as if he were a curiosity, the great river (St. Lawrence) which, he was told, brought to the ocean the waters of mighty inland seas. But the dearest message he sent to his loving mother in the Old World was, that on the day he had celebrated his first mass in the New World he felt "as if it were Christmas Day" for him; "for now," he said, "I shall begin my missionary work in earnest; I am born again to a new life in God."

His work took him up the St. Lawrence into

the country of the Hurons. Fatigue, hunger, and cold were often his close companions. Many a cruel blow he suffered from those whom he had come to save.

The first white men who stood upon the shores of Lake Superior were Jogues and Garnier, men who had been companions in school in France, and who now were heroic missionaries among the savages. The Algonquins and the Ojibways were touched by the tender story of Jesus Christ, and some of them became Christians.

Jogues labored near the Great Lakes for five years, then returned, with a dying comrade, to Quebec. But his stay among people of his own race was not long; soon he was journeying back to the savages he had left. Two laymen were now his companions, René Goupil and William Couture, also several Huron converts.

At the place now called Three Rivers the Mohawks attacked the party; Jogues, Goupil, and some others were captured and taken to Ossernenon (now Auriesville, New York). They were tortured for the amusement of the savages, and as slaves were made to carry heavy burdens for the convenience of the chiefs. The blood from feet cracked by exposure to cold, and from wounds made by scourges on the body, often crimsoned the snow and the ice-locked rivers of the Mohawk Valley. Goupil was killed because he was detected baptizing a sick child; but Jogues lived on in that land where war-whoops instead of hymns and prayers were heard. When bands of Mohawks came from other tribes, they were entertained by seeing how bravely Jogues could bear tortures. He was beaten with clubs, lashed with thongs, pierced with arrows, but he remembered the Calvary journey and that death for souls, and he bore all in patience.

He baptized dying children, and some who were attracted by pity came to believe when he told them the story of Jesus. The sufferings he endured were all forgotten when even one soul was brought to God. The records, still in existence, show that among the Mohawks he baptized as Christians seventy persons; and no doubt he sowed in many hearts the seed that afterward blossomed into faith.

Outsiders began to hear of this heroic white man who was being tortured by the Mohawks. Some Christian Indians in what is now the State of Maine tried to purchase him from his captors. The Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam (now New York city) and Fort Orange (Albany) were told the sad story by some traders. The white people tried to ransom him, but the Mohawks refused to give him up. Governor Kieft of New Amsterdam sent an order to the commandant at Fort Orange to rescue Jogues without delay. But there was delay—months elapsed before Jogues was free and permitted to go to New Amsterdam. The white people of that settlement flocked around him and caressed his maimed hands and his scarred face. One young man fell at his feet and kissed the poor hands that bore marks of the knife and the teeth of savages. "Are you a Catholic?" asked Father Jogues. "No," replied the young man. "I am a Lutheran, but I see in you one who has suffered for my Master."

After many mishaps Jogues arrived at the College of Bennes, France. What a welcome was given to him! His own and strangers vied with each other in showing him honor. Anne of Austria, then Regent of France, was second to none in showing her appreciation of his heroic life.

Surely he had "fought the good fight" and might rest at home the remainder of his life on earth. But no: as soon as he regained strength he asked to be sent back to the Mohawks. After much entreaty his request was granted, and in 1644 he again landed in Quebec; but it was nearly two years before he returned to Ossernenon. The old antagonism against the whites who came with the message of the cross still existed, although in the tribe Jogues had many friends. Some pleaded for his life; others, as at Jerusalem long ago, charged him with sorcery and treason. The Wolf and the Tortoise families were his friends, but the Bear family would not listen to arguments of peace.

On the 18th of October, 1646, the Bear family invited Jogues to a feast. To refuse was to incur their wrath and punishment by death; to accept was, as it proved, to do as the Master did of old—receive the kiss of the traitor and bear for the faith's sake the awful consequence. Wounded as before by their cruel treatment, Jogues followed the Indian who had been sent to accompany him to the feast. As he entered the low door of the lodge to which he had been invited Jogues was struck down by a tomahawk in the hands of a savage who sprang from the darkness and dealt the fatal blow. The head of the martyred missionary was severed and set on a stake for all to see. His body was thrown into the Mohawk.

William Ingraham Kip, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of California, said of this sufferer's death: "So died one of that glorious band that had shown greater devotion in the cause of Christianity than has ever been seen since the time of the apostles; men whose lives and sufferings reveal a story more touching and pathetic than anything in the records of our country."

## JACQUES MARQUETTE, MISSIONARY AND EXPLORER

Tourists in France should visit the old fortified city of Laon, about ninety miles northeast of Paris. The story of Laon is full of anecdotes of brave deeds by men and women who left happy homes to go among savages to work for God, and by warriors who fought battles for their country's freedom. So many of the holy men educated in the schools of Laon have done much for the advancement of the kingdom of God, that the name of the city is dear to many in other countries as well as in America.

America, however, has a deep interest in the old Marquette family of Laon, especially those of the branch of the family whose history begins in the twelfth century. The story of their heroic deeds is long and interesting, but Americans know most of Jacques Marquette, born at Laon, June 1, 1637. We find him in 1654 a novice in the Society of Jesus. He went through the prescribed course and became a professor in one of the colleges; but while he loved study and teaching, he longed to go and teach the Gospel of salvation to savages. Many of his brothers in religion had gone across the ocean and had offered their lives for God's service in the New World.

In 1666 Marquette began his labors as a missionary to the Indians of Canada. He was warmly received by his brethren on his arrival at Quebec. Here he remained about twenty days before being sent to Three Rivers to study the Indian languages. During his stay at this place he prepared himself for the tasks that lay before him.

In April, 1668, a company of missionaries, including Father Marquette, were sent to Montreal, whence they traveled to the country of the Ottawas. They did not long remain with that tribe. By way of the lakes and rivers they journeyed westward until Marquette found himself and a few companions in the village of the Ojibways at the waterfall now known as Sault Sainte Marie. Jesuit missionaries had already been there; Jogues and Raymbault had told the Ojibways the Gospel story. Father Marquette found a welcome from a few that remembered the "black gowns" who had lived with them many years before; but he and his friends also found idolatry, persecution, and trials that seem beyond human endurance. Different nations lived near the Sault on account of the fishing advantages. Here the Jesuits had established a mission and built a chapel; but the sufferings they had to endure cannot be described.

In 1669 Marquette was sent to La Pointe to take the place of Father Allouez, who had become somewhat discouraged. This was at that time the farthest western outpost of the Jesuit missions.

At first the Hurons received Marquette kindly, and his work among them was fruitful. He baptized many at La Pointe and adjoining missions. While visiting tribes near the "Great Waters" he met some of the Illinois, belonging to the Algonquins. They told him that when they came to La Pointe they crossed a great river that flowed from north to south, and they knew not where it began nor where it ended.

Before this time Marquette knew of the St. Lawrence and of the lakes connected with that mighty river, but the Illinois were the first to tell him anything about the vast stream we now know as the Mississippi. Marquette wondered where this river began and where it flowed into the ocean. Some of the Indians promised to make a canoe for him, and he determined to explore the river in order that the missionaries might have a new route whereby to visit other tribes.

In 1645, when Marquette was eight years of age, a child was born at Quebec whose name will be forever joined with his own. This was Louis Joliet. The boy loved study, and the Jesuits educated him in their classes at Quebec. He also loved travel and discovery. He knew there was much to learn of the interior of this vast continent, for every Indian with whom he talked gave him added information.

When Marquette was at Michilimackinac (Mackinac), Joliet was sent by the Jesuits to join him. The two spent some time in preparation—studying and making maps and learning all they could from the Indians, the fur-traders, and the voyageurs they met.

May 17, 1673, is a day to be remembered in America. On that day Father Marquette, Louis Joliet, and five oarsmen left Michilimackinac in two bark canoes in search of the mighty river which, Marquette had become convinced, must flow nearly north and south—quite different from the direction of the St. Lawrence. Mass was celebrated, God's aid was humbly asked, and all the friends of God in heaven and on earth were entreated to assist in the new undertaking.

Occasionally on the journey south on Lake Huron they found nations among whom were Christians, some converts of Marquette. They all tried to dissuade Marquette from going to that unknown river of which he had heard. They said people lived there who would cut off the intruders' heads without any cause; that huge monsters came up out of the water and devoured men and canoes; that even demons rose from the streams and destroyed any who dared to invade

their domain. Marquette thanked his advisers for their warnings, but said that he and his party *must* go on, that there were souls beyond to whom they must bring the Gospel message.

The memorable journey was made partly by land and partly by water, the last part on the Wisconsin River. On June 17 the canoes glided from the Wisconsin into the mighty stream for which they had been looking. At last they had found the object of their search! Their first act then was to kneel in prayer, to thank God for their safe delivery, and to ask him to bless and guide them in the future.

Much they saw on their journey down the river—strange landscapes, vegetation, and animals—but no human beings until they arrived at the first village of the Illinois Indians, all of whom treated them kindly. As they continued their journey the Missouri River appeared to them a wonder, and the Ohio, with its mile-wide estuary and rapid current, was yet more astonishing.

Farther south they found Indians who had been visited by the Spaniards, and were told that it was only about ten days' journey to the sea. The inhabitants of a village near the mouth of the St. Francis River became friendly and allowed one of their number to go with the party as interpreter.

With the tribe at the junction of the Arkansas and Mississippi, Marquette and Joliet remained up late and took council with each other as to what they should do. They had discovered that Spaniards, the enemies of the French, were south of them, and they had learned that the great river was a direct watercourse to the sea. They finally decided to return.

The next day they started on their journey north, and no change of route was made until they arrived at the Illinois River. Here they left the Mississippi and journeyed up the Illinois, which flowed past many Indian villages. In all places on the journey Marquette spoke to the people about Jesus Christ, and what he had done for them and for all mankind. What a wondrous story was that to tell to the savages of the wilderness!

Four months from the time of leaving they returned to the St. Francis mission on the Fox River. Marquette's journal contains no account of their reception; but we know they were given a warm welcome. Seven men had left there healthy and strong; seven men returned ill and weary, but full of glowing accounts of the great waterway to the southern sea and the many souls to be converted to Christ. To the little bark chapel they all hastened. Mass was offered in the early dawn, and hymns of praise were sung. Marquette and his companions had been transferred to this mission, where he wrote the account of their labors among the surrounding Indians. Marquette's maps and reports still exist. The original map is in St. Mary's College at Montreal. On Joliet's return to Quebec the canoe in which he was a passenger was upset at La Chine rapids, and all his valuable papers, intended for the French government, were lost; hence Marquette's report alone survives.

Marquette was broken down in health, but he was most anxious to return to the Illinois mission. However, he was unable to undergo the journey until a little over a year had elapsed, when he again turned his face southward. The original record of this journey in the writing of Marquette is also preserved in St. Mary's College. Winter was at hand when they started, and the exposure to the cold so affected Marquette that when they arrived at the Chicago River he was obliged to rest and a hut was built for him. Occasionally friendly Indians visited him, and sometimes a trader. To every one he spoke, in his beautiful, simple way, of God. The warm weather of spring seemed to revive him, and with three companions he resumed the journey to the Illinois villages. When he reached the large village of the Illinois "he was received as an angel from heaven."

A general council was assembled and the missionary had the longed-for opportunity of talking to them all about Jesus. Think of that last ministration of his on earth, the dusky faces around him, and the strange thoughts of the untutored people who listened to his voice!

He knew the end was near. Two of his companions assisted him in returning to the mouth of the Chicago. They journeyed up the western shore of Lake Huron, but Marquette seemed to live only to pray and suffer. He talked with his companions of their own souls, and prayed again and again that they would all meet in heaven.

On Saturday, May 18, 1675, with all manifestations of joy on his face, with the glad look of a child going home to meet his Father, Marquette passed from this earth, like the heroic soldier he had been, to meet face to face his great Commander. The river at whose mouth he died is known as the Marquette. He was buried where he died, as he had directed; but in the following spring some Indians from La Pointe took the body to the mission of St. Ignace, by the waters of Lake Huron, where his brethren received the remains and placed them in a vault in the middle of the church according to the custom of Christians.

In 1700 this little church was destroyed by fire,

and for a time all traces of Marquette's relics were lost. In 1877 Father Edward Jacker discovered his remains, and retained about one-fourth of the relics in the church of St. Ignace, and the rest were given to the Jesuit College in Milwaukee.

The State of Wisconsin has placed in the dome of the capitol at Washington a fine statue of Marquette; and in the city of Marquette, Michigan, stands in bronze another representation of his heroic figure.

## LOUIS HENNEPIN, WHO NAMED A FINE WATERFALL

One of the principal streets in Minneapolis is called Hennepin. Naturally, one would ask the meaning of the name, why it was selected for this avenue in the beautiful city on the Mississippi. The name was given in honor of the first European to see the falls which are here such an attraction to the upper Mississippi—Louis Hennepin of the Order of St. Francis. He named the falls after a saint of that order, St. Anthony of Padua.

Hennepin was a native of Ath, Belgium, and was born about 1640. Like many of his countrymen, he was early filled with the missionary spirit, and longed to visit pagan lands in obedience to the command, "Go and teach all nations."

When quite young he entered the novitiate of that branch of the Franciscans known as Recollets, founded in 1500, and in due time he was ordained a priest. In 1675 he came to Quebec, and after a course of study there he was sent out on the missions to the Indians. The missionaries of those days, like the missionaries sent to-day to the interior of Africa or to Asia, had to learn how to make fires, cook their own food, attend to their own clothing, besides learning the language of the natives, their characteristics, and how, in a general way, to approach them and present to them a new subject.

As soon as he was prepared he was sent to the Indian mission at Fort Frontenac. Later some Catholics from his own country, living at what is now Albany, sent to the Recollet fathers for a priest who could talk in their own language. Father Hennepin was sent to the Dutch settlement, but on his journey he also visited the Five Nations and other Indians. In 1678 he had an opportunity to go to a new field of labor. The St. Lawrence River and the Great Lakes were, in the early days of our country, the westward pathway of the missionary bearing the Gospel to souls in darkness.

Father Hennepin had the advantage of traveling with the expedition of La Salle, who first visited the country around Niagara Falls. They arrived at the mouth of the Niagara River December 6, 1678. What a grand sight was presented to them! Their first thoughts were of the Creator, as Father Hennepin chanted the Te Deum in thanksgiving. There is still near here a rock which bears the name of Hennepin. As they went up the banks of the river they could scarcely find words to express their astonishment. It seemed as if they never before had seen so grand a manifestation of God's power. Hennepin was the first to give to the world a description of this great waterfall. The first mass celebrated on the banks of the Niagara was offered up by him.

As the little company passed the cataract and saw Lake Erie, they knew that large canoes would be necessary for a farther water journey. It took some time to construct a vessel of sufficient size; but on August 7, 1679, Father Hennepin blessed the "Griffin," as the new vessel was called, and they began their voyage on Lake Erie. They journeyed through Lake Erie and up Lake Huron until they arrived at Michilimackinac, where they were given a warm welcome by the white men at La Pointe St. Ignace.

Next they traveled south. When they arrived at Green Bay, La Salle sent the "Griffin" back to Niagara with a load of furs; but nothing more was ever heard either of the crew or the vessel. Those left skirted the shore of Lake Michigan in their small canoes, the party now consisting of three Recollet fathers and La Salle and ten voyageurs. In November they arrived at the mouth of the St. Joseph River, and here they erected a rude fort. Hennepin and the other fathers built of bark a small chapel, the first Catholic church in the Lower Peninsula of Michigan. The superior of the Recollets in America had joined the party, for Hennepin's letters sent to him told of the many souls that had not been baptized.

In December La Salle, who was the leader of the party, began the journey anew. They walked miles, carrying their canoes and baggage, until they reached the country of the Illinois Indians, and finally camped for a time at Fort Crèvecœur, a little below the present Peoria. Again the fathers built a rude chapel, for there were in the vicinity a few French families, besides a number of Christians among the Illinois. Here they remained about two months. Then La Salle returned to Fort Frontenac, and Father Hennepin began a voyage toward the source of the Mississippi. Until this time the river had never been explored above the mouth of the Wisconsin.

Hennepin took with him two companions, and

on February 29, 1680, began a canoe journey north on the Mississippi. On April 30 they arrived at the Falls of St. Anthony. After resting here a short time they journeyed north, but a large party of Sioux took them captive and detained them for some months, during which time the missionaries lost no opportunity of telling, to any who would listen, the story of the life and death of our Lord Jesus.

Daniel Greysolon du Lhut, a French fur-trader, aided Hennepin and his companions to escape. They then journeyed to Green Bay, partly by way of the Wisconsin River and partly by land. Here they began to labor among the Dakotas, to whom Father Hennepin was the first to preach the Gospel.

About 1682 Hennepin returned to Quebec, and soon he sailed for France. In 1683 he published an account of his journeys, which was translated into several languages and became very popular. Father Hennepin died in Utrecht, Holland, about the year 1706.

## A PIONEER AMERICAN MISSIONARY IN INDIA

Many earnest and self-sacrificing men and women of the various religious denominations in America have left home and country to carry the Gospel they believed to distant lands and to teach the way of life to tribes among whom the name of their Master was unknown. Not a few of these faithful souls deserve to have the stories of their lives and deeds told here; but we can only select now one name, and that the name of a man who may be taken to represent the spirit and the work of all the fellow-servants who have likewise given themselves with loyalty and zeal to the missionary cause.

Adoniram Judson, of whom we will tell you something here, was born at Malden, in Massachusetts, in 1788. He was the son of a Congregational minister. When he left college, being honorably graduated, he had no settled religious views, and he thought of writing for the stage. But we are told that the sudden death of a classmate "changed the whole course of his life and caused him to regard religion seriously." He entered a theological seminary, from which he was graduated in 1810, and from that time he devoted himself to the great work of his life. In connection with fellow-students he took steps that led to the formation of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, one of the great missionary bodies of the world.

In 1812 Judson was ordained a Congregational missionary, and in February, with his wife, Ann Hasseltine, whom he had just married, he sailed for Calcutta, reaching there in June. Once in India, the Judsons decided to join the Baptists, and this led, in 1814, to the formation of the American Baptist Missionary Union. So we see that already this young man had been influential in the creation of new forces for carrying on the work of Christian missions. After some difficulties in entering his chosen field, Judson settled in Rangoon, Lower Burma, in 1813. He and his wife, in a strange land, with no assurance of support, began to study native languages. Soon the Baptist Union took the mission they had begun under its care. In the course of five years they gathered a small church, and Judson began to preach to the people in their own tongue. In 1819 he baptized the first convert to Christianity, whose name is given as Mong Nau.

Political troubles and war brought many hardships to the missionary and his devoted wife. At Ava, the capital of Burma, whither they removed in 1824, Judson was arrested and cast into the death-prison, where many cruelties were inflicted upon him. Here he was kept for nearly two years, "hourly expecting death." In February, 1826, he secured his release and went to Amherst, in Lower Burma, where his wife died in October, having heroically shared his sufferings and saved his life by caring for him in prison. Soon after this he formed a church at Maulmain. In 1834 he married Mrs. Sarah Hall Boardman, widow of a fellow-missionary. She died in 1845, and in the following year he married Emily Chubbuck, who survived him four years.

Dr. Judson went on missionary tours all through India, and in his nearly forty years' labor converted thousands to the Christian faith. In 1850, when almost hopelessly ill, he was carried in a litter on board ship to seek the benefit of a voyage. He sailed for his own country, but in a few days died and was buried at sea.

By translating the Bible into Burmese, writing a Burmese-English dictionary, and doing other valuable literary work, Dr. Judson enlarged the field of missionary activity which he and his wives—his faithful colleagues—had done so much to cultivate.

# GREAT HYMN-WRITERS

WHAT is a hymn? The word itself comes to us from the Greek, in which language it was *hymnos,* and meant a song, generally a song of praise. And that is what a hymn is, or should be, to-day, a song of praise and thanksgiving. Hymns have done more than most men's words in carrying comfort and joy to the hearts of people in sickness and sorrow, in doubt, danger, and anxiety. Many lives have been saved in scenes of peril when some brave soul has raised a voice to sing some sweet, simple hymn. The others have listened to the appeal and been comforted; they have gained confidence, and so been prevented from rushing into a panic in which they might all have perished. So the writers of hymns are very important people in the history of the world. Many of them are more important than they dream. One of our grand old hymns—

> "Let us, with a gladsome mind,
> Praise the Lord, for he is kind,"

was written by a boy! Millions of people have sung it during the last three hundred years. Yet how many of us have thought it was the work of a boy? It was written by John Milton, the great poet, when he was only fifteen, studying at St. Paul's School, in London.

This hymn, though really old, seems almost young compared with some hymns sung every Sunday in every Christian land. The Jews sang hymns before Christ was born, and we still sing hymns written in Greek or Latin by the saints. The hymn beginning "O Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace" was written by St. Ambrose, who lived his noble life fifteen centuries ago. A more famous hymn, "The day is past and over," is a translation from the Greek, in which it was written centuries ago by St. Anatolius. That grand hymn "Christian, dost thou see them?" was written far back in the ages by St. Andrew of Crete. We still sing three hymns by St. Bernard of Clairvaux, others by St. Gregory the Great, St. John Damascene, St. Joseph of the Studium, Francis Xavier, and many other holy men whose life-stories have come down to us through the ages.

All hymn-books ought to print the names of the authors of the hymns. It is most interesting to know the name of the writer of some sacred song that we love. We think of the days and the place in which he wrote, and we understand the spirit in which he lifted up his heart. Take, for instance, that stirring hymn "Safe home, safe home in port," with Sir Arthur Sullivan's fine tune. We feel, as we sing the hymn, that these are the words of a man who lived in stirring times, and we are right, for the words are a translation from the Greek of St. Joseph of the Studium, who lived when Christianity was still struggling against the evil powers of the Roman Empire.

## LUTHER'S HYMNS AND THEIR WONDERFUL INFLUENCE

MARTIN LUTHER was a great modern hymn-maker. He understood that the love of music, which the Jews had shown in their religious services, was not dead in men. He knew that to praise God in song was a natural desire of man, and he wrote hymns and chose tunes that would appeal to the heart and mind—tunes that were not so dull and unmusical as to be difficult and unpleasant to sing, nor yet of a character that would render them unfitting for religious services. "A sure stronghold is our God" is one of his best-known hymns.

The effect of Luther's hymns was marvelous. People wandered all over Europe singing them as they went. They were carried into the castle of the noble and into the cottage of the peasant. His hymns helped people even more, if that be possible, than his brave teaching. They learned to realize that religion is a joyful thing in life, not a cause of gloom and fear.

## HYMNS OF JOHN WESLEY AND HIS BROTHER CHARLES

THERE are hundreds of thousands of hymns in existence, printed in hundreds of different books, and millions of these books are sold every year.

We owe a great debt for our hymns to the Wesley brothers. John Wesley, the great founder of the Methodist Church, wrote many hymns and translated many more; but while John Wesley is famous for his preaching, it is Charles Wesley, his brother and disciple, who is remembered by his hymns. It is not always easy to say which were John's hymns and which were Charles's, but we know that Charles wrote about 6500 hymns. No other man ever had such a record as that. Of course they are not all high-class poetry, but some of them are still among the noblest

verses in the hymn-book. Take such of them as these: "Christ, whose glory fills the skies"; "Lo, he comes with clouds descending"; "Hark, the herald angels sing"; "The strife is o'er"; "Jesus, lover of my soul"; "Love divine"—all the Christian world sings these. Charles was a great missioner, second only to his brother. He gave all his life to religious works, and refused a great fortune because he did not think it right that the lady who proposed to leave it to him should forget her own family. He was born in 1707, and died when he was eighty-one.

## DR. WATTS AND OTHER ENGLISH HYMN-WRITERS

In most hymn-books there are at least a dozen hymns by Dr. Isaac Watts. Many more might be included, and some others, not all so good, left out. He wrote over 500 hymns, among them such treasures as "When I survey the wondrous cross"; "Our God, our help in ages past"; "There is a land of pure delight"; "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun." Watts was the son of a Southampton schoolmaster, and got his gift for poetry from his father. He became a tutor when he grew up, and then a minister, and received the degree of doctor of divinity from a Scottish university. He was taken ill when thirty-eight years old, and went for a rest to the home of Sir Thomas Abney at Theobalds, which he never left till he died, thirty-six years later.

A more recent writer of favorite hymns was Bishop William Walsham How, who was born in 1823 and died at the age of seventy-four. Among favorites from his pen are "Summer suns are glowing," "We give thee but thine own," and "Who is this so weak and helpless?" It is natural to find preachers among the hymn-writers, but the result is that some of the hymns they write are not sung by all congregations.

Christian people do not all believe quite the same things, and as some hymns express views of only one Church, such hymns are sung only in that Church. John Mason Neale, a scholar and true poet, wrote some of the most beautiful hymns, but they are not generally sung. Still, some of them are for all the world, such as "O love, how deep, how broad"; "For thee, O dear, dear country"; "Jerusalem the golden"; and his translation from the Greek of "The day is past and over." Neale was a Church of England minister, very poor, but noble-hearted, though so extreme in his views that he got into trouble with his bishop and had to give up his pulpit.

The authors of some of the finest poetry in the English language are unknown, and we have many fine hymns that cannot be traced to their writers. We have some written as they first appeared in English; we have some from unknown German and Italian authors, and nearly fifty from unknown Latin authors. Even where the name of the writer is known, and his hymns are world-famous, sometimes no record of his life is preserved. In nearly every good hymn-book are many of John Ellerton's hymns, among them "Saviour, again to thy dear name we raise," and the beautiful "The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended," yet not a word about his life is to be found in many of the great works which should tell us of such a man.

On the other hand, we know rather too much about Nahum Tate, the author of the immortal hymn "While shepherds watched their flocks by night." He lived in an age when it was not considered disgraceful to drink, and he was a drunkard. He was born the son of a Dublin clergyman, and became Poet Laureate of England. It is strange that such a man should have taken to writing poetry on sacred subjects. Yet it is only by his sacred writings that he is remembered! Perhaps it was his better nature that appeared in his hymns. He had a partner named Nicholas Brady, and together they produced a version of the Psalms which was long sung in many churches.

We find a brighter picture in the life of Bishop Reginald Heber, a more gifted poet than Tate, and author of "From Greenland's icy mountains," "Holy, Holy, Holy," and "The Son of God goes forth to war." Heber was born in 1783, and after he had left Cambridge University he had before him the chance of an easy life as a country clergyman. But he scorned such an existence. He preferred the perils and anxieties of mission work in India, and ended his days as Bishop of Calcutta, when only forty-three.

Another hymn-writer who died when forty-three was Sarah Flower Adams, born in 1805. She gave to the world the lovely hymn "Nearer, my God, to thee." She was a beautiful woman, with a vivid imagination and fine powers as a writer. Once in her life she thought of going upon the stage, but she gave herself to other things, and devoted her powers to literature and works of religion. Another of the best of our hymns, "Our blest Redeemer ere he breathed," was written by a woman, Harriet Auber. That was in 1823, since when it has been translated into every language belonging to Christian peoples.

Two other favorites that have rung through the world, "There is a green hill far away" and

"Once in royal David's city," are the work of a woman's heart and brain—Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander, who was born in 1818, and married, when forty-two, the Archbishop of Armagh. She died in 1895. Frances Ridley Havergal, like Bishop Heber and Mrs. Adams, wrote many hymns which will long be sung; the most famous are "Thy life was given for me" and "Take my life and let it be." She had musical talent, and studied for some years in Germany, where she thought of making music, instead of writing, her chief aim in life. She was born at Astley rectory, Worcestershire, in 1836, and died in 1895.

For another of the most famous hymns, "Just as I am, without one plea," we owe thanks to Charlotte Elliott, a member of a clever family, who was born in 1789. As a young woman she gained some fame by writing comic verses, but then came an illness and serious thoughts. Afterward she gave all her talent to writing beautiful verses on religious subjects, and her works did great good.

Every one who reads in history the trial of the seven bishops, the brave men who refused to sacrifice their religious beliefs upon the order of a king, will sing with greater pleasure the fine old hymns "Awake, my soul, and with the sun," and "Glory to thee, my God, this night," when they remember that the writer of them was William Ken, the famous bishop, who formed one of the valiant seven.

Ken had the advantage of studying the works of George Herbert, who wrote some of the finest religious poems in existence. He was born in 1593 and died at the age of forty. As a brother of Lord Herbert he hoped to win court favor. Luckily he did not, but gave himself up to an earnest ministry in the Church, and to poetry. It is surprising that more of his hymns do not appear in the hymn-books. He died four years before Bishop Ken was born.

Many famous names appear among the hymns we may call modern. William Cowper, the poet, wrote "God moves in a mysterious way" and "Hark, my soul, it is the Lord." Sir Robert Grant, who was a great scholar, a governor of Bombay, and for years a member of Parliament, wrote "O worship the King."

Sir John Bowring wrote "In the cross of Christ I glory." Bowring's life-story would make a good book. He was one of the most wonderful linguists that ever lived. He could speak a hundred languages, and read twice as many. He translated into English all the foreign songs and poems he could find. He traveled far and wide. He wanted to change the awkward money system of England into a simple one; and the two-shilling piece remains to-day to remind people of the work that he began. He invented the florin, and it remains one of England's most convenient coins.

The memory of James Drummond Burns, a Free Church minister, lives in the beautiful "Hushed was the evening hymn." He was a Scotsman, born in 1823, and he lived for some years in Madeira, and afterward in London. "Rock of Ages" serves to remind us of Augustus Montague Toplady, a clergyman who died in 1778; and the beautiful prayer for those in peril on the sea, "Eternal Father, strong to save," makes the name of William Whiting dear to all who know it.

Very few men receive such affectionate tributes as are paid to Henry Francis Lyte, an English clergyman, who has lain in his tomb at Nice since 1847.

Among the hymns that Lyte wrote is "Abide with me." He wrote it on the night that he preached his last sermon, thinking, not of that one night's repose, but of his eternal rest. Now we sing it at the close of evening service in church and chapel all over the world. Thousands of people have traveled to Nice as pilgrims to the grave of the man who wrote this hymn.

One of the hymns with a history is that most beautiful one "Lead, kindly Light." It was written by John Henry Newman while he was on the sea. He was a brilliant man in the Church of England, greatly beloved and admired for his beautiful character and his great gifts. But doubt came upon him, and it was while he doubted that he wrote this hymn. Afterward he left the Protestant Church, and became, as a Roman Catholic, Cardinal Newman. At Oxford University, at the same time as Newman, was another gifted scholar and poet, John Keble, the author of "Sun of my soul," a hymn almost as famous as Newman's. Keble College, Oxford, is named after him.

In the same way the hymn "All hail the power of Jesus' name" keeps fresh the memory of Edward Perronet, though he has been dead much more than a century. He was a friend of the Wesleys, and worked with them for a time.

Two very different hymns have been written by Sabine Baring-Gould. One is "Onward, Christian soldiers," a battle-hymn with a warlike spirit which many people do not like; the other is "Now the day is over," a peaceful little lullaby hymn which children sing at the end of the day's play.

## MOODY AND SANKEY AND THEIR FAMOUS HYMN-BOOK

The Moody and Sankey hymns are sung by millions of people all over the world. The book

is not made up of hymns by the two missioners. Sankey wrote the words of a few, and composed the music of many, but the bulk of the hymns are by other authors and composers.

They were two remarkable men. Dwight Lyman Moody was born in Northfield, Mass., in 1837, and from early boyhood, until the age of seventeen, he labored on a farm. Then he became a clerk in a boot-shop. While in Chicago he spent much of his life in preaching to young men, and during the Civil War he acted as a missionary in the army.

When he was thirty-six he made the acquaintance of Ira David Sankey, another American, three years younger than Moody. Sankey was the son of a banker, and in a better position than Moody had been, but he was an earnest Christian worker, who, though he could not preach like Moody, was a good singer and musician. The two men entered together on a mission. They preached all over America, and visited England and Australia, and though their methods seemed strange, they made a great impression and did great good by their services. Both are now dead.

Many of the hymns in "Sankey" were written by Frances J. Crosby. The bearer of that name was a brave and cheerful blind woman. Frances Jane Crosby, an American woman, lost her sight as a baby, and never regained it. She received her education at a school for the blind, and devoted her life to making others good and happy. She wrote over 3000 hymns, of which one, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," has been sung all over the world.

## OTHER AMERICAN HYMN-WRITERS

Hymn-writing in America began with the last century. Before that time only metrical versions of the Psalms were in use. But as time went on, the Psalms fell more and more into the background and hymns became prominent. The hymns thus far used in America have been chiefly drawn from English sources; but the store of American hymns is by no means small, and is constantly increasing.

Among hymns written by American authors we may mention: "Lift your glad voices in triumph on high," by Henry Ware, junior; "Thou, whose unmeasured temple stands," by William Cullen Bryant; "Slowly, by thy hand unfurled," by William H. Furness; "Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord," by John G. Whittier; "My faith looks up to thee," by Ray Palmer; "The morning light is breaking," by Samuel F. Smith, author of "My country, 'tis of thee"; "O Love Divine, that stooped to share," by Oliver Wendell Holmes; "It came upon the midnight clear," by Edmund H. Sears; "Again, as evening's shadow falls," by Samuel Longfellow; "One sweetly solemn thought," by Phœbe Cary; "Father, in thy mysterious presence kneeling," by Samuel Johnson; "Thou Grace Divine, encircling all," by Eliza Scudder; "Only waiting, till the shadows," by Frances L. Mace; "Go bury thy sorrow," by Philip P. Bliss; "It singeth low in every heart," by John W. Chadwick; "O little town of Bethlehem," by Phillips Brooks.

# JOHN WESLEY

## AN EVANGELIST IN TWO WORLDS

There were two great British warriors in the eighteenth century, and both belonged to the same family. One was a nobleman, the Duke of Wellington; the other a man of the people, plain John Wesley. We do not always remember that the "Iron Duke" and the great preacher were related; but they were—Wellington coming from another branch of the old family from which Wesley sprang. Wellington fought with the sword; Wesley fought with Bible and pen.

The preacher was sixty-six years older than the duke. They lived to be old men, Wesley dying in 1791 at the age of eighty-seven, and Wellington passing away in 1852 when eighty-two. Wellington's fame is secured by every writer who deals with the period in which he lived. But Wesley's name hardly appears in the ordinary histories. He is passed over with scant concern; he might never have lived, for all the importance which many writers attach to his work.

Yet the world is more and more realizing that Wesley's work was at least as important as that of the Duke of Wellington. A soldier can save us from the peril of hostile swords, but a soldier cannot prevent a nation from perishing when it is steeped in ignorance and crime and all forms of wickedness. Wesley ranged throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom, kindling the souls of men and women into life. He was not only a preacher, but an educator.

He regarded it as a great sin that people should

be dirty, that they should be permitted to suffer from disease which could be cured or prevented; he regarded it as a crime that they should be permitted to live in foul dwellings. He fought poverty and drink; he fought the misery of the poor and of the orphans and the widows. He taught the people to know God, but he taught them also to know the good of this life. He regarded the whole world as his parish, but he also regarded the world as his school-room and his workshop; he toiled to have the people educated and made thrifty, to have them well housed, to have them equipped with the knowledge which should make them useful and valuable citizens. He taught them to be honest and cleanly, independent, fearless, and skilful. His was in many respects a greater work than was that of Wellington, whose praises all the historians sound.

Wesley was born at Epworth Rectory, Lincolnshire, in June, 1703, his father being the rector of the parish. There were nineteen children, of whom fourteen were older than John, and four younger. Their father was a fine man, but their mother was something of a curiosity. She was a well-educated woman, versed in Latin and Greek; but though she had nineteen children, she never seemed quite to understand the whole duty of a mother. A ridiculous thing happened between her and her husband before John was born. James II. had been turned off the throne for trying to make the country Roman Catholic, and William of Orange had been made king. Now, although Mrs. Wesley was a Protestant, she never said "Amen" when her husband prayed for King William III. The preacher inquired why she did not say "Amen," and she said that she did not regard William III. as king. And the two stupid people quarreled and parted, and never saw each other again until after William III. died. It was after this quarrel was made up that John Wesley was born.

Epworth was a wicked little place in those days, and the elder Wesley preached boldly against the misdoings of the people. The consequence was that many persons hated him, and twice they tried to set fire to his house. At the third attempt they succeeded. Husband and wife and children, who were all asleep, got out of the house, though some had their clothes scorched off them. Little John, who was only six at the time, was missing. He had been left asleep in the nursery, and in the terror and darkness of the night everybody had forgotten him. When his father tried to rush back into the house for him it was too late—the staircase had been burned down.

The child was awakened by the heat and smoke. and, finding that he could not get out by the burning doorway, he made his way to the window. There his parents saw him, and prayed for his deliverance. There was no ladder to be had; but one man climbed upon another's shoulders, and, the house being low, he was able to reach the child, drag him through the window, and place him in safety on the ground. At that very moment the blazing roof fell in. Had it fallen outward, the rescuers and the child would have been killed.

The escape was a miraculous one. Little John's father, seeing the child safe, gathered his family about him, and, speaking to the people gathered round, said: "Come, neighbors, let us kneel down. Let us give thanks to God! He has given me all my children. Let the house go; with them I am rich enough."

This incident had a great effect upon Mrs. Wesley, for she felt that her son John was marked out by divine favor for some special work, seeing that he had been so wonderfully saved. She, therefore, trained him with special care, and educated him with perhaps more tenderness than she had shown toward her other children. But she did not waste tenderness on any of them. It was her boast that by judicious thrashings she taught all her nineteen children to "cry softly."

But there must have been much good in this strange, stern woman, for the children who grew up all loved her. The effect of her training, however, was evident in the impression that it left upon Wesley's mind; for, like those of other great men, his ideas as to the education of children were in many respects highly foolish. He taught that they should not be allowed to cry, and that they should not be allowed to play. That was the result of the strange training he received from his mother.

John was a serious, clever boy, and his father used to say of him: "Our Jack will never do anything unless he can give a reason for it."

The boy was sent at an early age to Charterhouse School. School management was different then from what it is to-day. The big boys used to steal a great part of the food of the small boys, so that John and those of his own age had for two or three years only bread to eat, and not too much of that. In spite of that, however, he obeyed his father's instructions to run three times a day round the school playing-field, and this made him strong and healthy, badly as he was fed. At sixteen or seventeen, Wesley passed on to Oxford University, where two of his brothers —Samuel and Charles—were already studying. The two elder brothers and a friend or two were devout young fellows; and when John joined

them he followed in their footsteps, and soon became their leader. They did everything by system and method. Some one in fun called them "methodists," because of their methodical habits, and later on these were to be Methodists in a very real sense. Wesley did well at Oxford, and became a fellow of one of the Colleges, and in due time made a successful tutor. Meantime he had become curate to his father, and was to have succeeded him at Epworth Rectory, though he did not wish to do so. When the elder Wesley died, John had made up his mind, if he could, to succeed him; but he was not appointed.

At Oxford Wesley had been in the habit of visiting the prisoners in the jail, of relieving the poor, and looking after the clothing and feeding of the needy, and especially of school children. When his father died, and he was free to do as he liked, he came willingly to America to be a missionary in Georgia. He stayed two years there, but his plain, blunt way of preaching was not a success, and he went back to England, disappointed, yet sure that his work had not been without good result. Soon after his return home, Wesley began to preach in other places than churches. He preached in the open air, and in buildings which were not ordinarily used for religious services. He was followed by other men, and he selected people who were not clergymen to preach. Soon it was no uncommon thing for him to be refused permission to preach in churches. He went down to his father's old church, where he himself had been curate, and the curate who had succeeded him would not let him preach in the church. So Wesley preached in the churchyard, standing on his father's tombstone.

Thus began his long series of travels. He said, "The whole world is my parish," and he acted as if it were. Year after year, winter and summer, he traveled about the country, preaching, making converts, and doing good. He did not seek to get people who were attending church to come to him. There were at this time vast numbers of people who never went to church at all, who knew practically nothing about religion. How should they hear of religion, when there was no one to teach them? There were scarcely any Sunday-schools where children could be taught, and very few people of the poorer classes went to ordinary schools. To a great extent, Great Britain was in reality a heathen country, though no one would have called it so, seeing the numbers of beautiful churches and cathedrals which it possessed. Wesley then appealed to the poor, to the ignorant, to the workers, to the roughest class of people. It was not that he could not preach to the higher classes. Wesley was a great scholar, and a polished gentleman, with wit and humor as well as the forceful directness which makes the convincing preacher. Therefore, he could preach to the very highest in the land just as well—indeed, better—than he could preach to the poorest. An intellectual man always finds it hardest to address an ignorant audience, for he is always in fear of talking to his hearers in language which they will not understand. Not all churches were closed against him, but many were, so he addressed his congregations in the open country, in any house at which he might be staying, or in any hall or school or workshop that he could borrow.

There never was such a campaign as Wesley carried out. Members of Parliament, when they have fought an election which lasts two or three weeks, are frequently so fatigued and broken down that they have to take a long rest. But Wesley's campaign lasted over forty years. It was harder than such a campaign ever could be again. It covered every part of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, and, in his old age, a large slice of the Continent. He was preaching nearly every day, not once, but twice, thrice, even four times a day, and between sermons he was traveling. There were no railways then, let us remember. He made all his land journeys, almost to the last, on horseback. From end to end of the land he went, not merely by the main roads, but by packhorse tracks, where they existed; over moors and waste places, through mountain passes, and through fords and across rivers swollen by floods, in storm and tempest, in burning heat, through snow which might have daunted many an arctic traveler. He preached in the cities and towns, he preached in the little villages; in the fields, on the commons, in mansions and cottages, before crowds who loved him, before bad and vicious and bigoted people, who would have killed him had they dared. No other man knew Great Britain as Wesley knew it.

To-day, with all the railways, we could not follow in his footsteps. We should have to leave the train, and go on foot along byways rough and bad, such as would tax the strength of the greatest athlete. It was a wonderful, dazzling campaign. Nothing but downright illness could deter him. If he were laid low by cold or fever, he would be up and moving again, traveling long distances, and preaching by the way to congregations great or small, long before the ordinary man would be even thinking of leaving his bed. Of course he had marvelous health; but it was greatly due to his own hard life, his contempt for luxury, that he enjoyed such health. Several times his

life was in danger from fever, from consumption, and from other ills, but his healthy outdoor life, and the simple diet upon which he lived, always enabled him to shake off the effects with the least possible trouble.

Ordinary injuries occasioned by accidents he scarcely regarded. Once he had a bad fall, but he thought nothing of his bruises, preaching as usual at the place to which he was going, as if nothing had happened. At another time he had a severely sprained ankle, but he kept his appointment, and preached on his knees.

The extent of his journeys remains a marvel even to this time, when we think less of travel than ever we did before. He traveled over 250,000 miles; he crossed the Irish sea forty-two times; he preached 40,000 sermons. He went several times to the Continent, in addition to his voyage to America; and when he was eighty he carried out a great missionary tour in Holland. That is an extraordinary record for one man, but it represents only a part of his work.

He wrote a great number of books for the people. He was, as we have said, not merely a preacher, but a social reformer and teacher. His sermons were often homely discourses on affairs concerning the health and homes and daily lives of the people. He was not content with that, however. He wrote books on health and the treatment of disease. He wrote works on the grammar of the English, French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, all of which, as well as German, he mastered.

He wrote histories of various countries, and a history of the Church, and splendid books for schools, giving the choicest extracts from the old-time writers. He wrote a dictionary, and works on the Bible, and on philosophy; fifty volumes giving the cream of all the greatest religious writers of all times and nations. He published the lives and writings of the great English authors on religion; he published hymns and hymn-tunes and other music; he published his sermons and journals, and a magazine, which is still running to-day. These many books made him, as he said, unexpectedly rich. They brought him £30,000; but he gave away every farthing. There never was a man who had a more perfect idea of charity. He kept just sufficient to live on, and gave away all the rest as fast as it came to him.

How did he manage to do so much work? Because he was a methodist in all the private ways of life as in religion. He rose at four o'clock every morning for over fifty years. He would have his first religious service at five o'clock in the morning if arrangements had been made. If not, he would be in the saddle and on the road at that hour. He read an enormous number of books on various subjects. Books of poetry, philosophy, and history he read on horseback. How could he do such a thing? we may ask. He answers the question himself. He found that by letting the reins hang on the horse's neck he could ride in safety. Provided that the horse were a good and sure-footed one, it was safer to give it its head in this way than to ride it with a tight rein, as so many riders did. In this way he mastered the contents of vast numbers of works. When he came to a stop, he had writing materials ready, and would set to work with his pen. Once he was held up at a ferry, so, instead of stamping about, whistling and shrieking for the boatmen, as too many men would, he sat quietly down, pulled out his paper, pen, and ink, and finished writing a tract upon which he was engaged. That was his way. His life was not without gaiety or joy, but he never wasted time. He was methodical in everything. Unless time pressed, he would always visit the places of interest through which he traveled, whether they were historic mansions, or churches, or places of natural beauty. All that he saw, and did, and thought, he wrote down in his journals, which he afterward published.

To read those journals is a treat in store for every boy and girl who will do it, for there is no better picture of the whole country of England, its people and their manners, in the eighteenth century, than this which Wesley wrote day by day throughout those long years. Much that he wrote in those journals did not see the light of day until very recently. He left behind him a mass of writing in a sort of shorthand and a method of writing of his own invention. This was found a few years ago. It took its discoverer four years to master the secret of the cipher in which it was written. At last the task was completed, and the world knows more of John Wesley to-day than ever it knew before. The interest in his work and life grows, and will grow, for the seed that he sowed broadcast is still bearing a rich and abundant harvest. He went about doing good, not only good which he personally was able to effect, but he exposed abuses and injustice, and by his earnestness persuaded or shamed others into doing right.

He left England a much better land than he found it, and though all his earliest disciples died before him, he had gathered about him, in the newer generation, such a body of earnest men of his own type of mind and character, that Methodism has become one of the great forces for good in the whole of Christendom.

# SERMONS AND SEED-THOUGHTS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

## FAITHFULNESS IN LITTLE THINGS

"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."—*Luke* xvi. 10.

A YOUNG friend, richly gifted, but who is tied by inexorable necessity to an office-stool, has complained to us that his life afforded no outlet for the adequate exercise of his powers.

His groan is a very common one. So many grumble about the monotony of life's dead level, which the great majority of us have to traverse. The upland paths, which give an ecstasy to tread in the bracing air and the expanding glory of the world, are for the few. For most of us it is the trivial round, the common task. Each morning the bell calls to the same routine of commonplace toil. Each hour brings the same programme of trifles. There seems no chance for doing anything heroic, which will be worth having lived for, or will shed a light back on all past, and forward on all coming days.

But there are two or three considerations which, if wrought into the heart, will tend to remove much of this terrible depression.

### ALL LIFE IS PART OF A DIVINE PLAN

As a mother desires the best possible for her babes, bending over the cradle which each occupies in turn, so does God desire to do his best for us all. He hates nothing that he has made; but has a fair ideal for each, which he desires to accomplish in us with perfect love. But there is no way of transferring it to our actual experience except by the touch of his Spirit within, and the education of our circumstances without.

He has chosen the circumstances of our life, because they are the shortest path, if only we use them as we should, to reach the goal on which he has set his heart. He might have chosen some other country—China, India, Italy, or Mexico. He might have chosen some other age—that of the Flood, the Exodus, or of the early martyrs. He might have chosen some other lot—a royal court, a senate, a pulpit, or an author's desk. But since he chose this land, this age, and your lot, whatever it may be, we must believe that these presented the likeliest and swiftest way of realizing his purpose.

If, dear brother, you could have reached your truest manhood as an emperor or a reformer, as a millionaire or a martyr, you would have been born into one of those positions; but since you are only a servant, a bank clerk, or an ordinary business man, you will find right beside you the materials and possibilities of a great life.

If, dear sister, you could have attained to the loftiest development of your nature by being a rich man's wife, or a queen, you would have found yourself placed there; but since your lot is that of a milliner's assistant, factory hand, or toiling mother, you must believe that somewhere within your reach, if only you will search for them, you will discover the readiest conditions of a noble and useful life.

Who can wonder at the complaints of the aimlessness, the vanity, the weariness of life? People either have no plan, or they have got a wrong one. "What's the fashion?" "What do others do?" "What's the correct thing?" How much better and wiser to believe that God has a perfect plan for each of us, and that he is unfolding it a bit at a time, by the events which he puts into our life each day!

Before Moses built the tabernacle, he saw the whole pattern of it in prophetic vision. In some secluded spot on Sinai's heights it stood before him, woven out of sunbeams; and he descended to the mountain-foot to repeat it in actual curtains, gold, and wood. God does not show us the whole plan of our life at a burst, but unfolds it to us bit by bit. Each day he gives us the opportunity of weaving a curtain, carving a peg, fash-

ioning the metal. We know not what we do. But at the end of our life the disjointed pieces will suddenly come together, and we shall see the symmetry and beauty of the divine thought. Then we shall be satisfied. In the meantime let us believe that God's love and wisdom are doing the very best for us. In the morning ask God to show you his plan for the day in the unfolding of its events, and to give you grace to do or bear all that he may have prepared. In the midst of the day's engagements, often look up and say, "Father, is this in the plan?" At night be still, and match your actual with God's ideal, confessing your sins and shortcomings, and asking that his will may be more perfectly done in you, even as in heaven.

## OPPORTUNITIES FOR BUILDING NOBLE CHARACTER

We are sent into this world to build up character which will be blessed and useful in that great future for which we are being trained. There is a niche which only we can fill, a crown which only we can wear, music which only we can waken, service which only we can render. God knows what these are, and he is giving us opportunities to prepare for them. Life is our schoolhouse. Its rooms may be bare, but they are windowed with opportunities of becoming fit for our great inheritance.

Knitting-needles are cheap and common enough, but on them may be wrought the fairest designs in the richest wools. So the incidents of daily life may be commonplace in the extreme, but on them as the material foundation we may build the unseen but everlasting fabric of a noble and beautiful character. It does not so much matter what we do, but the way in which we do it matters greatly. What we do may or may not live; but the way in which we perform our common tasks becomes an indestructible part of our character, for better or worse, and forever.

Suppose we meet the daily demands of life in a slovenly and careless spirit, caring only to escape blame, to earn our wage, or to preserve a decent average. Or suppose our one aim in life is to get money for our own enjoyment. Is it not clear that the meanness of the motive will react on the whole character behind it? Will it not be certain that the soul which is always bathed in such atmosphere, confronted with such ideals, will become slovenly, careless, and selfish? And when some great occasion arises it will call in vain for the high qualities of a noble nature.

Suppose, on the other hand, that we do the little duties of life faithfully, punctually, thoughtfully, reverently—not for the praise of man, but for the sake of doing them as they ought to be done, and for the "Well done" of Christ—not for the payment we may receive, but because God has given us a little piece of work to do in his great world—not because we must, but because we choose—not as the slave of circumstances, but as Christ's freed ones—then far down beneath the surge of common life are laid the foundations of a character more beautiful and enduring than coral, which shall presently rear itself before the eyes of men and angels, and become an emerald islet, green with perennial beauty, and vocal with the songs of paradise.

We ought therefore to be very careful how we fulfil the common tasks of daily life. We are making the character in which we have to spend eternity. We are either building into ourselves wood, hay, and stubble which will have to be burned out at great cost, or the gold, silver, and precious stones that shall be things of beauty and joy forever.

## THE GREAT DOING OF LITTLE THINGS

Let it be granted that you are a person of ordinary ability. It may be that you will never be removed into a wider sphere than the obscure one in which you have been pining, like a wood-bird in its cage. Give up your useless regret, your bitter complaint, and begin to meet the call of trivial commonplace, with tenderness to each person you encounter; with faith in God, as doing his best for you; with heroic courage and unswerving fidelity; with patience, thoroughness, submission.

Go on acting thus, week in and week out, year by year, with no thought of human notice; determined always to be at your best; eager only to pay out, without stint, the gold of a noble, unselfish heart. And at the end of life, though you wist not that your face glistens, others will see you shining like the sun in your heavenly Father's kingdom. It will be discovered that you have unwittingly lived a great life, and you will be greeted on the threshold of heaven with the "Well done" of your Lord.

Some who are sighing for a great life are unconsciously living it in the eye of God's angels. Those who forego marriage, that they may bring up and educate the younger children of their homes; those that deny themselves almost the necessities of life to add some coals of comfort to the meager fire at which the chill hands of age warm themselves; those who are not only themselves pure amid temptation, but are centers of purity, shielding others; those who stand to their

post of duty though the fires, as they creep near, are scorching the skin and consuming the heart; those who meet the incessant demand of monotonous tasks with gentleness, unselfishness, and the wealth of a strong, true heart—these, without knowing it, are graduating for the front ranks of heaven's nobility.

> "Glad hearts! without reproach or blot,
> Who do [God's] work and know it not."

It is a greater thing to do little things well, than those which seem more important. They who daily handle matters which bulk largely before the eyes of their fellows are expected to act from great motives, and to behave worthily of their great and important positions. The statesman is expected to be high-minded; the Christian lady to be virtuous; the minister to be earnest. There is no special credit to any of these for being what they profess, and are expected to be.

But surely, in God's sight, it is a much greater thing when the soul conquers adverse circumstances, and rises superior to the drift of its associations. To be high-minded, when your companions are mean and degraded; to be chaste, when ease and wealth beckon you to enter the gate of vice; to be devout or zealous, when no one expects it; to do small things from great motives—this is the loftiest attainment of the soul.

It is a greater thing to do an unimportant thing from a great motive, for God, for truth, for others, than to do an important one; greater to suffer patiently each day a thousand stings, than die once as a martyr at the stake. And an obscure life really offers more opportunities for the nurture of the loftiest type of character, because it is less liable to be visited by those meaner considerations of notoriety, or applause, or money, which intrude themselves into more prominent positions, and scatter their deadly taint.

## LITTLE THINGS GREATLY DONE HELP IN DOING GREAT THINGS

We sometimes lay down the story-book or the history with a groan. We had been reading of some sudden opportunity which came to a Grace Darling, reared in the obscurity of a fisherman's home, or to a Florence Nightingale, nursing sick soldiers in hospital or camp.

"Oh," we say, "if only such a chance would dip down into my life, and lift me out of it! I'm weary, weary of this dull level!" Ah! it is a common mistake. Men think that the occasion makes the hero; whereas it only reveals him.

The train must have been laid long before, and carefully, else the falling of a single spark would never blast the mighty rocks or shiver the frowning fortress-walls. There must be the fabric of strong and noble character, built up by patient continuance in well-doing, else the sudden appeal of the critical hour will knock vainly at the door of life, and the soul will crouch unanswering and helpless within.

If great opportunities were to come most, we could make nothing of them. They would pass by as unnoticed or unimproved. They would go from us to those who had more nerve, or grit, or spiritual power than we. You cannot, just because you will, speak a foreign language, or dash off a brilliant air upon the piano, or talk easily on the motive of one of Browning's poems. All these demand long and arduous study; that must be given first in the chamber; and then, if a sudden summons comes for any of them, on the housetop of observation, you will be ready.

You cannot be brave in a crisis, if you are habitually a coward. You cannot be generous with a fortune, if you are a miser with a penny. You cannot be unselfish in some such accident which imperils life, if you are always pressing for the one vacant seat in train or omnibus, and elbowing your way to the front on every possible occasion. David must practise with sling and stone through long hours in the wilderness, or he will never bring down Goliath.

If we were eager to secure a good employee for a responsible position, we should not attach much importance to the way in which the candidate acted on a set occasion, when he knew that he was being observed. Of course he would be on his best behavior. But give us a private window so that we can watch him in his least considered actions—how he behaves at home, how he treats his mother and sisters, how he fulfils the common duties of life. What he is then, he is really.

But if this is man's way, may it not be God's? There are great tasks to be fulfilled in eternity; angels to be judged; cities to be ruled; perhaps worlds to be evangelized. For these, suitable agents will be required: those who can rule, because they have served; those who can command, because they have obeyed; those who can save others, because they never saved themselves. Perhaps, even now, our heavenly Father is engaged in seeking those among us who can fill these posts. And he is seeking them, not among such as are filling high positions in the eyes of men, but in the ranks of such as are treading the trivial round and are fulfilling the common task.

From the nearest fixed star, the inequalities of our earth, whether of Alp or molehill, are alike

insignificant. We need to look at our positions from the standpoint of eternity, and probably we shall be startled at the small differences between the lots of men. The one thing for us all is to abide in our calling with God, to count ourselves as his fellow-workers, to do what we can in his grace and for his glory; never excusing ourselves; never condoning failure or misdoing; never content unless, by the help of the blessed Spirit, we have wrought out his promptings and suggestions to the best of our power, whether in the gold of the extraordinary or the bronze of the cheaper and more ordinary, achievement.

May each reader learn this happy art, and go through life offering all to God, as the white-stoled priests in the temple of old, for indeed all believers have been made priests unto God; every sphere may be a holy temple; and every act, done in the name of Jesus, may be a spiritual sacrifice, acceptable to God.

# WORDS OF HELP FOR GIRLS

## THE CONSECRATED LIFE

In all this world there is nothing fairer than the young life which God has given you, with its sunny laughter, its high spirits, its hopes and golden dreams, its wealth of pure affection. You can enrich the poorest home, as no money could. You can lighten the hardest lot. You can cheer the roughest path, making the weary feet forget the sharp flints. You can find the blue flowers blooming amid arctic snows. And by doing so, you may give and get untold blessings.

If you have given your heart and life to the Lord Jesus, you will never regret that step, by which Jesus has become your brother. Remember how he said, "Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is . . . my sister." And no one knows better than he does, how much is meant by the tie between a strong and noble brother and the sisters who shelter beneath his care. He grew up with sisters in that village home under the blue Syrian skies; and, as the shadows of death gathered round his path, he made much of the love of his adopted sisters in the home of Bethany.

Words fail to tell you all that the Lord Jesus will do for you. He will keep your hearts whiter than snow, removing each stain of sin by his own precious blood. He will put himself as a shield between you and all manner of hurt. He will make you his special charge. He will quench your thirst from the brimming chalice of his own love. In perplexity he will guide; in peril he will protect; in necessity he will supply your need. He will give you—what all women long for—the sense of belonging to some one, good enough, wise enough, and strong enough, to trust without misgiving or fear.

But I do hope you will be all for him. This is the only path on which the sunbeams always play. There are many professing Christians who have just enough religion to make them miserable; and they might as well be without any. They take a good drink of the sweets of the world, and they try to quiet their conscience by a pilgrimage to the living well. But though they rattle the chains, and let down their buckets, they never get one pure crystal drop for their poor parched lips, because they do not seek the Lord with *all* their hearts. And so, after a little while, they rush off again to the gilded pleasures of the world. Do not make their mistake. As Jesus gave all for you, so give all to him; and he will give you back one hundredfold.

Directly you are right with Christ, other things will right themselves.

## RULES ABOUT DRESS

Dress perplexes some, and takes up much time and thought. It is a difficult subject, and yet there are several clear rules to guide a Christian girl. Do not dress showily, or extravagantly, or beyond your means. Do not dress in such a way as to call attention to any part of your figure, or to distort or alter it. Do not dress so that people shall notice your dress more than yourselves. There is no reason why the general style of your dress should not be like that of others. To be totally out of the fashion would make you needlessly singular, and attract as much attention as if you were dressed in the height of fashion; and whatever makes others think of us, or us think of ourselves, turns our thoughts away from Jesus, and from better things. I think that there is no higher art for a Christian girl than to dress simply, quietly, and tastefully, as one who is careful of the body which Christ has given, but who is mindful also of the Apostle's words: "Let the women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety."

The use of ornaments is also a matter of great heart-questioning. It is not an essential matter, but where there are doubts the little trinkets should be laid aside, till the doubts are cleared away. It does seem strange that so much money should be locked up in articles of personal adornment, when the Lord's cause is suffering for want of help! A Chinese Christian lady brought her jewels one morning to her husband, to build an opium-refuge; and when he expressed surprise, she said, "I have taken Christ for my adornment, and surely that is enough for any Christian woman." Put on the Lord Jesus, young sisters, and you will lose your taste for many things you now hold dear, as most girls would throw away glass jewelry, if offered real gems. "Whose adorning let it not be the outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of jewels of gold, or of putting on apparel; but let it be the incorruptible apparel of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." The woman who loads herself with jewels confesses herself wanting in the jewels of the heart; but she who has got these, troubles little about the diamonds or pearls of earthly mines.

## THE GIRL'S AMUSEMENTS

Amusements also exercise many. We must have rest and change in these busy, eager times; but we must watch our leisure hours, lest they do us more harm than good. Some ways of spending them simply increase the exhaustion of the jaded mind and tired body, rendering us unfit for quiet prayer or daily work. For these reasons, and for others, you must keep clear of every low theater, concert-hall, and similar place of degrading amusement. At its best, but only at its best, the theater is "a noble handmaid of the higher life," and as such it may be wisely visited by young persons.

You cannot go to evil places, and keep the fulness of the Spirit, or the love of Jesus. You cannot go to them without hearing or seeing things which should bring a blush to the face. You cannot go to them without putting yourselves into the way of men with whom you should have no dealings whatever. The atmosphere of such places will blight the fairest life, as gas blights tender plants. You will soon cease to care for them, if you live near Christ, just as people put out their fires when the summer sun is shining. Remember the duties and calls of home, the necessity for elder sisters to throw themselves into the amusements of younger children, the many social and educational meetings held at churches and chapels, Y. W. C. A.'s, and other institutions, and you will find that there is no need for you to seek pleasure in things which leave a sting behind.

Dancing is a matter to be settled on grounds of self-respect and propriety. One may well wonder how girls who have any self-respect can yield themselves, especially when attired in the flimsy costume of a ballroom or a "dance-hall," to the embraces of strange men, whose morals may be worse than doubtful. It does not seem fit that the body of a Christian, meant to be the temple of the Holy Ghost, should be whirled through the maze of a waltz by one whose linen may be spotless, but whose soul is dark with the ruin of some of your sisters, who, though fallen now, were once "white as the beautiful snow." Young men are rather careful that the girls they love should not go to promiscuous dances, and a straw will show the drift of the stream. No sensible man will choose his wife in such surroundings, nor a wise woman her husband. A young Christian girl said that since she had given up such pleasures for Christ he had filled her with unspeakable joy.

But we can see no harm in "crossing the room to the sound of music"; and dancing in the home, or in the company of friends and suitable acquaintances, is a pleasant and healthful pastime, in which young and old of both sexes may find enjoyment and social recreation.

## CARE IN NOVEL-READING

Many a noble tree has been eaten through by minute insects, and many a promising character has been inwardly rotted by certain kinds of novels and novelettes. Some young persons, when once smitten by this fever, do nothing else but read trashy and sentimental stories. They rob themselves of food and sleep to read them. And then a great change often takes place. They are so absorbed with the joys and sorrows of imaginary people, that they overlook those of their immediate circle. Their appetite is so cloyed by sweets that they have no interest in the bread of life. They talk to you as those who are living in a dreamland of unreality. We entreat you to guard against the insidious growth of this appetite. If you find it increasing on you, break it off; lay it aside in the strength of Christ, as the runner lays aside "every weight." If you read stories, read only those by the best story-tellers—such novels as those of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, of Hawthorne, Anthony Troloppe, and Kingsley, of Jane Austen and George Eliot, and

of other writers, in the older countries and in our own, who, like those mentioned, give us not only great literature, but also lessons in character and conduct that improve the mind and help us in daily living. Among books for young people by some of our own authors now or lately living—such writers as Louisa M. Alcott, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Kate Douglas Wiggin, F. R. Stockton, Laura E. Richards, and others—are stories that may interest and instruct their readers even in better ways than many works that appear more seriously written could do. And remember too that there are many books of travel, and history, and biography equal in interest to any fiction that ever was spun in the brain of man or woman.

## KEEP ABSOLUTE PURITY

All around you are impure books, and men, and works; ready to soil you, as smuts do the clean linen put out to dry in some poor courtyard. You must guard against their first approach. So long as you are pure, you will find that Christlike chastity is an armor from which all these poisoned darts will glance aside. Depend upon it, a woman may pass unhurt through the foulest atmosphere if only her heart is pure, and she is living in touch with Christ. And many a time she will be able to frown down some indecent and unseemly jest, or to screen some young life.

Every woman looks forward, as Ruth did, to be at rest in the home of her husband. Alas! how terrible, in many cases, has been the process of disenchantment. The shores of time are strewn with the wrecks of women's loves and hopes. And all because they have forgotten that true human love must be grounded on the love and choice and will of God. Human love cannot satisfy apart from the love of God. Human love may be the cup, but it must brim with the living water of the love of God. And if there be the love of God, it will satisfy the heart, though it should never know the sweets of human love. Jesus suffices for heaven; can he not for one poor life? There is light in the sun for a single daisy as well as for the whole world of flowers.

Make Jesus your counselor about your future lot. It will take many wrong motives away, if instead of feeling that you must attract men to yourself, you quietly go on your way, leaving him to choose a husband for you, and whom he will. If no one comes, then don't fret—it is not yours to care; he has chosen for you the single lot, that he may have all your love, and that you may do for others what you could not do if you were absorbed by home claims. If any one seems attracted to you, be sure not to look first at the outward advantages offered you, but ask if he be God's choice for you. And never allow your own heart to go outward toward any one, unless you are sure that you are being led by the Spirit of God.

Nothing is more important than the union of heart with heart, and yet there is nothing into which people drift more heedlessly. A look, a smile, a touch, a moment's talk in a crowded room, amid the excitement of an evening's gaiety—any of these is deemed sufficient to justify a choice that may affect the destiny of the spirit for evermore! Do not fall into this mistake. Make it all a matter of earnest prayer, not only when a new affection has suddenly spoken to you, and your heart is thrilling with its new-found rapture, but *now*, when such things seem indistinct, as hills veiled by morning mist.

# THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS

"The girl is not dead, but sleepeth."—*Matt.* ix. 24

Any girl would say, after reading this story, that no other had such experience as the girl known to us as the daughter of Jairus. This would be quite right. To die and then to be raised from death happens only to a few. Yet something nearly like it happens to many, many girls. Let me tell you the story and you can see for yourself. After an illness the daughter of Jairus died. The doctors could not save her. Jairus the father sought everywhere for Jesus our Lord that he might come and cure her, but Jesus was not found until she died. Then the sorrowing father said to Jesus: "Come anyway to my house, lay thy hand on her, and she shall live." He was a man of great faith. He knew that Jesus was the Son of God, and that life and death lay in his divine hands. It was easy for him to give life to the dead.

So Jesus went with Jairus to his house. Everything had been made ready for the burial, because in those days and places it was necessary to bury as soon as possible after death. The relatives, friends, and neighbors of Jairus gathered in the house to prepare for the funeral, and were aston-

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CHRIST PREACHING BY THE SEASIDE.

ished when the father returned with Jesus, who said to them plainly that their presence was not needed, because the girl was not dead, but only sleeping. And they laughed at him. They had been present during her illness, had seen her die, and knew what death was; and this stranger just come in declares the girl to be sleeping. They laughed him to scorn. Jairus and his wife followed Jesus into the chamber where the dead girl lay.

She lay there like a little waxen flower, looking like life but quite dead. Oh, how sad and hopeless is death to those that love! Her father and mother looked at the little, still body, the sweet lips so pale, the eyes that seemed ready to open and that would never open again of themselves, and with sinking hearts looked at the great Master. What would he do? Jairus never doubted. His heart knew what was coming. In his great and simple way Jesus took the cold hand of the little girl and spoke to her as if she were asleep: Dear little girl, awake, arise!

And all at once the blood leaped in her body, color flashed in her cheek and lips, the lips parted to breathe, her hands moved, her eyes opened, and she smiled upon her parents, then sat up and gave herself to their embraces. What a scene! What a wonder for those who saw it! What joy for Jairus and his wife! What adoration and love for Jesus, who thus showed his divine power! And what questions for the girl restored, as to how she had felt in death, in dying, in returning to life! People came by hundreds to see her and to hear her and to inquire of her. She must have become famous in her day as the child of the miracle.

Yet I say that something like what happened to her also happens to many children of our time. Here, for example, is a child only thirteen years old who is as dead as the daughter of Jairus, but in a different way. She is dead in selfishness. Did you ever see a girl so selfish that she could not think of any one until she had satisfied herself? I have seen quite a number. They were even more dead than the daughter of Jairus. She, of course, could not think of any one, and least of all of her own self. But the really and truly selfish girl is able to think of herself and of others, but refuses to think of any one but herself. She is dead to every one but herself. She thinks and feels and speaks and acts, but only for herself. Such a girl is alive, and yet is really dead.

Her father and mother grieve for her very much. They try in every way to save her. They teach her, warn her, punish her. Her teachers and friends do the same. In many ways she is urged to see the ugliness of keeping everything for herself, of demanding everything for herself, of taking the best share in everything, and of giving nothing in return. All in vain. She is quite dead. She cannot understand what is said, nor what she sees. People begin to dislike and detest her, but she does not understand. Her parents are in despair. Then perhaps they turn to Jesus and ask him to send light into her mind, and feeling into her heart: that is, to restore her to life, for she is dead in selfishness.

How happy for her and them if their prayers are answered! She returns to life. She is no longer dead. She begins to love father and mother, friend and playmate. She begins to understand how much more blessed it is to give than to receive. She is a very different girl. Is not this precisely what happened to the daughter of Jairus? Thus you see many girls have had a similar experience to the dead girl, without having died at all. Dear child, who read this, are you living or dead? Are you so kind to others as to think little of yourself? Then you are very much alive. Are you so kind to yourself that you think nothing of others? Then you are dead. Only the Lord Jesus can prove that you are sleeping, and wake you from that dreadful sleep.

# CHRISTMAS BELLS

"Bells of gold."—*Ex.* xxviii. 33

On the hem of the high priest's robe were "bells of gold." When he went in before the ark to pray for the people, they heard the bells and were happy. They knew he was alive and praying for them. Christ is our High Priest and he is praying for us. If we love Christ and obey him, our hearts hear the "bells of gold," and we know he is praying for us.

The story I have for you, I found in "Why the Chimes Rang." If you ever meet Raymond M. Alden, thank him for it.

There was once, in a far-away country where few people have ever traveled, a wonderful church with a gray stone tower, with ivy growing over it as far up as one could see. In the tower was a chime of Christmas bells.

On Christmas eve all the people of the city brought to the church their offerings to the Christ-child, and when the greatest and best offering was laid on the altar, there would come sounding through the music of the choir the voices of the Christmas chimes far up in the tower. Some said the wind rang them, and others that they were so high that the angels could set them swinging. But for many long years they had never been heard.

A number of miles from the city, in a little country village, lived a boy named Pedro and his little brother.

The day before Christmas was bitterly cold, but the two boys started on their way to the Christmas celebration; and, before nightfall they had trudged so far, hand in hand, that they saw the lights of the big city just ahead of them. Indeed, they were about to enter one of the great gates in the wall that surrounded it when they saw something dark on the snow near their path, and stepped aside to look at it. It was a poor woman, who had fallen just outside the city, too sick and tired and cold to get in where she might have found shelter. Pedro, finding that he could not rouse her, said: "It's no use, little brother; you will have to go alone to the church."

"Alone?" cried little brother, "and you will not see the Christmas festival?"

"No," said Pedro; and he could not help a little choking sound of disappointment in his throat. "See this poor woman; her face looks like the Madonna in the chapel window, and she will freeze to death if nobody cares for her. I am sure the Christ-child must know how I would love to come and worship him; and oh! if you get a chance, little brother, to slip up to the altar without getting in any one's way, take this little silver piece of mine and lay it down for my offering, when no one is looking."

The great church was truly a wonderful place that night. After the service, the people took their gifts to the altar for the Christ-child. Some brought wonderful jewels, some baskets of gold so heavy that they could scarcely carry them down the aisle; a great writer laid down a book that he had been making for years and years; and last of all walked the king of the country, hoping with all the rest to win for himself the chime of the Christmas bells. There was a great murmur through the church as the people saw the king take from his head the royal crown, all set with diamonds and other precious stones, and lay it gleaming on the altar as his offering to the holy Child. "Surely," they said, "we shall hear the bells now." But the chimes did not ring.

The procession was over, the gifts were all on the altar, and the choir had begun the closing hymn. Suddenly the organist stopped playing, and every one looked at the old minister, who was standing in his place and holding up his hand for silence. As the people strained their ears to listen, there came softly but distinctly, swinging through the air, the sound of the bells in the tower! So far away and yet so clear seemed the music, so much sweeter were the notes than anything that had been heard before, rising and falling away up there in the sky, that the people in the church sat for a moment very still. Then they all stood up together and stared at the altar, to see what great gift had awakened the long-silent bells.

But all that the nearest of them saw was the childish figure of Pedro's brother, who had crept softly down the aisle when no one was looking, and had laid Pedro's little piece of silver on the altar.

"There comes to my mind a legend, a thing I had half forgot,
And whether I read it or dreamed it—ah, well, it matters not.
It is said that in heaven at twilight a great bell softly swings,
And men may hasten and hearken to the wonderful music that sings.

"If he puts from his heart's inner chamber all the passion, pains, and strife;
Heartache and weary longing that throb in the pulses of life;
If he thrust from his soul all hatred, all thought of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of heaven rings."

# A SERMON FOR HALLOWE'EN

"The man that deceiveth his neighbor, and saith, Am not I in sport?"—*Prov.* xxvi. 19

THIRTEEN centuries ago Hallowe'en was a holy day in May. It was called "All Saints' day." The evening before was known as Hallowe'en, or holy evening. On November 1st the heathen had an "All Spirits' day." All spirits, good and evil, were thought to be on earth that night. Witches and fairies visited homes and played tricks and had a good time. In order to keep these evil

spirits away church-bells were kept ringing all night.

When these pagans were converted to Christianity the Church thought by putting the two holy days, "All Saints' day" and "All Spirits' day," together, they would make it easier for the pagans to be good Christians. They took "All Saints' day" from May and put it into "All Spirits' day" in November. At first the real good Christians celebrated the evening of October 31 in a Christian way. Those who were not so good celebrated it in their old pagan way. The pagan evening soon swallowed up the Christian evening, leaving only its name. Now, after thirteen centuries, we still have the Christian name and the pagan celebration. When the boys kindle the bonfires it is the old pagan worship of the sun. When children crack nuts it is a relic of the old pagan superstition. How can we keep all the fun and have less pagan and more Christian in our Hallowe'en?

In western Pennsylvania, when I was a boy, Hallowe'en was a night when boys and girls took the place of witches and fairies. They would deceive their neighbors and then say: "Weren't we in sport?" One Hallowe'en a farmer had his wagon loaded with wheat ready for market. A number of the neighboring boys and young men went to his barn that night, unloaded the wheat and took the wagon, piece by piece, and put it together on the very top of the barn. Then they carried up the wheat and put it in the wagon. It was hard work, but when finished they rolled on the ground and laughed to think of how surprised this farmer would be. Before daylight the farmer came out, harnessed his horses, and got ready for an early start to market. When he opened the barn doors there was no wagon to be found. He hunted until daylight and then found the wagon on the top of his barn. They were not bad boys, but did this in order to have a little sport. I think those boys could have had just as much sport and a little more if they had surprised their neighbors in another way.

Suppose they had taken a wagonful of flour and potatoes and meat, and in the quiet hours of the night had driven to the homes of their neighbors who were very, very poor, and left some of these good things at their doors. They could have had a good, rollicking laugh at the thought of how surprised these people would be when they came out next morning.

Just imagine a widow with a number of children and scarcely anything in the house for breakfast. The next morning she prays that God would send something to eat. Then she takes the water-pail and starts for the spring. As she opens the door something falls on the step. She is so frightened that she drops the pail and runs back to the window. She sees a barrel of flour, a bag of potatoes, some meat, and a number of good things. What a joke that would be for the boys—to imagine how surprised she would be. They could roll over the ground and almost over themselves laughing at the way the poor woman would look at the answer to her prayer on Hallowe'en.

Then suppose there was a farmer who was sick and too poor to hire men to husk his corn. The boys could go to his field and husk his corn and put it in the crib. Imagine the fun of seeing the sick man next morning in bed leaning on his elbow and looking out at his empty cornfield and full corncrib. Boys will be boys, and in this way they could have funnels full of fun on Hallowe'en.

Shall I tell you a story? One Hallowe'en a boy rang the drug-store bell. The clerk came down and opened the door. All he saw was a pumpkin with holes for eyes, nose, mouth, and ears, through which a candle was shining. The boys had a good laugh and meant no harm. They were not bad, only wanted some fun. The clerk was mad and thought the boys were bad. When the boy who rang the bell went home he saw the doctor's horse at the gate. He ran in and found baby sister very sick. The doctor said, "Peter, run as fast as you can and get this medicine." He rang and rang the bell, but the clerk did not come down. The next morning there was crape on the door of the baby's home.

Solomon says: As a mad man who casteth firebrands, arrows, and death, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbor, and saith, "Am not I in sport?"

Do not forget that Hallowe'en means Holy Eve. An evening set apart to think of those who were like saints of God in your life. Commit to memory now what Lowell wrote, and as you grow older the meaning will unfold and help you to enjoy Hallowe'en.

"One feast, of holy days the crest,
I, though no churchman, love to keep,
All Saints — the unknown good that rest
In God's still memory folded deep.
The bravely dumb who did their deed,
And scorned to blot it with a name,
Men of the plain heroic breed,
That loved Heaven's silence more than fame."

# LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

"On his birthday."—*Mark* vi. 21

In the year 1809 a boy was born. The house he was to call "home" had a kitchen, a dining-room, a nursery, a playroom, a bedroom, a library, a parlor, and a roof-garden. This, you say, was rather a fine house, and that boy's parents must have been rich. But all these rooms were one room, with a dirt floor. It had one big fireplace, one window, and but one door. There was but one bed, and the father had made it out of rough boards. This family was very poor and this one-room log cabin was the boy's home. In this home was the original one-shelf library. On it were five books: "Æsop's Fables," "Pilgrim's Progress," a "Life of Washington," "Burns's Poems," and the Bible. If the boy had known how poor his house and parents were he might have been lost to the world by dying from overcrying. A log cabin with a dirt floor—but at the other end of his life was the White House with tiled floors.

The parents named their boy Abraham, but the name was too long for one room, so they shortened it to "Abe," and by this name he has been known for one hundred years—"Abe Lincoln."

But I must not forget to tell you that inside of this large-small house there was one of the most beautiful homes ever built on earth. It had a cozy-corner, light and warm. For Abe there was everything a boy could ask for in a home. The peculiarity of this home was that while Abe found it inside the house, it was larger than the house. He continued to live in the love of this home all his life. When he became President he took his memory and love of this home with him and found it more beautiful than the White House. The name of this wonderful home was "mother." Your teacher will probably tell you that our three best words are "mother," "home," and "heaven," but they are like the rooms in the cabin, all one. It is mother that makes a home, and a home and mother make heaven, so really there is but one best word, and that is "mother." Better a log cabin with a dirt floor and mother, than a palace and Persian rugs without a mother.

He had a strong body. With a helper he in one day split three thousand fence-rails. This gave him a new name, "the rail-splitter." He became the champion rail-splitter of his district, and turned this skill to much account, as is seen from his bargain made with Mrs. Nancy Miller to "split four hundred rails for every yard of brown jeans, dyed with white walnut bark that would be necessary to make him a pair of trousers." He was a very strong young man, but he was not handsome. He once told about a photograph he had taken. He said: "This coarse, rough hair of mine was in a particularly bad tousle, and the picture presented me in all its fright. After my nomination, this being about the only picture there was, copies were struck to show those who had never seen me how I looked. The newsboys carried them around to sell and had for their cry, 'Here's old Abe; he'll look better when he gets his hair combed.'" It is better to have strength without beauty, than beauty without strength.

A poor woman fought her way into his presence and made a mother's plea for her son, who had been sentenced to death for some violation of the military laws. Lincoln listened to her pleadings, and presently wrote something on a piece of paper which he handed to her. In a moment more, seeing that it was her son's pardon, she fell at her benefactor's feet, kissed his hands, then looking up into his face, she murmured: "I knew they lied; I knew they lied!" Lincoln asked her meaning, to which she replied, "Oh, sir, they told me you were a homely man, but I think you are the handsomest man I ever saw!" 'Twas true. For mercy and humanity's appeal to his great heart had beautified his face as they did his life! He had more than a strong body; he had a strong and rugged brain.

He attended a very private school. The private school was the chimney-corner in the log cabin. His mother was the teacher. You will be interested in his writing-pad. It was the back of a big wooden shovel. When it was written over, he shaved off the wood and had a new pad. His lead-pencil was a piece of charcoal. He graduated from the largest university in the world. The university had three departments—the fields, the streams, and the forest. When other boys were playing, he was thinking.

If you boys and girls ever visit Rutherford Park, N. J., you will find a big boulder on which is cut his Gettysburg address. This rugged boulder is a good illustration of his rugged nature and strong brain, and the address represents the wonders that his brain could perform. There are but ten sentences and two hundred and sixty-eight words in this Gettysburg address, but it is the only chapter of American literature ever taught in an English university.

It is better to have a rugged brain from which

From a painting by A. Golz.

CHRIST AND THE HOLY WOMEN.

came this wonderful address, than to have a brain so smooth and so well polished as simply to shine and nothing more.

He had more than a strong body and a wonderful brain; he had a big, warm, rugged heart. His motto was, "Charity for all, malice toward none." If you boys and girls will take this for your motto: charity or love for every person in the world, and malice—that is, dislike or hatred—for no person in the world, it will help to make you great. His religious creed was even shorter and better than his Gettysburg speech: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself."

A little story will show you how large he was. In "Our Birds and Their Nestlings," we find this story of Lincoln. In the early pioneer days, when Abraham Lincoln was a young attorney and "rode the circuit," he was one day traveling on horseback from one town to another with a party of friends who were lawyers like himself.

The road which they traveled led across prairies and through woods. As they passed through a grove where the birds were singing merrily, they noticed a baby bird which had fallen from the nest and lay fluttering by the roadside. After they had gone a short distance, Lincoln stopped, turned, and said, "Wait for me a moment; I will soon rejoin you." As his friends halted and watched him, they saw Lincoln return to the place where the helpless bird lay on the ground, and tenderly take it up and set it on a limb near the nest. When he joined his companions, one of them laughingly asked, "Why did you bother yourself and delay us with such a trifle as that?"

Abraham Lincoln's reply deserves to be remembered. "My friend," said he, "I can only say this —that I feel better for it. I could not have slept to-night if I had left that helpless little creature to perish on the ground."

Of God it is said: "Not a sparrow falleth without his notice."

# THE FINE ART OF KINDNESS

As we meet and touch each day
The many travelers on our way,
Let every such brief contact be
A glorious, helpful ministry!
The contact of the soil and seed;
Each giving to the other's need—
Each helping on the other's best,
And blessing each as well as blest!
—*Susan Coolidge.*

If you are going to do a good thing, do it now; if you are going to do a mean thing, wait till to-morrow.
—*Anonymous.*

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.
—*Canon Farrar.*

It seems to me it is the same with love and happiness as with sorrow—the more we know of it the better we can feel what other people's lives are or might be, and so we shall only be more tender to them and wishful to help them.
—*George Eliot.*

The tender words and loving deeds which we scatter for the hearts which are nearest to us are immortal seed that will spring up in everlasting beauty, not only in our own lives, but in the lives of those born after us.
—*Charles H. Spurgeon.*

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

Dig channels for the streams of Love,
Where they may broadly run;
And Love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.
But if at any time thou cease
Such channels to provide,
The very springs of Love for thee
Will soon be parched and dried.
For we must share, if we would keep,
That good thing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have—
Such is the law of Love.
—*Richard C. Trench.*

That day is best wherein we give
A thought to others' sorrows;
Forgetting self, we learn to live,
And blessings born of kindly deeds
Make golden our to-morrows.
—*Rose H. Thorpe.*

He taught the virtues, first and last,
He taught us manhood, more and more,
The simple courage that stands fast,
The patience of the poor;
Love for all creatures, great and small,
And trust in Something over all.
—*Richard H. Stoddard.*

An arm of aid to the weak,
A friendly hand to the friendless,
Kind words so short to speak,
But whose echo is endless—
The world is wide, these things are small,
They may be nothing—but they are all!
—*William C. Gannett.*

Among the pitfalls on our way
The best of us walk blindly;
So, man, be wary, watch and pray,
And judge your brother kindly.
—*Alice Cary.*

There are people who do great acts; but because they wait for great opportunities, life passes, and the acts of love are not done at all.
—*Frederick W. Robertson.*

It is time to be kind; it is kind to be sweet,
To be scattering roses for somebody's feet.
It is time to be sowing; it is time to be growing;
It is time for the flowers of life to be blowing.
—*Anonymous.*

So many Gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.
—*Ella W. Wilcox.*

# THE NOBILITY OF WORK

No man is born into this world whose work is not born with him; there is always work, and tools to work withal, for those who will.
—*James Russell Lowell.*

The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is energy, invincible determination—a purpose once fixed, and then—death or victory.
—*Sir T. Burton.*

Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait—not in listless idleness—but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavors, always willing, and fulfilling and accomplishing his task, that when the occasion comes he may be equal to the occasion.
—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

Now—the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long;
Afterward—the golden reaping,
Harvest home and grateful song.
—*Frances R. Havergal.*

It seems to me that the first impulse, the first aim, of a new-born soul is service. "What shall I do? I want to do something." This desire is out of gratitude to him who has saved you.
—*Dwight L. Moody.*

The end and object of your existence should be work, or the legitimate employment of all your faculties—work for God, work for man, work in the state of life in which it has pleased God to place you, for him, for yourselves, for your fellow-men. Follow this as a first principle, and you will find how wonderfully, how satisfyingly, all pleasures will group themselves healthfully and helpfully about work.
—*Hugh R. Haweis.*

Die when I may, I want it said of me, by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow.
—*Abraham Lincoln.*

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work, his life is a happy one.
—*John Ruskin.*

Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armor,
And forth to the fight are gone:
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The Past and the Future are nothing,
In the face of the stern To-day.
—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

I should never have made my success in life if I had not bestowed upon the least thing I have ever

undertaken the same attention and care that I have bestowed upon the greatest.

—*Charles Dickens.*

WORK is of a religious nature; work is of a brave nature; which it is the aim of all religion to be. All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness.

—*Thomas Carlyle.*

WHEN Christ had finished his work, the last thing he did was to teach his disciples about the coming of the Holy Spirit and what he would do when he came. When he handed over his work to them, then it was he told them that the Spirit was coming to help and to work with them. It was this that helped those early Christians, and it will help us.

—*Dwight L. Moody.*

FIND your niche and fill it. If it be ever so little, if it is only to be hewer of wood, or drawer of water, do something in the great battle for God and truth.

—*Charles H. Spurgeon.*

THE weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which, worthily used, will be a gift also to his race forever.

—*John Ruskin.*

THANK God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

A MAN is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

LEARN these two things: never be discouraged because good things get on so slowly here; and never fail daily to do that good thing which lies next to your hand.

—*George Macdonald.*

WE can finish nothing in this life; but we may make a beginning, and bequeath a noble example.

—*Samuel Smiles.*

# IF I WERE A BOY

## BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN

ONE cold winter day, not long ago, I was sitting in the study of a minister, up in Connecticut. He is a rather sober-faced man, but one who knows something about boys and girls; and in our talk he told me that he had just been giving his young friends two lectures on these subjects: "What I would do if I were a Boy," and "What I would do if I were a Girl."

"Capital!" I said. "Are those titles copyrighted?"

"No," he answered.

"Very well," I said; "I 'll use them, then, sometime."

"You 're welcome to them," was his reply.

So that is where I got the hint out of which this article has grown. I don't know what my friend said to his boys and girls; no doubt it was sensible and kindly counsel; but he has given me a good handle for my talk (and for a talk, as well as for a tool, a handle is sometimes very important), and I have given him these few words of acknowledgment, as a royalty on his invention. But I must get to work, or you may think that the tool that I have fitted to this handle is going to be an auger.

I suppose that there is not a man alive who ever was a boy, nor any woman either, who never was a boy (no, nor any girl, for that matter), who is not often thinking (and speaking out the thought, too, very often) of what he or she would do if he or she were a boy. Men often wish that they were boys. There was a song I used to hear them sing: "I would I were a boy again!"

That feeling comes over most men very strongly, now and then. And the reason why men sometimes wish that they were boys again is, I suppose, that they see many mistakes that they made when they were boys, and think that if they could try it over again, they could do better —that they would shun some of the errors that have marred their lives. But, then, if they were

boys again, they would be nothing but boys, just as liable to make mistakes the second time as the first, just as ignorant, and just as headstrong. And, for my part, after soberly thinking the matter over, I have come to the conclusion that I would not try it over again if I had the chance. I have made some sad mistakes, but the second time I might make sadder ones. If I could take my experience back with me to boyhood, if I could start at ten or twelve with all or even part of the lessons learned that I have spent all these years in learning, then I would gladly try it over again. I know that I should avoid many serious errors, that I should make much more of life the second time. It is idle for me to think of that; that cannot be. But I believe that we are placed together as we are, in families and in society, the old and the young together, in order that the experience of those who are older may be of use to those who are younger.

Suppose that I have been climbing a certain mountain. The paths are blind and wholly unfamiliar to me, and I meet with several mishaps; losing my way more than once, and having to retrace my steps, but succeeding, at length, in gaining the summit. On my return, at the foot of the mountain I meet you, and some such conversation as this takes place:

"Hullo! Going up the mountain?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ever climbed it?"

"No, sir."

"Don't know the road then?"

"No; but I guess I 'll find it easy enough. Lots of people have found the way up, and I 'm sure I can."

"Oh, yes; you 'll find it, I hope. Though, for that matter, a great many people have missed it too. But, look here! I can tell you something. You keep right on this path, and by and by you 'll come to a big bowlder, and then the path divides; the one that goes to the left looks the best and the most direct, but it is n't; I tried it and it landed me in a swamp in which I came near being stuck. The right road, then, *is* the right road."

"All right! Thank you! I 'll remember that."

"Then just above, half a mile or so, there 's a big spruce-tree across the path; there you must turn to the left. I went off to the right and was lost in the woods, and it was two hours before I found my way back."

"Thank you! Big spruce-tree across the path; turn to the left. I 'll remember."

"Yes. And then, when you come to a spring, a mile or so farther on—a spring at the root of a beech-tree—don't go straight on past the spring, as the path seems to lead you; turn, there, sharp up the bank. It will be something of a scramble, but you will strike a better path then that will take you up to a view of the South Valley, that they all say is the finest view on the mountain. I missed it, but you don't want to."

"No; of course not! Much obliged. Good morning!"

"Good morning!"

Such talk as that would be sensible enough, would it not? You would not object in the least to having me give you points, in that way, about the best path up the mountain. You would take my word without hesitation. Well, those of us who are a little older have been up the mountain of life ahead of you, and we have got out of the path now and then, and have learned a great deal, by bitter experience, about right turnings and wrong turnings, about swamps and thickets and pitfalls and precipices; and we sometimes feel very anxious to give you, who are now on your way up, a few hints from our own experience—warnings and directions that we know would be of use to you. And, though boys are sometimes headstrong and conceited, and think they know a great deal more about the road than their fathers and uncles and grandfathers ever knew, yet most of them are sometimes willing to hear what we have to say, and are thankful to be told. I believe that you are willing, and, therefore, I have stopped you for a few minutes at the foot of the mountain, to tell you some of the walks that I *would n't* take, and some of the roads that I *would* take, if I were going up again.

1. If, then, I were a boy again, and knew what I know now, I would not be quite so positive in my opinions as I used to be. Boys generally think that they are very certain about many things. A boy of fifteen is a great deal more sure of what he thinks he knows than is a man of fifty. You ask the boy a question and he will answer you right off, up and down; he knows all about it. Ask a man of large experience and ripe wisdom the same question, and he will say, "Well, there is much to be said about it. I am inclined, on the whole, to think so and so, but other intelligent men think otherwise."

When I was eight years old I traveled from central Massachusetts to western New York, crossing the river at Albany, and going by canal from Schenectady to Syracuse. On the canal-boat a kindly gentleman was talking to me one day, and I mentioned the fact that I had crossed the *Connecticut* River at Albany. How I got it in my head that it was the Connecticut River I do not know, for I knew my geography very well then; but in some unaccountable way I had it

fixed in my mind that the river at Albany was the Connecticut, and I called it so.

"Why," said the gentleman, "that is the Hudson River."

"Oh, no, sir!" I replied, politely, but firmly. "You 're mistaken. That is the Connecticut River."

The gentleman smiled and said no more. I was not much in the habit, I think, of contradicting my elders; but in this matter, I was perfectly sure that I was right, and so I thought it my duty to correct the gentleman's geography. I felt rather sorry for him that he should be so ignorant. One day, after I reached home, I was looking over my route on the map, and lo! there was Albany standing on the Hudson River, a hundred miles from the Connecticut. Then I did not feel half so sorry for the gentleman's ignorance as I did for my own. I never told anybody that story until I wrote it down on these pages the other day; but I have thought of it a thousand times, and always with a blush for my boldness. Nor was it the only time that I was perfectly sure of things that really were not so. It is hard for a boy to learn that he may be mistaken; but, unless he is a fool, he learns it after a while. The sooner he finds it out, the better for him.

2. If I were a boy, I would not think that I and the boys of my time were exceptions to the general rule—a new kind of boys, unlike all who have lived before, having different feelings and different wants, and requiring to be dealt with in different ways. That is a tone which I sometimes hear boys taking. To be honest, I must own that I used to think so myself. I was quite inclined to reject the counsel of my elders by saying to myself, "That may have been well enough for boys thirty or fifty years ago, but it is n't the thing for me and my set of boys." But that was nonsense. The boys of one generation are not different from the boys of another generation. If we say that boyhood lasts fifteen or sixteen years, I have now known three generations of boys, some of them city boys and some of them country boys, and they all are substantially alike—so nearly alike that the old rules of industry and patience and perseverance and self-control are as applicable to one generation as to another. The fact is, that what your fathers and teachers have found by experience to be good for boys will be good for you; and what their experience has taught them is bad for boys will be bad for you. You are just boys, nothing more nor less.

3. If I were a boy, I would not speak disrespectfully or contemptuously of or to a woman. Women and girls are different from men and boys; as a rule, they are not so strong physically; their ways of thinking and of judging are somewhat different from those of men; but they may be different without being inferior. The fact that they are different is no reason why you should think of them slightingly or treat them rudely. The nobler gentleman he is, the less possible it is for a man to think or speak disrespectfully of woman. You have read about the knights of chivalry and of the honor they always paid to women; they had rather far-fetched and fantastic ways of showing their respect, but the thing they stood up for was the manly thing. And if I were a boy, I should want to be a chivalrous boy in my treatment of women, and all the more if the woman were my sister or my mother. Some time or other, my boy, if you live to be an old man, you will stand where I have stood, at the grave of your mother; and, if there is any "man" in you, you will be sorry then for every word of disrespect you have ever spoken of a woman.

4. For much the same reasons, if I were a boy, I would never tease or abuse a smaller boy; and I would never ridicule any person, male or female, old or young, because he or she was lame or deformed or homely or awkward or ill-dressed, or unfortunate in any way. In fact, I do not believe that real boys ever do anything of this sort.

5. Another thing I would be careful about, if I were a boy, would be letting my love of fun lead me into trespassing upon other people's rights. Boys like a rousing good time, and they ought to have it; they enjoy making a noise, and they should have plenty of chances to make a noise; but they ought always to be careful lest their rough pleasure cause pain to some one else. That, you see, would be sheer selfishness. I have seen boys carry boisterous fun into places where everybody but the boys wanted it kept orderly and quiet, so that the enjoyment of others was spoiled that the boys might have a merry time. That is not fair play; and no thoughtful and manly boy will want to have his fun at such expense to the feelings of others. For this reason and for other reasons, if I were a boy, I would never play or whisper in any orderly public assembly, especially in a place of worship. I would be quiet and attentive and respectful always in prayer time, and in every devotional exercise, because I should remember that disorderly behavior at such times is not only irreverent, but that it is a great trespass upon the rights of others, who do not wish to have their attention distracted by such disturbances.

6. If I were a boy, I would not lie. I would suffer much before I would tell a falsehood or knowingly make a statement which would convey a falsehood. I would take great care not to fall

into the habit of misstating or overstating the truth—of telling big stories. I would feel that the bottom fact of character is truthfulness, and that a boy who has habits of untruthfulness, who has fallen into the way of deceiving or concealing or coloring his statements, is a boy who needs to put right about, or he will soon be on the rocks. A boy whose word is good for nothing is in a very critical condition. He would better pull himself together and make up his mind very firmly to think twice before he speaks, and not to say a word that is not exactly true.

7. If I were a boy, I would not use profane words or foul words of any sort. Boys sometimes think it smart and manly to use bad language and to tell vile stories, but it is not. No gentleman ever defiles his lips in that way.

8. If I were a boy, I would not read such books and newspapers as I sometimes see boys reading. Much of this reading furnished for boys is positively bad—unclean, immoral, corrupting. I am told that books of this character are sometimes secreted and read stealthily; but the misguided and foul-minded fellows who could do a thing like this are not, I hope, enrolled among the serious company of manly chaps who read these words. Many of the books and papers of which I am speaking are not vile, as a rule, but they are hurtful, nevertheless, to the minds and the morals of the boys who read them. I know boys who have read so much flashy fiction that they cannot take any sober and sensible views of life; they seem to have lost the power to study: they never read anything but fiction, and that of the lightest sort; the most entertaining book of history or science is a bore to them; their minds are so feeble and so feverish that they are wholly unfitted for the work of life. If you want to keep your mental grip and your moral soundness, never abuse your minds by feeding them on this sensational fodder.

9. If I were a boy, I would not use tobacco in any way. There are men who think it right to smoke, and I am not going to discuss the question as respects men; but whatever may be said of them, there is no intelligent man anywhere, whether he himself smokes or does not smoke, whether he thinks it right or wrong for men to smoke, who does not think it always wrong for a boy. It might be right for your father and utterly wrong for you. There is a great difference between the effects of tobacco upon a growing person and its effects upon one who has got his growth. It hurts a growing boy a great deal more than it hurts a grown man. I have my doubts whether any one ever uses it habitually without being injured by it; but it is perfectly certain—all the doctors agree on this—that it is always injurious for boys. Here, for example, is the word of one doctor who thinks it no harm for some men to use it: "To young persons," he says, *"under twenty-five years or so,* tobacco, even in small quantities, is so apt to disorder health, in some way or other, that for such it should be considered generally harmful."

10. For the same reason, if I were a boy, I would not drink beer or wine or any kind of alcoholic liquor. Here, too, there is a dispute among the doctors, some of them saying that men may sometimes drink wine or beer without harm; but here, too, they all are perfectly agreed that for boys such drinks are always harmful. A great many boys in this country are learning to drink beer. Some of them think that there is no harm in it. But in thousands of cases, it has brought a deadly train of misery along with it. It has crippled many a man's best powers; it has been the beginning of drunkenness and of blighted lives. And not only because of the probable harm to yourselves, but because of the trouble and poverty and sorrow that it causes all over the land, have nothing to do with it.

I have used much of my time in telling you what I would not do if I were a boy; let me say a few words about what I would do.

1. I would have a good time, if I could. I do not put this first because it is the main thing; nevertheless, it is an important thing. There are some little fellows who are not able to have a very good time. Sometimes a boy's father dies, or there is sickness and trouble in his family, and he is compelled to go to work in early boyhood, and to work hard all the time, with small chance for fun. When such a duty is laid upon a boy, of course he must do it, and if he is the right sort of fellow, he will do it bravely and cheerfully; many a boy has shown his manliness in this way. The courage and devotion of some boys whom I have known, in shouldering such burdens as these, are beyond all praise. But this is not the kind of life that we would choose for a boy. He ought to work, no matter what his circumstances may be; he ought to spend in some useful way a considerable portion of his time out of school hours; but then he ought to play, as well as to work; to be a lively, merry, hearty lad. If I were a boy, I would be expert, if I could, at all right manly sports; I would be glad to be the strongest, swiftest, jolliest fellow on the playground. But I would do my work thoroughly first, and take my pastime afterward with a good conscience.

2. I would have my outdoor fun, too, in the daytime, and stay at home in the evening. Home

is the right place for boys in the evenings. The boy who stays at home evenings is not only safest, he is also happiest. The kind of diversion he gets by roaming the streets of a city after dark is a kind that makes him restless and miserable; it unfits him for any quiet and reposeful life. Now the truth is, boys, that it is just as necessary for you to learn how to enjoy a quiet time, as it is to learn how to enjoy a noisy and exciting time; and evening is the time, and home is the place, for you to cultivate this gentler part of your nature, the part that will make you a gentleman.

3. If I were a boy, I would consider it a large part of a boy's business to learn to work. Work is not naturally pleasant to many of us; the taste for it has to be acquired. Youth is the time to acquire it. You can learn to take a tough problem in arithmetic, or an abstruse chapter in physics, or a long Greek conjugation, and put everything else out of your mind, and think right at it, just as intently as if it were a ball game, until it is finished. You can learn to take any other difficult and troublesome job, and fasten your thought and energy upon it, and do it thoroughly. This power of concentration and perseverance is one main thing to learn. Knowing what I now know about life, I am sure that if I were a boy again, this would be one of the things that I should try hardest to learn.

4. I would learn, too, to obey. That is one of the manliest traits of character, after all—obedience. It is what makes a soldier. To be able promptly and cheerfully to conform to all rightful authority, to bend your will to the wills of those who are directing your work—this is a noble virtue. It is a great part of discipline to acquire it. The time to acquire it is boyhood.

5. I would learn self-control. Boys are generally creatures of impulse. What they feel like doing they are apt to rush ahead and do, without stopping to consider whether it is wise or not. In the craving for pleasure of one sort or another, they are not always willing to hear reason. But, unless he is going to make shipwreck of life, every boy must learn to draw the rein, not only over temper, but over desire, and to say to himself now and then, "Hold on! *I 'm* doing this, and I 'm not going to be a fool; let 's see what is right and best before we go any further." The power to pull himself up in this way and use his reason and his judgment, instead of letting impulse determine his conduct, is a power that, if I were a boy again, I should begin to cultivate very early in life.

# IF I WERE A GIRL

## BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN

It is n't so easy to tell what I would do if I were a girl. I don't remember the mistakes I made when I was a girl, nearly so well as I remember those that I made when I was a boy; and therefore I cannot tell what I would do if I had a chance now to try. Doubtless I should make a poor job of it. I fear that I should not succeed half so well as some that I know are succeeding. But there are girls and girls; and when I look about among those whom I know, I sometimes say to myself, "There! if I were a girl I would n't do as that girl does"; and at other times, "There! if I were a girl I would like to be such a girl as that!" So I am going to give you the results of my observation of girls—some of the conclusions to which I have come in studying the ways of the girls themselves.

1. First then, if I were a girl, I think I would be a girl; and I would n't wish or try to be a boy at all, or a woman even, until my time came. It is not uncommon for girls to think of what they would do if they were boys, and to wish that they were boys. They think that there is more of liberty and of opportunity for boys than for girls; they sometimes lament the misfortune of their birth. Of course this is extremely foolish. It is just like short people wishing they were tall or black people wishing that they were white; all such sighs are wasted breath, and worse than wasted; they make us discontented and wretched. You are just what the good Lord made you, and he makes no mistakes. If you become what he meant you to be, you will be as happy as your heart can hold.

It is not so foolish for a girl to wish that she were a woman; the song of "Seven-times Two" is the very heart of a girl's heart:

> "I wish and I wish that the spring would go faster,
> Nor long summer bide so late,
> And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
> For some things are ill to wait."

But, after all, that is one of the girl's longings that she must learn to curb. Womanhood will

come soon enough; be girls as long as you can. And while you are girls don't put on the airs of young ladyhood; content yourself with being just what you are.

2. If I were a girl, I would take good care of my health. Health is as precious to a girl as to a boy, and more costly: she has to take more pains to get it and keep it. A woman's life in our time is not so favorable to health as a man's life is, and many are the women who become helpless and wretched through the loss of health. If you are to be well, strong, happy women (and you will not be happy unless you are well and strong) you must begin in your girlhood to take good care of your health. You must sit up straight when you study or read; you must eat plain and wholesome food; you must cut out most of the dopes and sweets; you must take abundant exercise in the fresh air; you must wear warm, loose, comfortable clothing; you must be early in bed. You cannot understand the value of these things now, but if you expect life to be worth anything to you by and by you must attend to them now.

3. The kind of girl I should like to be does n't parade too much in public places. I know a good many girls—some of them pretty nice girls, too,—who are on exhibition on the public streets much more than is good for them. They expose themselves thus to rude treatment and the vulgar gaze, and see much more of the world than it is worth while for them to see.

4. My model girl is always quiet in her deportment. She is n't the least bit loud in dress or manners or forms of expression. She is careful, for one thing, to cultivate a gentle voice. She is n't given to shouting, in the streets or anywhere else. I hear a good many loud women in this country wherever I go—some who are thought to be ladies, too—and I don't like to hear them. A person who lifts up her voice in that way, on the porch, or in the street-car, or in the store, so that everybody looks that way, may be a very estimable person, but if I were going to be a girl I would n't be that kind.

5. The girl I should like to be does n't think a great deal about dress, or parties, or fashionable society. She likes to be prettily dressed, of course; she would n't like to be a spectacle, on account of the slovenliness or the dowdiness of her attire; but she thinks much less of her garments than she does of many other things. She does n't judge people by their clothes, nor does she feel that it is a greater disgrace to wear an unfashionable hat than to recite a slipshod lesson or perform an unkind act or tell a lie.

I am sorry to say that there are a good many girls with whom dress has become the principal interest of life. Some of them I do not blame at all. I do not see how they can help themselves. They have been trained, from babyhood, to put this first; their mothers began to bedeck them with finery in their cradles, and as soon as they were old enough to talk they heard their dresses praised by silly women who told them how sweet they looked and filled their heads with this kind of vanity; all their lives long it has been the leading subject of conversation in such society as they have had, and if, in such an atmosphere, they have grown up to think more of dress than of anything else in the world, who can blame them? If any of you have been brought up in that way, all I can say is, I am sorry for you. I hope that somebody will be able some day to give you a better idea of what is really worth while.

6. Nor would I wish to be one of those girls who devote a large part of life to parties and plays and shows and society diversions. Into that whirl a sensible girl will not plunge. If she has a sensible mother she will not be permitted to do it. To many of the older ones it is ruinous; to a growing girl it is fatal. Health, mental vigor, moral soundness, are all undermined by the social dissipation into which too many of our young girls are permitted to rush.

7. If I were a girl and knew what I now know about the future that lies before the majority of our girls, I would make the best possible use of the opportunities of storing and training my mind. School-days are of more importance to girls than to boys. There are exceptions, on both sides, but as a general rule a man's opportunities in after life of mental cultivation and training are better than a woman's. So much the more reason is there that girls should make the best use of their school-time. As a general rule they do; their rank, in the high schools, is apt to be higher than that of the boys.

8. There is one art that I am sure I should want to learn if I were a girl, and that is the fine art of home-making—how to make home comfortable and beautiful and happy—that is the one art that every girl ought to learn. It is n't every woman who has a home, of course, but most women do; the great majority of you, girls, will have homes of your own, sometime. If your home is what it ought to be, what you ought to make it, you will never have anything worth more, nor anything which will give you half so much pleasure. I do not mean simply that you ought to learn to be housekeepers; housekeeping in the ordinary sense is a mechanical art; this, of which I speak, is at once a fine art and a divine vocation. The material part is important; you will

need to understand that; but not every one who can cook and do marketing and keep the furniture dusted, and manage the finances economically is a good home-maker. After these things are learned you have to learn how to make the home beautiful and winsome in its look; how to order its life so that all shall go on sweetly and smoothly; how to fill it with pleasantness and cheerfulness; how to bring into it wholesome diversions; how to connect it with other homes, of like nature, so that the gracious influences of pure and happy households shall flow from one to another enriching all; how to blend the lives of its inmates with one pervading spirit of harmony and peace. You do not all understand me, girls, but you will by and by; I hope that you will all come to know that it is a great thing to make a beautiful and happy home. No greater achievement is possible for man or woman.

Come with me to this home which I see; the curtain is lifted, we can look in. Is n't it a pretty place? They are sitting around the evening lamp; they are filled with the spirit of comfort and good cheer; the bond that binds them together and that binds them to this place is the strongest bond that earth knows anything about; oh how it will tug at their hearts by and by when some of them are far away! Is n't it a lovely picture? Who is the artist? There she is—that woman sitting there—wife and mother. If she had painted a fair landscape, if she had written a fine poem her praises would be in the mouths of men; but is there any painting on the walls of the great Academy more beautiful than that? Is there any poem in any of the books half so sweet as that song of "Home, sweet home," that sings itself into the ear of God as the utterance of the life of many a quiet woman?

9. Finally, I trust you will remember that this kind of art, as indeed every other, demands of you, first of all, a pure and noble character. You cannot make a thing as fine as a good home unless you are a good woman. Nor can you do any other kind of good work well unless you, the doer, have in yourself the goodness that the work ought to possess. People sometimes ask you when you are studying what you are going to make of yourselves; tell them that by God's grace you are going to make of yourselves women; not mere writers of verse or painters of pictures or workers in worsted or sellers of purple or wearers of apparel, or teachers of arithmetic or keepers of houses, but women, such as God meant you to be, divine in the gracious dignity and beauty of your characters, with well-stored and well-trained minds, with sound health and clear judgment, with habits of self-reliance, with all your womanly nature fully developed. Here is a picture for you to keep before your eyes of what I trust you will want to make of yourselves—an old picture, but who can show a fairer one?

"I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

"And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveler between life and death:
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light."

# THE LIFE BEYOND

## ALL FOR IMMORTALITY

BY EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON

I CANNOT believe that earth is man's abiding-place. It can't be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves, and then sink into nothingness: else, why is it that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our heart are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off, and leave us to muse upon their favored loveliness? Why is it that the stars, who hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our heart? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth: there is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread before us like islands that

slumber on the ocean; and where the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.

## THE HEAVENLY HOME

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE

"Home"—oh, how sweet is that word! What beautiful and tender associations cluster thick around it! Compared with it, house, mansion, palace, are cold, heartless terms. But "home!" that word quickens the pulse, warms the heart, stirs the soul to its depths, makes age feel young again, rouses apathy into energy, sustains the sailor in his midnight watch, inspires the soldier with courage on the field of battle, and imparts patient endurance to the worn-down sons of toil. The thought of it has proved a sevenfold shield to virtue; the very name of it has been a spell to call back the wanderer from the paths of vice. And far away, where myrtles bloom and palm-trees wave, and the ocean sleeps upon coral strands, to the exile's fond fancy it clothes the naked rock, or stormy shore, or barren moor, or wild highland mountain, with charms he weeps to think of, and longs once more to see.

Grace sanctifies these lovely affections, and imparts a sacredness to the homes of earth by making them types of heaven. As a home the believer delights to think of it. Thus, when lately bending over a dying saint, and expressing our sorrow to see him lie so low, with the radiant countenance rather of one who had just left heaven than of one about to enter it, he raised and clasped his hands, and exclaimed in ecstasy, *"I am going home."*

## IMMORTAL LIFE

BY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

If the Father deigns to touch with divine power the cold and pulseless heart of the buried acorn, and make it to burst forth from its prison walls, will he leave neglected in the earth the soul of man, who was made in the image of his Creator? If he stoops to give to the rose-bush, whose withered blossoms float upon the breeze, the sweet assurance of another springtime, will he withhold the words of hope from the sons of men when the frosts of winter come? If matter, mute and inanimate, though changed by the forces of nature into a multitude of forms, can never die, will the imperial spirit of man suffer annihilation after it has paid a brief visit, like a royal guest, to this tenement of clay?

Rather let us believe that he who, in his apparent prodigality, wastes not the raindrop, the blade of grass, or the evening's sighing zephyr, but makes them all to carry out his eternal plans, has given immortality to the mortal, and gathered to himself the spirits of our friends. Instead of mourning, let us look up and address our departed in the words of the poet:

"Thy day has come, not gone;
Thy sun has risen, not set;
Thy life is now beyond
The reach of death or change,
Not ended—but begun.
O noble soul! O gentle heart! Hail, and farewell."

## IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT

BY BELLE E. SMITH

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought;
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften, in the old familiar way;
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow—
The way is lonely; let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

## OVER THE RIVER

BY NANCY WOODBURY PRIEST

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who 've crossed to the farther side,
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There 's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see:
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be:
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

## THERE IS NO DEATH

BY JAMES L. M'CREERY

There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! the forest leaves
Convert to life the viewless air;
The rocks disorganize to feed
The hungry moss they bear.

There is no death! the dust we tread
Shall change, beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! the leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The warm, sweet breath of May.

There is no death! the choicest gifts
That heaven hath kindly lent to earth
Are ever first to seek again,
The country of their birth.

And all things that for growth of joy
Are worthy of our love or care,
Whose loss has left us desolate,
Are safely garnered there.

Though life become a dreary waste,
We know its fairest, sweetest flowers,
Transplanted into paradise,
Adorn immortal bowers.

The voice of bird-like melody,
That we have missed and mourned so long,
Now mingles with the angel choir
In everlasting song.

There is no death! although we grieve
When beautiful, familiar forms
That we have learned to love are torn
From our embracing arms;

Although with bowed and breaking heart,
With sable garb and silent tread,
We bear their senseless dust to rest,
And say that they are "dead";

They are not dead! they have but passed
Beyond the mists that blind us here
Into the new and larger life
Of that serener sphere,

They have but dropped their robe of clay
To put their shining raiment on;
They have not wandered far away—
They are not "lost" or "gone."

Though disenthralled and glorified,
They still are here and love us yet;
The dear ones they have left behind
They never can forget.

And sometimes, when our hearts grow faint
Amid temptations fierce and deep,
Or when the wildly raging waves
Of grief or passion sweep,

We feel upon our fevered brow
Their gentle touch, their breath of balm;
Their arms enfold us, and our hearts
Grow comforted and calm.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

## LIFE

BY SIR JOHN BOWRING

If all our hopes and all our fears
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound;
If, travelers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond;
Oh, what could check the rising sigh?
What earthly thing could pleasure give?
Oh, who would venture then to die?
Oh, who could then endure to live?

Were life a dark and desert moor,
Where mists and clouds eternal spread
Their gloomy veil behind, before,
And tempests thunder overhead;
Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,
And not a floweret smiles beneath;
Who could exist in such a tomb?
Who dwell in darkness and in death?

And such were life, without the ray
From our divine religion given;
'Tis *this* that makes our darkness day;
'Tis *this* that makes our earth a heaven.
Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom,
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from a world to come.

## "ONLY WAITING"

BY FRANCES L. MACE

[A very aged man in an almshouse was asked what he was doing now. He replied, "Only waiting."]

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart, once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home,
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then, from out the gathered darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

## NEARER HOME

BY PHŒBE CARY

One sweetly solemn thought,
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abysm:
Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home,
Even to-day, than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel, in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith!

## TELL ME, YE WINGÈD WINDS

BY CHARLES MACKAY

Tell me, ye wingèd winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered—"No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs—
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer—"No."

And thou, serenest moon,
That, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
May find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded—"No."

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh, tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered—"Yes, in heaven!"

## THE PURE IN HEART SHALL MEET AGAIN

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT

If yon bright orbs which gem the night,
Be each a blissful dwelling-sphere,
Where kindred spirits reunite,
Whom death hath torn asunder here—
How sweet it were at once to die,
And leave this dreary world afar—
Meet soul with soul, and cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star!

But oh, how dark, how drear, how lone,
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If, wandering through each radiant one,
We fail to find the loved of this!
If there no more the ties shall twine,
That death's cold hand alone can sever,
Ah! then those stars in mockery shine,
More hateful as they shine forever.

It cannot be; each hope, each fear,
That lights the eye, or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
Than this bleak world that holds us now.
There is a voice which sorrow hears,
When heaviest weighs life's galling chain;
'Tis Heaven that whispers, "Dry thy tears,
The pure in heart shall meet again."

# THE BIRTH OF CHRISTIANITY

The resurrection was the birth of Christianity. With the death of Jesus, nay, even with his arrest in the Garden of Gethsemane, the little flock he had gathered about him to spread his teaching scattered in fear and panic. The disciples of Jesus all forsook him and fled. The devout women, who loved him tenderly, witnessed his tragic death from afar. Jesus died in absolute loneliness.

These followers of Jesus had believed that he would perform some extraordinary miracle, and subdue not only Rome, but perhaps the whole earth. Perhaps they did not believe in this miraculous triumph with any enthusiasm, or with any certainty of its occurrence; but it was a hope struggling in their minds. His meekness under arrest was a terrible blow to their faith. The victory of the priests was a terrible blow to their courage. The death of Jesus was the death of their hope.

Let us make ourselves sure of this state of things. Unless we realize in all its truth the desertion of Jesus, and the panic and despair of his disciples, we shall not be able to feel the chief proof of his resurrection. That proof is the birth of Christianity. It is impossible for us to think that the panic-stricken disciples, *after the ignominious death of their Master,* would suddenly stand boldly before men and preach the message that had brought him to the cross, as they had never hitherto preached it, unless they had received some convincing proof that he was more than man.

Christianity could not have been born in the shadow of the cross, unless Jesus had triumphed over death.

We find these poor, frightened disciples transformed suddenly into burning missionaries of Christ. We find them forming themselves into an assembly or brotherhood, making rules for the membership of this society, and sending men across the world with the message of the crucified Jesus. Instead of fleeing in despair from Jerusalem, it was in that very priest-ridden city that they formed their society, and taught that Jesus had risen from the dead. The Peter who denied that he knew Jesus in the courtyard of the high priest's palace was foremost, after the death of that Jesus, in establishing Christianity. In fact, all the disciples, except Judas Iscariot, who had destroyed himself, became, after the death of their Master, far more sure of the truth of his teaching, far more courageous in their preaching of it, than they had been during his lifetime. It was not while they half hoped and half believed that Jesus would triumph over his enemies, and reign in glory, that these disciples were earnest and enthusiastic teachers of his Gospel. No; it was after his death, after his defeat, after what they thought to be *his* failure and their own most bitter disappointment.

## THE BIRTH OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS

This birth of Christianity in the shadow of the cross is the miracle of history. We can understand it only if we accept the written tradition that Jesus appeared to his disciples after death.

And let us think for a moment of his command that they should wait in Jerusalem until they were endued "with power from on high." He had said to them: "My Father is greater than I." He now told them, even in his risen state, that they were to receive power from God. He himself did not venture to bestow that power. The humility of Christ, the fact that this humility is set down by those who were his first worshipers, convinces us how true, how real is the narrative. Nothing in the whole Bible is set down more earnestly than the appearance of Jesus after his death.

Remember that these plain and rustic men, specially chosen by Jesus, lived in days when language was simple. They knew very few of the words which people use now when they quarrel with each other as to what was the exact nature of Jesus. We notice that most of those words are very long, and that even when their meanings are explained to us, they leave us more or less in darkness. We may learn them by heart. We may recite them. We may say: "This is what I believe." But, if we do not understand them, how can we be really sure that we know what we believe concerning Jesus? It is better for us to go back to the disciples, and see what it was that they believed as to the character of their Master.

An English writer has drawn up a number of statements concerning Jesus which are all to be proved out of St. Mark's Gospel, the earliest written record, which we will set down here in as simple language as we can. As we grow older, we must read these interesting statements for ourselves in their own language. We shall find them in a book called "Ecce Homo" (Behold the Man), one of the most beautiful and lasting books ever written concerning Jesus.

## WHAT THE DISCIPLES CERTAINLY KNEW ABOUT THEIR MASTER

Now, these facts are what the disciples knew for certain about Jesus:

1. He assumed a position of authority. Although he was a carpenter, he set himself above the professional teachers of religion; he made himself a greater teacher than the doctors of divinity.

2. He claimed again and again that he was the King of whom the prophets had long prophesied. This claim was definite. It was not a figure of speech, such as "I am the vine." He died for the fact of it. He did not die for a metaphor.

3. As the promised King, he claimed some mystic and special dignity for himself.

4. He would not accept the teaching of the priests. He read and interpreted the Scriptures for himself. When he was rebuked for not obeying the law of Moses concerning the Sabbath, he replied with a sublime sentence: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

5. He claimed the power to forgive sins.

6. He called a number of men to attach themselves to his person. He said: "Come unto me." He gave certain plain and simple rules to this society. His name was their bond of union. He made it clear to them that this society would continue after his death. He foresaw his death, and planned for the continuance of his society after death.

7. His disciples believed that he worked miracles. This is absolutely certain. They tell of a certain occasion when he failed to work miracles. If they had been attempting to prove that he was a wonder-worker, they certainly would not have set down this occasion of failure.

## THE TEACHING OF JESUS ABOUT KINGSHIP AND GOODNESS

8. His miracles were chiefly miracles of healing.

9. Although he gathered the first members of his society from the Jews, he told them that it was to embrace the Gentiles, that is, the foreign nations, as well.

10. Although he declared himself emphatically to be the expected King, he refused to undertake any of the ordinary duties discharged by kings. He gave his disciples a new idea of kingship, something that was inward and spiritual.

11. He required from his disciples personal devotion; he taught them to follow his example in ruling their lives.

12. He spoke to them of a Holy Spirit as directing his life, and said that this same Holy Spirit, if they followed his example, would direct their lives also.

13. He taught very earnestly that good feelings are more important than good deeds. He made his disciples see that a bad man may do a good deed, or that a good man may do a good deed, and yet lack something. He made them see that a good deed, to be perfectly beautiful, must flow from a heart filled with good feelings.

## THE THINGS THAT JESUS EXPECTED IN HIS FOLLOWERS

14. He also demanded that his followers should do acts of extraordinary virtue. They were not to stop at doing what they had to do. But they must do more than they had to do. It must be a delight to them to love those they were not obliged to love, to give to those they were not obliged to give to, and to help those they were not obliged to help.

15. He condemned all morality and all goodness which was not inward and spiritual. A man who gave alms as a duty, or who worshiped in the temple because it was the custom, or who said his prayers to be seen and praised by others, was condemned by Jesus as a hypocrite. Jesus expressed great and exceeding scorn for people who were *mechanically* good.

16. By these teachings, and by claiming to be the King, he incurred the deadly hatred of the scribes and Pharisees.

17. He required his disciples to desire the welfare of their fellow-creatures, and declared in beautiful language that this was his own desire, his own purpose in the world. "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

18. Accordingly, he went much among sick people, healing them, sometimes with strong signs of emotion.

19. He commanded his disciples to follow this example of healing the sick.

20. He spent much of his time curing moral disease. He was the Good Physician of the worst people, the dregs, the scum, the outcasts of society. He went to those whom the religious leaders ignored, and the rest of the world despised.

21. He taught the forgiveness of injuries.

## THE CHARM OF THE CHARACTER OF JESUS THAT DREW MEN TO HIM

If we read these twenty-one statements with understanding, we shall have a workable idea of what Christ was to the disciples who first preached his Gospel. But there is one thing we lack in this, and that is the charm, the compelling sweetness of Christ. No statement can give us that. We begin to obtain some twilight glimmering of that charm when we consider how he attracted men, men of a rough kind, such as fishermen accustomed to the most dangerous kind of work; how he attracted them, drew them to him, so that they forsook their homes, and followed him in his strange and wandering life. And we gradually acquire, by reading about him, thinking about him, and trying to live as he asks us to live, a love for Christ that reveals to us what no words can reveal: his inexpressible sweetness and charm.

We must not leave out of count the charm of Christ's personality in considering the birth of Christianity. If we might add one more to the twenty-one statements, this should be the twenty-second: "The disciples loved their Master."

The love of men for a man is something rare, wonderful, almost divine.

## THE DISCIPLES THOUGHT THAT JESUS WOULD QUICKLY RETURN

The disciples, assured now that he was indeed the promised Christ, began to preach his Gospel. They had no time then to write down their stories about him, their reminiscences of Christ; and, unfortunately, they labored under one terrible and disastrous misapprehension. In one thing they had not realized the truth of what Christ told them. They believed that he would come speedily to earth again, and set up his eternal throne.

This mistake on the part of the disciples is responsible for the lateness of the written Gospels; they felt that there was no need to write, because, before that generation had passed away, Christ would come again. They had little enough time to preach and convert the world.

But this mistake, which we must ever deplore, was perhaps responsible for the magnificent courage with which those men—that little band of humble, simple provincials—created the Christian religion in the shadow of the cross. They knew no fear. Nothing that the world could do frightened their souls. Everything appeared paltry except Christ.

The activity of commerce, the enthusiasm of art, the gossip and tattle of the streets—these things were as dust to them. They had seen and spoken with a man risen from the dead. A risen spirit had assured them that prophecy was at last fulfilled. The end of the world had come upon them. Christ was risen from the dead. The King had come. Soon, very soon, the power of God would be made manifest to all nations, and to all peoples, throughout the whole world.

So our first view of Christianity is the spectacle of these earnest and loving disciples preaching Christ's Gospel with the assurance that the end of the world had come.

# PETER AND JOHN AT THE GATE BEAUTIFUL

Before our Lord ascended to his throne of glory he had promised his disciples that he would not leave them without consolation, but would send a Comforter to them. The Comforter was the Holy Spirit of God, which entered into their hearts and whispered such sweet and encouraging words to them that, even when their faith was sorely tried by the cruelty and persecution of the enemies of Christ, their courage never faltered. They had chosen another disciple to take the place of Judas, and upon the day of Pentecost, as they were all sitting together, they suddenly heard

the sound of a rushing, mighty wind. And there appeared cloven tongues of fire, which hovered above each one of them.

And immediately they found that they were able to speak in many different languages. God had sent his Holy Spirit to bestow this gift upon his disciples, because he wished them to be able to teach the Gospel to the people of every nation, which they could not have done had they only been able to speak their own language.

There were a great number of Jews at Jerusalem who had been born and brought up in different countries, and when they heard the strange miracle which had been worked upon the disciples they came to find out if it were true.

The disciples were able to speak to all these people in the language each understood best, and Peter stood up, and, after telling them how this change had been worked in them, he went on to speak to them of Jesus. He reminded them of the good deeds Jesus had done during his life on earth, and the cruel, wicked manner in which his kindness had been repaid. He told them of Christ's resurrection and ascension, and before he had finished speaking many of these Jews were so moved by Peter's words that they came and begged to be baptized and received into the Church of Christ.

Jesus had given his disciples power to heal the sick in his name. One day Peter and John went together to the temple and saw a man who had been lame all his life lying beside one of the gateways. This gateway went by the name of the Gate Beautiful, on account of its great magnificence. As Peter and John were about to pass through the Gate Beautiful the lame man asked for money. Peter and John fixed their eyes steadfastly on him, and Peter bade him look at them.

The lame man thought they were about to give him the alms he had asked for; but Peter said: "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have I give thee: in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." Then he took the lame man by the hand and helped him to rise, and immediately his legs and feet became strengthened, so that he, who had not even been able to move without help, could walk and run and jump.

How glad he was, and how grateful! He could not find words in which to tell the two apostles all his gratitude, but held their robes and would not let them go out of his sight.

When the people saw him walking beside Peter and John, giving thanks to God for his recovery, and recognized him as the lame beggar who had been used to sit by the Gate Beautiful, numbers of them believed on Jesus, whose very name had been enough to work such wonders.

The chief priests and the captain of the temple, and the Sadducees, when they heard that the disciples were bringing so many of the people to believe on Jesus, came and took Peter and John and put them in prison. But the next day they were obliged to let them go again, for they could find no excuse to punish them; but they forbade them to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, threatening to punish them if they should do so.

As soon as Peter and John were released the people came to them, eager to hear all they could tell them of Jesus. So anxious were they to be true followers of Christ that they even sold all their houses and possessions and brought the money to the disciples to take care of and distribute as they thought best. By this means none would be either rich or poor, for those who had no money would be provided for by those who had; they wished to have everything in common.

But even at that early date there were some Christians who were not sincere. There was a man named Ananias, and he and his wife Sapphira wished to be *thought* as generous as the other Christians, but yet could not bear to part with all their wealth. So when they sold their possessions they agreed to keep back a part of the money they received for their own private use. This they did, and Ananias went to the disciples and gave them a bag of money, saying that it was all he had been able to obtain for his possessions. He knew he was telling a lie, and God also knew it, and revealed the truth to Peter.

Peter spoke very sternly to Ananias. The land had been his own, he said; he was not obliged to sell it. Even when sold, he might have kept either the whole or part of it for himself; he was not forced to give it up. But what he was bound to do was to speak the truth. If he professed to be a follower of Jesus Christ he had no right either to tell a lie or to try to deceive in any way.

"Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God," Peter said; and immediately God sent a fearful punishment in proof that it was he whom Ananias had offended, for the untruthful man fell down dead at Peter's feet. Some young men who were present carried his body away and buried it.

Three hours later Sapphira came in, not knowing what had happened to her husband. Peter questioned her about the money, wishing to find out if she would speak the truth; but she lied to him as Ananias had done.

Then Peter said: "How is it that ye have agreed together to tempt the Spirit of the Lord? Behold, the feet of them which have buried thy husband are at the door, and shall carry thee out." And, as her husband had done, Sapphira fell dead at Peter's feet.

# THE MARTYRDOM OF STEPHEN

ALTHOUGH many of the people had been taught by Jesus's disciples to believe on him, there were still great numbers who not only scoffed at his holy name, but who persecuted all those who tried to spread the new faith.

The chief priests and those in authority did not wish Christ's teachings of justice, mercy, and truth to gain ground, for they knew that if all the people became Christians they would not allow themselves to be governed by those who were unjust and unmerciful, and who were cheats and liars.

So they bribed a number of wicked men to come forward and swear falsely that Christ's followers had offended in some way against the Jewish laws.

Among the first to be accused was a very good and holy man named Stephen.

Stephen was so very clever that in arguing with the priests in the synagogue he could always prove them in the wrong. No matter how they attacked his teachings and what plots they made to entrap him, he always succeeded in answering them so wisely and yet truthfully that they were forced to own themselves beaten.

This made them more bitter still against Stephen, and so they determined to kill him. They bribed some men to declare that they had heard him speak blasphemous words against both God and the prophet Moses, and so Stephen was seized and brought into court to answer these charges.

As he stood there, fearless before his enemies, the false witnesses began to make their accusations against him.

Never in all his life had he harmed any one, and yet these rulers of the people sat there plotting to take his life, simply because they knew that he was a good man while they were evil-minded. As they looked at him, the Bible tells us they saw his face "as it had been the face of an angel." For the God he loved and served had covered it with the beauty and glory of true innocence.

When the false witnesses had finished speaking, Stephen was asked if he could defend himself against the charges they had made; then how boldly he defended himself, and how faithfully he declared the truth! He reminded them how the prophets whom they professed to honor had been in turn persecuted by them and their fathers before them. He told them they were betrayers and murderers. How had Moses been treated, the prophet sent by God to lead his people to the Promised Land? Their forefathers had murmured against him in the same way that Stephen's judges had murmured against God's own Son; nay, *they* had done more: they had betrayed their Saviour to a cruel death upon the cross.

Then Stephen turned from the council of wicked and angry men and looked steadfastly up to heaven, and there he beheld a vision of a glory he was soon to share. "Behold! I see the Son of man standing on the right hand of God," he said.

His enemies could no longer restrain their fury: they rushed upon him and, carrying him beyond the city walls, they stoned him to death. Stephen had no fear of death; he knew that his Lord and Master had died and had risen again; that as soon as life had left his body his spirit would be with God, who gave it.

"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" he prayed. Then, as the cruel stones struck him again and again, he knelt and, raising his hands toward heaven, with his last breath he asked God to forgive his enemies. "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge," he said. "And when he had said this, he fell asleep." There is no death for the Christian; only a sleep, from which he will awake in heaven.

About this time there were many others besides Stephen who had suffered for their faith. Herod, the King, had caused one of the apostles, named James, to be put to death by the sword; and now he ordered Peter to be thrown into prison, meaning to execute him also.

He was given into the charge of sixteen soldiers, who were to guard him four at a time, and after Easter had passed Herod intended to kill Peter in the sight of the people as a warning that all who preached Christianity would be treated in a like manner. But all those whom Peter had taught to be followers of Christ prayed to God to deliver him from his enemies, and God heard them.

We told you that Jesus had called Peter "the rock upon which his Church should be founded." Peter had already begun to establish that Church; but it was not sufficiently firmly founded for Peter's work to be ended, and so God sent an angel to save his life. On the night before the day fixed for his execution Peter was sleeping peacefully, although he was lying chained to two of the soldiers, while the other two guarded the prison door.

Suddenly Peter awoke and saw a bright light

in the gloomy prison, and beside him stood an angel, who made him rise up quickly. And as he rose the chains fell from his hands and feet. God must have caused the soldiers who were guarding Peter to sleep very soundly, for the clanking of the chains as they fell to the ground did not awaken them.

The angel led Peter safely through the different guards, and when they came to the outer gate of the prison, which was of iron, it opened of itself, so that Peter and the angel passed through into the city. There the angel left Peter, and he went to the house of some Christian friends, where he knew he would be safe for a time.

# THE SAYINGS OF JESUS

We have studied some of the principal events in the life of Jesus; we have recounted some of his most beautiful parables. Here we read, collected and grouped under suitable headings, those of his sayings which are the breath and spirit of Christianity. From the events, parables, and sayings of Jesus we derive an impression of Christ which should remain permanently in our hearts; and it is this personal influence of Jesus, not what we profess to believe about him, that is the triumph of Christianity.

The central and happiest fact of the teaching of Jesus is the fatherhood of God.

Here and there in the Old Testament the word "father" appears, but it is in a loose and poetic form—only a figure of speech. Jesus made the fatherhood of God not a figure, but a fact. Even if all the churches vanished to-morrow, and all the documents of Christianity perished, and even if the very name of Jesus passed by some miracle from the earth, still, in man's clinging to the fatherhood of God, Christ would move with humanity toward its destiny. To him, and to him alone, we owe the tremendous idea that he who called this immense universe into existence is our Father.

Therefore, at the head of all the sayings we place that sublime prayer which is the real creed of Christendom, and the one form of utterance which unites all churches and all sects:

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

We pause for a moment over these noble words —the most familiar words in our language—and let their sacred magic sink deep into our hearts. "Our Father." It is the cry of humanity. Christ, the shepherd, kneeling at the head of his little flock, utters those words, and humanity takes up the prayer with all the longing and suffering of its troubled heart—"Our Father."

The great conception of the fatherhood of God was never absent from the mind of Jesus. We see it present again and again in some of his noblest and most beautiful words, such as we group together here:

Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them.

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give the good things to them that ask him.

Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven.

Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.

God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

## THE GREAT COMMANDMENT

Jesus gave the world a new and beautiful commandment:

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first com-

Courtesy Tissot Picture Society, N. Y

From the painting by J. J. Tissot.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

"And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain; and when he was set, his disciples came unto him; and he opened his mouth and taught them."—*Matt.* v. 1–2.

mandment. And the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.

If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love.

These things I command you, that ye may love one another.

THE parables have already shown us the importance attached by Christ to this spirit of loving brotherliness. Our neighbor is any man in trouble. Even our enemies must share in the love of God which grows within our hearts.

## JESUS SPEAKS OF HIMSELF

HERE we have many sayings of Jesus concerning himself:

To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

I can of mine own self do nothing: as I hear, I judge; and my judgment is true; because I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which sent me.

I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me.

I am come in my Father's name, and ye receive me not: if another shall come in his own name, him ye will receive.

He that believeth me, believeth not me, but him that sent me.

The Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them.

I am the light of the world.

I am the good shepherd.

I am the way, the truth, and the life.

Your sorrow shall be turned into joy.

Your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.

I am the bread of life: he that cometh unto me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.

These words have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.

## SAYINGS ABOUT SIN

Now come many striking sayings of Jesus about sin:

WHOSOEVER committeth sin is the servant of sin.

A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that despiseth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal.

A good tree bringeth not forth corrupt fruit.

Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.

That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit.

Every one that doeth evil hateth the light.

Sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee.

THROUGHOUT the parables and throughout the incidents runs this clear message of the danger of sin. Sin is condemned for the sake of the sinner.

A person who is angry, or who commits murder, a person who is greedy, a person who covets money, horses, lands, and raiment, or a person who is a miser, cannot get his heart into a condition to receive the truth of life. They lay up for themselves treasures upon earth.

They turn their backs upon immortality. They deny God. Sin does not consist merely of acts; it is the state of the heart. We shut ourselves out from the indescribable blessings God has prepared for us by preferring what is mean to what is great, what is wicked to what is good.

WHEN ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have ought against any: that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses. But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?

Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him.

When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

Have faith in God.

Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.

Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.

## THE BLESSINGS OF JESUS

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

## THESE LITTLE ONES

Jesus called a little child and set him in the midst of them, and said: Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.

But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.

Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!

## COME UNTO ME

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

## I SAY UNTO YOU

Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.

And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy.

But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you;

That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same?

And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? Do not even the publicans so?

Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

## ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL TALKS OF JESUS

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.

But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!

No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns: yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?

And why take ye thought for raiment?

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you O ye of little faith?

Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?

For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.

Sell that ye have, and give alms; provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth.

HERE we must take leave of the beautiful sayings. Let us consider, when we read them, that they are words all of which have been repeated by the lips of men the most renowned, the most famous, the most enduring. These little sayings have turned the rushing current of history. They have accomplished more than armies. They rule where no emperor can reach. They have built the greatest buildings, painted the noblest pictures, and inspired the grandest poems; and, far more than this, they have sweetened the heart and the mind of man.

These sayings of Jesus have comforted the mourner; they have cheered the prisoner in his captivity and the exile in his loneliness; they have checked the hand of tyranny; they have shamed the heart of cruelty; they have set a little child at the head of the great toiling, stumbling, murmuring and noisy army of humanity; and they have saved the world.

## THE WORD-PICTURES OF JESUS
## THE PARABLES

THE word parable means a *comparison.* But the word is used in more ways than one. David says in Psalm 78: "I will open my mouth in a parable; I will utter dark sayings of old"; while St. Mark makes the Master say to his disciples: "Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God: but unto them that are without, all these things are done in parables." One use of the word, so to say, is for *hiding* the real meaning. The other meaning is the very opposite of this, namely, to make clear what is dark, to express vividly by a comparison what is really indescribable. It is clear that Jesus employed the parable, both with the multitude and his disciples, in its most natural form, namely, as a "form of speech in which two statements . . . resembling one another, yet drawn from distinct spheres of observation, are laid alongside of one another," for the purposes of greater vividness and illumination.

The parables of Jesus remain the most exquisite and perfect of all the world's word-pictures. From his boyhood he had lived with nature, and had contemplated the loveliness of the fields, the beauty of moving water, and the majesty of the stars. With Joseph he had gone from village to village, carrying his workman's tools, listening perhaps to the builders' conversation, but certainly studying everything that met his eyes with the steady interest and the devout admiration of a poet.

These things live in his parables spoken to the multitude and spoken to the ages. Dr. Neumann, the German writer, tells us how Jesus must have studied with interest sowing and reaping, tares and thorns, mustard-shrub and fruit-tree. "The lilies of the field for him are living things," says Dr. Neumann. "He reads a lesson in the sparrow and the dove on the housetop, in the hen in the courtyard, in the voracious bird of prey, in the fox in its hole, in the ravening wolf, in the cunning serpent." It is because Jesus went to the simplest things in nature for his sublimest lessons that the parables are imperishable.

## THE STORY OF THE PRODIGAL SON

JESUS tells the story of a man who had two sons. One of the sons claimed his share in the property of his father, and soon after he had received this money set out for adventures in the world. Instead, however, of using his money wisely, he wasted it. Then, just as the last of his coins had gone the way of all the others, this riotous and foolish youth heard the frightened whisper that a famine had come upon the land. Soon he was starving, and found himself obliged to work in the fields, feeding swine for a mere starvation allowance of food. So hungry was he that sometimes he could have eaten the husks thrown to the swine. Then across his mind passed the long procession of his father's love and kindness all his youth up.

The story is told in some of the most moving words ever uttered by Jesus.

And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again: he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him, Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound. And he was angry, and would not go in: therefore came his father out, and entreated him. And he answering said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment: and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends: but as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf. And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found.

This parable stands in the front of all the parables, because it is the one which has done most, not only to draw men from wrong-doing, cruelty, and brutishness, but also from the dangerous feeling that it is no good trying to be good when once one has fallen. It teaches that our Father moves to meet us with love and mercy directly we begin to turn away from what we were so blind as to deem better than his gift of eternal life.

## THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Jesus had spoken to a questioning lawyer about love for God and love for our neighbor. The lawyer, wishing to justify his questions, asked: "And who is my neighbor?" To the poor, paltry pride of this little lawyer we owe the great parable of the Good Samaritan.

"A certain man," said Jesus, "went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite. . . . But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. . . . Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves?"

When the lawyer had answered, Jesus said: "Go, and do thou likewise."

Here, in a convincing story, Jesus showed the brotherhood of man. Our neighbor's name is Everyman. Whatever language he speaks, whatever the color of his skin, whatever are his religion and customs, he is our neighbor. The priest and the Levite may go by, but he who serves God will recognize his neighbor in every stranger who happens to fall by the way.

## THE SOWER

The parable of the sower has been endeared to us by a beautiful harvest hymn, and painters in all lands have given us striking pictures of the sower, passing up the furrows casting the seed which shall feed mankind to right and to left of him. It is interesting, too, because of the place where the parable was spoken.

Jesus, thronged about by a great host of people, who pressed him even to the water's edge, entered a fisherman's ship; and in this gently rocking craft, with the multitude standing on the shore, he spoke to them. The sight of all those people, so eager to hear what he had to say, suggested an instant comparison to his mind.

"Behold," he said, "a sower went forth to sow." And then the story unfolded itself—the story of the fate of the seed, how some fell on stony places, how some were devoured by birds, and how some fell among thorns, but how some fell into good ground.

What is the fate of the seed? It depends upon the condition of the soil where it falls. The sunset which fills us with mystery and ecstasy is the same sunset to which the foolish man looks without admiration or emotion of any kind. The ex-

quisite beauty of Christ's teaching in some men produces a mere form of worship, in others a devotion to the poor and sorrowful, in others a fear of the next world, in others a passionate longing for the love of God now and throughout eternity, and in others, nothing. It all depends upon the *attitude* of our characters, how the word of the Master grows in our hearts.

## THE RICH FOOL

The parables which leave a terrible impression on the mind are those directed against the worship of money. That worship is a form of madness. The Master used the strongest words to rouse men from the stupor of this most dangerous malady of the brain. How terrible is the parable of the rich fool! He had more wealth than he knew what to do with; so he said unto himself:

"I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." But God said to him: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

## DIVES AND LAZARUS

Then there is the other arresting story of Dives and Lazarus. The rich man lived in pleasure and ease; the beggar lay at the gate, suffering and starving. Dives died, and in hell lifted up his eyes and saw Lazarus in heaven. He begged for a drop of water. But Lazarus could not cross to the place where he suffered; it was impossible for him to do so.

Nothing, we can easily imagine, could be worse than the burning remorse of the rich man who discovers, too late, that he let the poor suffer while he feasted and made merry. To that agony even the merciful beggar cannot carry comfort; even the beggar could not reach the depth of that pain. Also, this terrible parable teaches the lesson that we create our characters *unalterably* by our manner of living. The rich man who sets his heart on riches is not able to understand—he *cannot understand*—the good things of God, even the Father.

## THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN

More beautiful, but hardly less stern in its lesson, is the parable of the Pharisee who prayed in the temple: "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are"; who compared himself proudly with a poor publican praying in the distance. And this publican, "standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner." "I tell you," said Jesus, "this man went down to his house justified rather than the other."

Here is warning against self-righteousness, against the dreadful presumption of thinking that God must be pleased with us because we are pleased with ourselves. Before the unspeakable majesty and power of God there is only one fitting attitude for humanity, and that is the bowed head; only one fitting utterance, and that is: "Be merciful to me a sinner."

## THE LOST SHEEP

Famous and more than famous, endeared by the love of the whole world, is the brief parable of the lost sheep. Jesus was speaking with a host of sinners and outcasts who had gathered eagerly to hear a teacher of love and goodness, who did not turn from them with horror. Some Pharisees drew near, murmuring: "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." Jesus turned upon them, and said: "What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost."

## THE PIECE OF SILVER

It was on this same occasion, as if his heart, overcharged with love and desire for sorrowful humanity, could not contain its message of hope, that he uttered the great parable of the Prodigal Son, and also the little gem of the lost piece of silver. "Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it?" What a picture, in a few words, of a simple and frugal domestic life of the poor to whom he was devoted! "And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbors together, saying, Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost." Then he turned to the Pharisees, and said: "Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

From the painting by S[illegible].

THE LOST SHEEP.

"How think ye? If a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray? And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoiceth more of that sheep, than of the ninety and nine which went not astray."—*Matt.* xviii. 12-13.

### THE WHEAT AND THE TARES

THE parable of the wheat and the tares has become one of the most familiar of all the stories of Jesus. Here, teaching its simple lesson with power, is the whole of it:

THE kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field: but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way.

But when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also.

So the servants of the householder came and said unto him, Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? From whence then hath it tares?

He said unto them, An enemy hath done this.

The servants said unto him, Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up?

But he said, Nay; lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them. Let both grow together until the harvest: and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them; but gather the wheat into my barn.

### THE GREAT SUPPER

THE great supper is another of the parables of Jesus that we must not omit from this selection:

A CERTAIN man made a great supper, and bade many: and sent his servant at supper-time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready.

And they all with one consent began to make excuse. The first said unto him, I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it; I pray thee have me excused. And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them; I pray thee have me excused. And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.

So that servant came, and showed his lord these things.

Then the master of the house being angry said to his servant, Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind.

And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room.

And the lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled. For I say unto you, That none of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper.

WHEN we read these parables in the Bible, we should remember the striking truth they bring home to us of Christ's certainty and calm in the midst of conflict and apparent defeat. He was only a peasant, only the poor and the outcasts followed him; in all the great cities there were the great priests of the old-established religion, and the learned philosophers of Greece and Rome. But Jesus was unaffrighted, and calmly certain of his final triumph.

Again and again in beautiful parables and striking sayings he told his disciples that the work begun so simply and so humbly among the poorest people would one day encompass the world. Never was teacher so serene concerning the victory of his teaching; never was prophet so reliant on the triumph of God.

It is to the parables that we turn again and again, and yet again, when we want to draw closer to the voice of Jesus. Here is enshrined in picture form, and in more certain language than anywhere else, the teaching which, so strangely simple and childlike that even the most ignorant may understand it, is yet the sublimest known among men.

Concerning doctrine and the conflict of churches there may be doubt and distress in our hearts; but in the beautiful country of the parables all is peace and rest. We feel that Christ is there. We close our eyes, and almost feel that we are on the hillside of Nazareth, close to the gentle teacher, the music of his voice in our ears.

We seem to be of that favored company of simple men who spent their days with the Master, listening to the words as they fell from his lips. All difficulties are cleared away, our path lies straight before us, and the memory of the beautiful, unselfish life of Jesus inspires us to be strong to follow the teaching of the parables, and to conquer our weaknesses.

# STORIES FROM THE GOSPELS

### THE BIRTH AND BOYHOOD OF JESUS

LET us look, for a moment, at some of the most striking and beautiful events in the Master's life. Let us try to imagine, as they occurred, these little exquisite details in the sublime picture which is Christ himself.

We will begin with the story of his birth, which

is one of the most touching in the world, when we consider that he was destined to be called the Light of the World, and to have emperors, kings, and nations as his worshipers.

His father and mother were going up to Jerusalem for the census, and on the journey from their little village they came to the city of Bethlehem. They arrived late in the evening, and the place was already full of people going to Jerusalem. Joseph looked around him, but could find no house to take him and his wife in.

After much searching, for Mary was tired by the long journey and greatly needing rest, Joseph got permission from an innkeeper, whose house was full of guests, to make use of his stable. And there, in the hush of night, with the stars overhead and the warm breathings of animals filling the little stable, Jesus was born. His mother, wrapping him in swaddling clothes, laid him in a wooden manger—the cradle of the greatest soul that ever visited the earth. Thus was Christ born, in the stable of an inn too full to receive his parents, and there he woke to his first dawn with the kiss of his mother on his brow.

When he grew to be a man, Jesus went about teaching people his revelation that the God whom they worshiped as a terrible judge was really a loving Father. One day, after he had been thus teaching, those narrow-minded and strict people called the Pharisees came and strove to entangle him with cunning questions.

When he had answered them, tired and worn, he left the open air and retired to the house where he was staying. Here the disciples were questioning him on the same matter which had brought the Pharisees about him, when certain women came crowding to the door with their little children in their arms, and leading some by the hand, only that he should touch them.

The disciples, unwilling to be interrupted in their serious conversation, and anxious to shield their weary Master from intrusion, rebuked the women. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein." And after this sublime rebuke and this profound lesson, the Master took those little children up into his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

For the Pharisees he had had only explanation, for the curious multitude only teaching, for the puzzled, questioning disciples only instruction; for the children he had blessing. Thus do we learn that to lay down doctrines and dogmas concerning this and that in Christ's mission, or to look too narrowly into the Bible for reasons and arguments, is to miss the secret. For such people there may be answer and instruction, but never blessing.

"Verily," and that means *emphatically,* "I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

The secret is so simple and so beautiful; God is love. To enter his kingdom one thing alone is necessary—love; the simple, unquestioning, and adoring love of a little child.

Of all the events in Christ's life, this simple and almost accidental event reveals in a masterstroke of extraordinary beauty the religion of Christianity.

## THE COMING OF THE RICH YOUNG RULER

It was soon after the incident we have just narrated that another striking event occurred in the life of Jesus. He was walking with his disciples, when a young man came running after him, and, reaching the place where he was, kneeled before him in admiration and reverence.

"Good Master," exclaimed this youth, who, unlike Christ's disciples, was of the higher classes, "what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" The question meant: "I have heard your teaching; I know that you speak of a life which is everlasting; I want to satisfy the unrest which is in my soul; tell me what is necessary for me to do."

While the disciples looked with interest at the fervent youth kneeling before their humble Master, Jesus uttered one of his most memorable sayings. "Why callest thou me good?" he said gently; "there is none good but one, that is, God." Then he made a statement of the laws, the laws which concern morality; and the young man replied: "Master, all these have I observed from my youth."

Whether he said this sadly, as though the keeping of commandments had not satisfied his longings, or whether he said it modestly and yet with pleasure at the remembrance of his victory over evil, Jesus, we are told by St. Mark, "beholding him, loved him."

Very tenderly the Master must have said to him what followed: "One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, take up the cross, and follow me."

Did the young enthusiast make any answer to

this invitation, any answer to the glance of love? It is not written. All we read are the painful, sad, but natural words: "And he was sad at that saying, and went away grieved: for he had great possessions."

Can we not picture the expression in the eyes of our Master as he watched the slow, retreating figure of the young man? No word of recall was uttered. Jesus watched him go; then he turned and, looking round the little group of his disciples, said: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" That beautiful saying, so simple and so true, puzzled the disciples.

"Children," Jesus said to them, "how hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God! It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." That is to say, a man attached to wealth and power cannot possibly have that freedom from the attractions of worldly life which is necessary for the reception of God's love in the heart.

But even then the disciples could not understand. "Who then can be saved?" they asked anxiously. And Jesus, looking upon them, said: "With men it is impossible, but not with God: for with God all things are possible."

## THE RULER WHO CAME TO JESUS BY NIGHT

One night, when no one could see him, a ruler of the Jews, named Nicodemus, stole out from his house and made his way to Jesus. He was of the sect of the Pharisees, a strict follower of the Jewish law; but he had heard Jesus speak, and had listened to remarkable stories about him, and was disturbed in his mind.

Secretly he came to the Master, secretly and earnestly, and Jesus probably saw him alone. Nicodemus was troubled, and he came to get at the meaning of Christ's teaching. To this troubled Pharisee it was that Christ made the great statement: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved."

Nicodemus learned that night what has been humanity's continual and increasing comfort for two thousand years—that God's attitude toward men is that of a loving Father, that Christ came to make men hunger and thirst after the love of God, even the Father.

## THE STORY OF MARY MAGDALENE

Another Pharisee interested in the teaching of Jesus, a man named Simon, requested the Master to come and sit at meat with him in his house.

While the meal was in progress, a woman of the city entered quietly, and kneeling behind Jesus, as he reclined upon the cushions, anointed his feet, while her tears of repentance fell upon them. For Mary Magdalene was a woman who had disobeyed the laws, and who had not lived a good life. Simon, perceiving the woman, was struck by an idea. If Christ were really a prophet, he would know, without looking round, that the woman bathing his feet was a sinner, and repel her with scorn.

As the thought turned in his mind, Jesus, who had felt the tears of the woman's repentance falling on his feet, said: "Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee." A silence fell upon the company.

"Master, say on."

"There was a certain creditor which had two debtors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most?"

"I suppose that he to whom he forgave most."

"Thou hast rightly judged." Then he turned for the first time to the woman. "Simon, seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet: but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss: but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint, but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment. Wherefore, I say unto thee, her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little."

Then the beautiful, tender eyes of the Master turned again to the poor woman. "Thy sins are forgiven," he said gently. Immediately the great silence which had fallen on the company was broken by a murmur of indignation: "Who is this that forgiveth sins also?"

Jesus, with his divine gaze still bent upon the poor weeping woman, said to her—and said to all unhappy souls throughout all the ages of time—"Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

## MARTHA AND MARY, THE FRIENDS OF JESUS

Jesus went into a little house in a village named Bethany, where lived two sisters. The elder,

Martha, was a good housewife, and as soon as the great teacher entered her humble abode she immediately set about preparing a meal in his honor. But, while she busied herself in this way, the younger sister, Mary, sat at the feet of Jesus, listening to his wonderful conversation. Then came Martha, indignant, and said: "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her, therefore, that she help me."

"Martha, Martha," replied the gentle Master, "thou art careful and troubled about many things. But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." Thus, from the natural indignation of a practical and busy elder sister in a little village of the East, there has traveled round the world the profound instruction that the greatest of all the qualities of the human heart is love. To prepare honor and comfort for Christ is not all; to kneel at his feet and love, this is to receive him.

## ZACCHÆUS THE TAX-COLLECTOR

How picturesque is this following incident! Jesus was passing through Jericho. The extraordinary beauty of his teaching had laid hold upon the imagination of the common people. A vast multitude collected round about him, and followed him.

Now, there was a rich man—a collector of the taxes, called a publican, whose name was Zacchæus—who greatly desired to catch a glimpse of this interesting man who was making so great a stir in the world. But he was small of stature, and, because of the crowd thronging Jesus, he could see nothing. Not to be disappointed, he ran on ahead, climbed a sycamore-tree, and waited for the multitude to pass by. What was his amazement when Jesus stopped at the tree, and, looking up, called him by name!

"Zacchæus, make haste, and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house."

There is reward for those who are sufficiently in earnest to make some extraordinary effort, even if it be only out of mere curiosity, to see the truth.

## THE WOMAN WHO ARGUED WITH CHRIST

A Greek woman, whose daughter was ill, hearing that the teacher from Nazareth had done some wonder-cures, came to Jesus and earnestly begged him to come and heal her child. Jesus, looking upon this foreign woman who despised the Jews and their religion, said:

"Let the children first be filled: for it is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it unto the dogs."

True was the saying, and the woman knew well how bitterly the different nations hated each other; but she was kneeling at the feet of Christ for the sake of her child, and she made haste to answer his words as best she could:

"Yes, Lord; yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs."

For this fine saying, dictated by the depth of a mother's love, Jesus pronounced the blessing she craved. It was a saying which ascribed to the Master infinite power, which accepted the meek position he had assigned to her, and which made even the great matter of her daughter's healing a mere crumb from the very great possibilities of Christ's mercy and love and goodness.

## CLEARING THE TEMPLE

It is related of Jesus that he was indignant when he beheld how money had invaded the worship of the temple. The priests allowed money-changers to set up their stalls in the sacred buildings, and sellers of doves—birds which were often used for offerings at the altar—also had their cages there. Hearing the laughter and the gossip of these men, and seeing all the base love of gain behind their traffic, he stepped among them, threw down their tables, and exclaimed in righteous indignation:

"Is it not written, My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer? but ye have made it a den of thieves."

It was impossible, even in the temple, to escape from the rattle of money and the buzzing of commercial greed. Christ knew that a place of prayer must, above all things, be a place of silence.

## THE MAN UNDER THE FIG-TREE

To a Jew named Nathanael, as he sat out of the heat of the sun under a fig-tree, some of the first-called disciples came with the joyful intelligence that they had found the Christ of whom Moses and the prophets had prophesied. When Nathanael heard that they spoke of Jesus of Nazareth, he replied:

"Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

"Come and see," was the sure answer.

When Jesus saw Nathanael approaching, he said to those about him:

"Behold, an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!"

Nathanael drew near and asked:

"Whence knowest thou me?" And Jesus answered:

"Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee."

Nathanael worshiped at that saying, and Jesus then showed him how a very small thing had converted him.

# THE TWELVE APOSTLES

## THE LITTLE WE KNOW OF THE MEN WHO KNEW JESUS

If we let our thoughts travel back to the very dawn of man's history on the earth, we shall perceive with our mind's eye an immense and splendid procession of kings, conquerors, poets, statesmen, and inventors, moving with all the grandeur of their deeds, and all the surety of their immortality, among a dense multitude of unknown, nameless, and quite humble people, whose lives seem pitiful and small in comparison with such illustrious greatness.

But if we look very closely at these grand heroes, and do not let our eyes be dazzled by their splendor, we shall gradually see that they are not vastly different from ordinary men. And if we ask ourselves whom we should most like to know among all the millions who have lived and died in human history, we shall probably turn away from all the kings and all the conquerors, and choose the meekest and the least assuming of all that company. We shall choose the twelve disciples who lived in the close friendship and the daily communion of the light of the world.

Even Judas Iscariot would have more wonderful things to tell us than Alexander the Great, Nero, or Julius Cæsar. Let us consider for a moment what it must have been to *know* Jesus as a fellow-man—to have looked into his eyes, heard the tones of his voice, felt the magic and the beauty of his sublime charm. Surely nothing on earth can compare with so wonderful an experience. But when we look back into the documents of the past there is little, all too little, to be learned of these happy men. What we can learn of them by documents, however, may be increased by a reverent and affectionate imagination. Let us see what we can discover of their stories.

One day there came to John the Baptist, who had stirred the whole countryside by his preaching of repentance, the village carpenter of Nazareth, Jesus. Among those who listened to John was a young fisherman named Andrew.

He was born in Bethsaida, in Galilee, and he earned his living with a brother named Simon Peter, sharing a house with him at Capernaum. It seems that his disposition was religious, that he was discontented with the formal religion of the time, that he felt a desire for some deeper and more spiritual communion with the great and awful God who had created heaven and earth. As he stood listening to John he saw Jesus approach, saw him present himself for baptism, and heard the Baptist pronounce words of special blessing on the young carpenter. When he went home he narrated the incident to his brother, and Simon Peter heard the tale with interest. Perhaps they discussed the matter as they mended their nets, or as they fished together under the stars on the Sea of Galilee. Their partners, James and John, must have shared these interesting conferences of the two brothers.

## THE CALL OF ST. ANDREW

Some time passed, and one day, when they were fishing from the shore, Jesus approached and said:

"Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

In this one sentence, so quiet and so simple, he flashed upon their conscience the light of eternity. They saw the immense comparison—fishing to earn their own bread, toiling to save others. Their old longing for a fuller life took complete possession of them. "And they straightway left their nets and followed him."

Of the rest of St. Andrew's life we know little, except that he was ever on the fringe of that little inner brotherhood which was so close to Jesus. Peter and James and John were the nearest to Jesus—James and John were brothers—and occasionally Andrew, the brother of Peter, was called into this inner circle—he was certainly near to the love of Jesus. It is said that he went as an apostle to many foreign countries; legend ascribes to him the working of extraordinary miracles; there was a gospel called "The Acts of Andrew," but it was not accepted by the Church, and now it has vanished; tradition declares that he died a martyr's death by crucifixion, on a cross shaped like an X.

## THE FAILURE OF PETER, AND ITS LESSON FOR US ALL

Now, among the four fishing partners, the brothers Simon Peter and Andrew, and the brothers James and John, Simon Peter, by the very force of his character, was the chief. He was marked out during his discipleship for special favor. It was to his home in Capernaum that Jesus resorted, and that humble home came to be spoken of among the brotherhood as "the house," as if it were the very home and center of the Master's life. Then it was to Peter that Jesus confided the care of the brotherhood after the resurrection.

Peter, impulsive Peter, was the kind of man we often meet in life, the man who is all courage one moment and all fear the next; always wanting to go forward and always drawing back.

At last Peter became a bold and quite a beautiful preacher of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. It is quite likely that he perished on the cross, a willing martyr in the service of the Master, whom he adored. A more interesting, a more human, a more lovable man was not to be found among the twelve apostles. We admire the genius of Paul; we give our love to Simon Peter. Of St. John we shall read, but now we will turn to the others in brief and see what we can learn of the remainder of the apostles of Christianity.

James, the brother of John, is one of the interesting group of four who were always close to the heart and counsels of the Master. His devotion is unquestionable. The one unhappy incident in his life is that of the ambitious request that he might sit with his brother John, one on either side of Christ, in the kingdom of heaven.

But who will judge him for such a plea? Surely, in a moment of deep affection he may have uttered his soul's longing. Love is often responsible for mistakes of judgment. But we know for certain that James was a devoted apostle.

## A BEAUTIFUL STORY OF JAMES, THE SON OF THUNDER

Jesus named him, with John, "a son of thunder," as if to signify the passionate impetuosity of his nature; and, after the Crucifixion, James occupied a chief place among the Twelve. And when Agrippa I. determined to punish the followers of Jesus, it was upon James that his vengeance fastened. "Now, about that time Herod, the king, put forth his hands to afflict certain of the Church. And he killed James, the brother of John, with the sword."

This shows us that James was a "dangerous" man to paganism. There is a legend that when the man who accused James heard the apostle's answer before the judges, he was filled with remorse, and cried out that he, too, would follow Jesus; and the story tells that on the way to the place of execution, this accuser, doomed to die with James, pleaded to the apostle for forgiveness; and James, looking earnestly upon him, answered, "Peace be with thee," and kissed him. Thus died the son of thunder, one of the earliest martyrs, one of the most beautiful characters that loved and followed Jesus.

## JAMES AND PHILIP, OF WHOM ALMOST NOTHING IS KNOWN

There is another James among the apostles, about whom we cannot be sure of many important facts. Who was James, the son of Alphæus? We cannot say. Nothing is known of him. According to certain people he is one of the same with James, "the brother of the Lord," about whom information is scant. It would certainly seem, from a plain reading of the narrative, that Jesus had four brothers—James, Joses, Judas, and Simon; that James was half disposed to believe in Jesus; that after the Crucifixion Jesus appeared to James; and that James afterward became a pillar of the brotherhood in Jerusalem. One of the stories tells that James was of such dignity and power in Jerusalem that the Pharisees hoped to persuade him to denounce Jesus. Instead of denouncing Jesus, he confessed himself the servant and apostle of the Lord. So furious were the priests that they seized James then and there, and flung him down, killing him.

Philip lived at Bethsaida, and was one of those who listened to the teaching of John the Baptist. He brought Nathanael to Jesus, and was ever an eager seeker after God. It was Philip who said to the Master: "Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us"; it was Philip to whom Jesus made the great answer: "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

Philip's life as an apostle is utterly unknown. Some say that he died without confessing Jesus. Another story tells that he was crucified head downward. Jesus is said to have appeared to him and to have rebuked him for want of meekness. But all these are legends, not to be believed, and making no difference one way or the other to the spiritual truth of the religion of Jesus.

## BARTHOLOMEW, THE MISSIONARY, AND THOMAS, THE DOUBTER

Bartholomew was brought to Jesus by Philip, and it is probable that he is the same man as Nathanael. It seems that he became a missionary to the "Indians"—probably a race of Jews in Arabia Felix. Legend says that he was flayed alive and crucified with his head downward in Armenia. All we can be more or less certain about concerning this companion of Philip is that he lived the devoted life of a missionary. Thomas, according to tradition, was a carpenter and builder. He lives forever as the man who would not believe in Jesus without material proof. He had known Jesus intimately, had served him, questioned him, listened to his teaching; but we read that when he saw the risen Jesus he could not and would not believe that his Master had truly risen. And then, believing, the doubting disciple, covered with amazement, exclaimed: "My Lord, and my God!"

Then answered Jesus: "Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

As we might expect, this disciple who had doubted became a devoted missionary, and carried the good news of Jesus into Parthia and India. We lose sight of him altogether, and he goes out into the great darkness of the outer world preaching the religion of Jesus.

## MATTHEW, THE ONE RICH MAN AMONG THE TWELVE

Matthew interests us as, perhaps, the one rich man among the twelve apostles. Matthew the apostle is the same as Levi the publican, and he must have known comfort and luxury, and must have been a hard and avaricious man before the magic of Christ's personality called him to the life of a wandering disciple. After the Crucifixion, Matthew remained in Jerusalem and composed the famous Gospel containing the words of Jesus. Then he set out to preach Jesus along the coasts of the Black Sea. Although the Greek and Roman churches call him a martyr, it would seem that he died a natural death.

Simon, the Canaanite, is supposed to have spread the knowledge of Jesus through Egypt, and to have died the death of a martyr. No definite information concerning him is to be found in books worthy of attention. Some writers have taught that he preached Christianity in many countries, and even carried it as far as Britain; but this is evidently a comparison of Simon with Simon Peter, the great head of the brotherhood having been credited with missionary labors all over the earth.

Thaddeus, or Judas, has left behind no memory of his work. He is merely a name on the page of Holy Writ. We know more of Mary and Martha than we do of this companion of Jesus, chosen, we may be sure, for some good reason, and destined for work of immense importance. It is said that he became a missionary in Edessa, and we may be certain that by his influence the light of the world streamed through the darkness of paganism.

## THE MEN WHO LOST THEMSELVES IN A GREAT LOVE FOR THE MASTER

Nothing is more remarkable in the lives of the apostles than the manner in which they all completely submerged themselves in the work of their divine Master. They might so easily have left records of their lives, told us stories, which would have immortalized their names; but they had one thought only, one thought in which they lost themselves, and this thought was to spread abroad throughout the world the good news of Jesus.

Matthias, who took the place of Judas Iscariot, has been supposed by many writers to be the same as Zacchæus and Barnabas. To him have been ascribed several writings, including a gospel.

In the Greek version of the Acts, Matthias goes as a missionary to cannibals, and is thrown into prison by these savage people; Jesus appears to him in his dungeon and promises to send Andrew to deliver him. We read that "in accordance with this promise Andrew is miraculously brought to the city of the cannibals. He frees Matthias by a miracle and causes him to be removed on a cloud to a mountain where Peter was. Andrew, meanwhile, remains in the city and is imprisoned and tortured. At length Jesus appears to him and heals him; and after founding a Christian church in the cruel and savage city, he finally leaves it in peace."

## THE MYSTERY OF THE GREAT CHANGE MADE BY ALMOST UNKNOWN MEN

Such, in brief, is all we know about the twelve apostles. It is a confession of ignorance. The names of the Twelve are dear to us, we scarcely know why; but when we seek to examine what we know about them, it is to find ourselves inquiring about total strangers—that is to say, if we except such wonderful men as Simon Peter and John. But even in the case of these two men we

have to acknowledge that our love and admiration are awakened by the stories of them in the Gospels, when they were disciples, and that we really know very little indeed about them as apostles.

And this is the great mystery. Christianity spread with astonishing and miraculous swiftness. Its course, humanly speaking, was partly controlled by the apostles. And yet these twelve men, who helped to revolutionize the whole world, have left to us no definite record of themselves or their work. Again we say, these apostles lost themselves utterly and gladly in the mystery and joy and triumph of their risen Christ.

There was another apostle, in some respects the greatest of all, who did not belong to the group chosen by Jesus, and who at first opposed and persecuted the Christians. After his conversion he became a great preacher of Christianity, calling himself an apostle of Gentiles, because he preached the Gospel to people of many lands and nations, thus following the direction given by Jesus himself, which his own appointed apostles did not all understand in the way that he intended it. The life and work of the apostle Paul are well known both through his own writings in the New Testament and the books that have been written about him. We have only room to give an outline of his words and deeds, but all who read this should likewise read the Epistles (letters) of Paul in the New Testament, and also one at least of the many books that tell the story of his career. First, however, we will tell you something about another of the Twelve, of whom we promised to speak.

# JOHN, THE BELOVED DISCIPLE

When John was first a disciple of our Lord he was quite young, perhaps not much more than a boy. But there was something so winning about him that the Lord always kept him close to him, and he was called the disciple whom Jesus loved. When our Lord was gone away into heaven, this disciple St. John, after living some time at Jerusalem with the other apostles, went to the great city of Ephesus, and there he lived on after all the other apostles were dead, and he was the only one left.

There is a beautiful picture which some one has painted of the old man sitting on a rock quite alone, and looking up into heaven, and seeing there his former companions in that better world still busying themselves with doing good and holy things, as we hope that all those whom we have loved and admired on earth are doing still. It was while he was living there that various stories are told of him that we do not find in the Bible, and we cannot be sure that they are quite certainly true. But they are what the early Christians believed about him.

One is this. There came one day a huntsman who had heard so much of this great, wise old man that he went out of his way to see him; and to his surprise he found St. John gently stroking a partridge which he held in his hand, and he could not help saying how surprised he was to see so great a man employed on anything so small. Then St. John said, "What have you in your hand?" And he said, "A bow." And St. John said, "Why is it not bent?" And the huntsman said, "Because then it would lose its strength." "That is just the reason," said St. John, "why I play with the partridge. It is that my mind may be kept strong by sometimes being at play."

What do we learn from this story, my dear children? We learn from it that St. John, and great and good men like St. John, are glad now and then to see you at play, and to play like you. They are glad to see you happy; and they wish to be little children again like you, because that helps them afterward to work better. We learn from it to be kind as he was to little birds and beasts; never to torment them; to remember that kindness to dumb animals is a part of what God requires of you.

There was an aged lady, very excellent, wise, and wonderfully learned, who lived to be very nearly as old as St. John, and who died in her ninety-second year. She said, a very short time before her death, "I hope that the time may come when children shall be taught that mercy to birds and beasts is part of religion." Yes, it ought to be part of our religion. I trust that we shall make it so. Play, too, with your companions, like St. John; remember always that all play and all holidays are given by God, to be like the unbending of a bow, to help you to work better for the future. It is as when he said in his epistle, "I write unto you, little children, because ye have known the Father." You have known our loving Father in heaven. He gives you all good things, work and play, play and work, to make your minds and hearts stronger, and better able to do his will. He gives you beautiful birds and beautiful animals to play with and to love. They, too,

are his creatures; he has made you their guardians and playmates, and he has made them your companions and teachers.

Another story is this. There was a young man who had grown up under St. John's care in doing what was right, and St. John was very fond of him. At last, after a time, St. John had to go away, and gave this young man in charge to the bishop or chief pastor of Ephesus, and told him on no account to let him go astray. But when St. John came back and went to the bishop, with whom he had left his young pupil, he saw from the bishop's face that something sad had happened. "What is it?" he said; and the bishop told him how this young man had fallen in with bad companions, who tempted him away into the mountains, and there they were living the wild life of robbers, and used to come down from the hills, as the robbers still do in those countries, to carry off travelers and ask a ransom for them.

As soon as St. John heard this, he immediately set off into the mountains. He was not frightened by the thought of the robbers, he cared only to save this poor young man from his bad courses. And when the robbers saw him coming, they said among themselves, "Here comes some one that we can carry off"; and down rushed the young man who had become their chief, and found himself face to face with his beloved old master and friend St. John. And the moment he saw him he burst into tears and fell at his feet, all his better feelings revived, and instead of his carrying off St. John, St. John brought him back to good ways, and he never went astray afterward.

What do we learn from this? John had taught this young man as a little child to love and know the good Father of all. He had taught him as a young man to overcome the wicked one; that is, to get the better of the evil that there is even in the best things. And now when he went astray he never lost his interest in him; he went after him even at the risk of his own life, to bring him back, and he succeeded.

This story is full of instruction even for us. It brings back to us some of St. John's own words, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." Although we have now no idols like those which the heathens worship, yet there are many idols still. If a little brother or sister will insist on having a toy for himself, and not let any one else play with it, that is his "idol." If any boy who is growing up thinks of nothing but games and amusement, and neglects his lessons, then games become his idol. If a young man goes, as did that one in the story, after bad companions, they become his idols. Keep yourselves from all these idols; and all of you, O children, boys, and young men, remember that there is no greater pleasure you can give to your parents and teachers than to continue in the good thoughts and words that they have taught you; remember that there is no greater pain for them than to think that you have forgotten what they told you, that you have ceased to care for them, and have gone off into evil ways. And oh, how happy for you, how happy for them, if when you have gone astray, or done anything wrong, you come again like that young man and acknowledge your faults! and the good old friend, whoever it is, father, or uncle, or brother, or teacher, will receive you back again as if nothing had happened. "I have no greater joy," St. John said, "than to hear that my children walk in truth."

Be truthful in all things, acknowledge your faults as did the young robber chief, do not keep them back from your parents or friends. Never tell a lie to conceal what you have done wrong. Have no tricks or schemes to make others think you better than you are. Tell the truth, and shame the devil.

There is one other story. When St. John was very old indeed, when he was almost a hundred, when he could no longer walk or speak as he had done in his youth, he used to be carried into the market-place in the arms of his friends, and the people, old, and young, and children, gathered round him to hear the farewell words of their venerable teacher. And then he would say, "Little children, love one another"; and when they asked for something else, he said again, "Little children, love one another"; and when they asked him yet again, still he said, "Little children, love one another." And they said, "Why do you always say this, and nothing else?" And he said, "Because this is the best thing I can say; if you love one another, that is all that I have to tell you."

What do we learn from this? We learn that the thing which St. John, the beloved disciple, was most anxious to teach, was that those whom he cared for should love one another. It is the same as when he said in his letter to them, "My little children, let us love one another in deed and in truth." And that is what we say to you now, "Little children, love one another." Little brothers, be kind to your little brothers and sisters. Boys at school, be kind to those who are younger and weaker than you. You can show them kindness and love in many, many ways; you can keep from teasing or hurting them, you can prevent others from teasing or hurting them; and that will make them love and be kind to you. Little boys will never forget the kindness they have received from bigger boys at school. Brothers and

sisters who have given up lovingly and kindly when they were quite small will give up lovingly and kindly all their lives.

Love one another in deed and in truth; do not pick out each other's faults; make the best of what there is good in each other; be glad when you hear anything good of those who live with you. Never quarrel; it does no good to any one. Never be jealous; jealousy is one of the most mischievous, hateful things that can get into any one's mind. Never tell bad stories one of another. Never listen to bad stories of other people. When you ask to be forgiven in your prayers every night, always try in your hearts to forgive and forget what has been done to vex you in the day.

This is the love which St. John wished to see. This is the love which Jesus Christ wishes to see in all his disciples, old and young.

Always bear in mind that the first thing to be done is to try to help and befriend some one else. That will make you generous and just; that will make you active and courageous; that will make you feel how wicked it is to lead others into wrong, and how happy and excellent a thing it is to help others to be good. That will make you better able to love and to do good to men when you grow up to be men yourselves. That will the better enable you to love God, who can only be loved by those who love their fellow-creatures.

# PAUL, THE APOSTLE OF CHRIST

We have followed the narrative of the Master's life. We have listened to his parables, we have heard his words, we have seen his acts. We know, from his own lips, why he came into the world, and what it was he revealed. He came to bring light, to reveal the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Now we ask ourselves how this gentle teaching conquered the world. The answer to this question brings us to the life of St. Paul. The disciples of Jesus formed a society to teach the good tidings of Jesus. They had no thought of destroying the Jewish religion; they wanted to carry it forward with the spirit of their Master. They were a brotherhood, composed of all who followed the teaching of Jesus. This was the beginning of the Church. In the homes of believers, the Apostles preached, and the Church grew. How tragedy overswept this peaceful society, and how the mustard-seed was scattered, we read in the life of St. Paul.

The town of Tarsus was a busy place. It was the capital of a Roman province; its streets were full of merchants from many quarters of the world; ships were always loading and unloading at its wharves; besides this, the town was a seat of learning which attracted scholars from afar.

Two things we must notice in this beautiful town, which had the snow-capped Taurus range of mountains behind it, with the broad waters of the Cydnus flowing through it to the neighboring sea, and a green and fertile valley all round, as delightful to the eye as it was prosperous to the husbandman. These two things are the wickedness of the people and the learning taught in its famous schools.

No words can exaggerate the hideous depravity of the people living in this pagan city. They had ceased to believe seriously in their gods and goddesses. They could not see in life anything serious or noble or beautiful. They believed that at their death all was over, that they would never know or feel anything more, that they would forever cease to live. And so they said to themselves: "As we must surely die, and death may come for us at any moment, let us eat, drink, and be merry."

In such a wicked city, what was the learning taught by the great professors? It was only the profitless learning of grammar-books, silly little disputes about the meanings of words. The professors, far from being good men of honorable and noble lives, were a quarrelsome, stupid, narrow-minded, and conceited set of coxcombs. Some of them were also criminals. The scholars who flocked to them laughed at these follies and crimes; they saw nothing in such things; what they had come to Tarsus for was learning, and learning they received. None of them perceived how worthless such learning must be if its very professors were vain, petulant, and even criminal.

It is most important to know of this state of things in Tarsus at the beginning of our study of St. Paul's life. The whole character of this remarkable man depends upon our clear knowledge of his native city. Let us have a distinct picture in our mind of this beautiful and busy place, crowded by a population devoted to luxury, vice, folly, and an absurd and profitless learning.

## JEWS IN TARSUS

In this city there was a number of Jews among the foreign element. Some of them, no doubt, were not unlike the rest of the population; but

the great majority kept themselves aloof from the wickedness and horror of their neighbors. Particularly was this the case with the Pharisees, the strict Jews devoted to the Law, who were even then looking for the Messiah.

It was as the strictest of Jews that the little Saul grew up in Tarsus. He learned to speak Greek, because every one spoke Greek; but he certainly did not study Greek literature. We can be quite certain that he never read a page of Plato or Aristotle, and never listened to the music of Homer. He was taught Hebrew; he was trained carefully in everything to do with the Jewish religion; his chief literature, if not his only literature, was the Scripture.

But he had eyes in his head, and could see the horror of life in Tarsus, and could realize the uselessness of Greek learning which made people so selfish and bad. The impression he received through his eyes of this pagan city was to last him all his life, was to fill him with an energy against sin hardly equaled in the history of the world.

## JEWISH SERVICE OF CONFIRMATION

Now, there is a habit among the Jews, lasting to this day, which is very instructive and is founded upon the wisdom of the ages. When a boy reaches his thirteenth year he is confirmed. This ceremony of confirmation is, in some respects, not unlike the Christian service of confirmation, but it has profound differences. The Jewish boy is told at his confirmation that hitherto his father has been responsible for his shortcomings, but that now he himself is responsible.

Responsibility educates. He is put upon his honor to play the man. It is for him to know that goodness and evil are matters for his own decision; he can choose whether he will be a good man or a bad man; he is responsible; if he goes to ruin, he will have no one but himself to blame.

To Saul, who was marked out for the great honor of serving the Law of God as a Pharisee, and who was a boy with a natural morality and an instinctive hatred of what is base, this service must have come with tremendous meaning. The sights he had seen in the streets of Tarsus must have returned to his mind as he bowed himself before Jehovah and felt the responsibility of life pressing on him. What could he do for the God of Israel?

## SAUL UNDER GAMALIEL

He went to Jerusalem to study under the greatest doctor of that period, the Rabbi Gamaliel. Gamaliel was not like the Pharisees whom Jesus condemned. He was a good man; he had what we call a liberal mind—that is to say, he was not narrow and bitter—and he thought more of the spirit of Scripture than of the letter. He was one of the best types of learned Jews. Saul could hardly have had a better teacher than Gamaliel. But there was one thing that sorely troubled the ambitious brain of this pupil from Tarsus. According to the Jewish religion, God could only be served by obeying the Law. The Law was an immense number of rules and regulations. Men had to be careful about what they ate and drank, what they wore, and a thousand other things.

All day long, even by the most harmless and gracious action, they were reminded of some angry law. Saul felt that this was very hard. He wished that he could serve the God whom he adored in some other way. Obedience to any law was not enough; he wanted to love the mighty Power who had made the universe, and had taught Israel the things of eternal life. However, it seemed that the only thing to do was to master the Law, and to obey it in every detail.

So Saul of Tarsus bent his great mind to the study of the Law, and before him he soon saw the straight road of a work for God along which he could travel. He consecrated his life to overthrowing and bringing to punishment all those who were seeking to change the ancient religion or were attempting to set up religions of their own. He felt that no higher work could come into his hands. We may fairly think of him at this period of his life as the Sir Galahad of the Jews: a pure and noble man, arming himself for the glory of God and riding forth to punish the enemies of heaven.

Paul himself has told us that he never saw Jesus. We think it is almost certain that, during the last months of the greatest tragedy in the world's history, Saul of Tarsus was far away preaching the Law to those Jews in foreign lands who were beginning to forget God. If, in those distant scenes, any news reached him of Christ's death, he may have thought the matter of very little importance. He did not return to take part in stamping out this new rebellion. It is not until four years after the death of Jesus that we meet with Saul of Tarsus as a fierce and bitter persecutor of the despised Christians.

## STEPHEN'S VISION OF CHRISTIANITY AS THE GREAT WORLD RELIGION

Among the converts to the rude Galilean fishermen was a brilliant and able man named Stephen.

This disciple, instead of preaching to the multitude, preached to the cultured Jews in synagogues which were affected by the Greek spirit of learning.

The Apostles still thought that Jesus had intended to preach a new form of the Jewish religion. They had very little thought about the foreigners, whom they called Gentiles. All their efforts were made from within the Jewish Church. Stephen, on the other hand, was gifted with true vision. He looked away from the Jewish religion and from the narrow restrictions of a single race, and saw the secret of Jesus spreading among all nations and melting all religions into one. Such a man, so gifted, so brave, so eloquent, and so attractive, soon became marked down for death. He was dangerous.

He was arrested and brought before the council in Jerusalem. False witnesses came, who said: "This man ceaseth not to speak blasphemous words against this holy place and the Law; for we have heard him say that this Jesus of Nazareth shall destroy this place, and shall change the customs which Moses delivered us." And all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.

"Are these things so?" demanded the high priest of the fearless prisoner.

## HOW STEPHEN BECAME THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYR

Then Stephen, addressing them as "Men, brethren, and fathers," made a speech showing that the history of Israel was but a preparation for the coming of the Just One, whom they had murdered. At this the council were filled with rage against him. "But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God; and said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God!

"Then they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him; and the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet, whose name was Saul. And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep."

So died the first Christian Catholic, and the first Christian martyr.

Now, in the terrible punishment of stoning to death—if we shut our eyes for a moment and consider the agony of such a death we shall better realize the long-drawn torture of Stephen—it was one of the laws that the witnesses themselves should inflict the punishment. In one sense this was a just enactment. It prevented, in some cases, the awful wickedness of false evidence. It is one thing to swear away a man's character; it is another thing to know that in swearing away the character you will yourself have to stone the man to death.

But in this case the false witnesses were hounded on by religious zeal. Stephen was an enemy of their religion. They thought nothing of swearing away his character; they counted it a righteous deed to stone him to death.

In order to do this work of stoning, it was necessary to lay aside certain of their garments so that the arms might be free. The witnesses in this case laid their garments down at the feet of a young man whose name was Saul. Saul, as we should say, "looked after their clothes." He was evidently some one of position: the witnesses knew that no one would dare to lay hands upon their garments while Saul stood by.

So we imagine that Saul the missionary, already a man of prominence among the Pharisees, returning to Jerusalem after his travels abroad, found this new sect of Galileans giving trouble in the Holy City, and witnessed with approval the death of the first martyr. It is one of the striking things in history that Saul of Tarsus, destined to become Paul the Apostle, should have witnessed the death of Stephen. For it was in the providence of God that Saul should be the very man to carry to a glorious and triumphant issue the idea of Stephen that Jesus came to save not the Jews only, but all mankind. The beautiful spirit of Stephen, as it mounted from the bruised and bleeding body to heaven, may have seen his mantle descending upon the shoulders of the young man at whose feet his murderers had laid their garments.

## HOW SAUL BEGAN TO PERSECUTE THE FOLLOWERS OF JESUS

We may be quite sure that Saul of Tarsus was one of the most loyal and upright Jews alive in his day at Jerusalem. No man with a cleaner conscience or a more unwearying will ever labored to keep the ancient religion of Israel pure and undefiled. When he saw how Stephen met his death, he realized that the followers of Jesus were likely to prove the most dangerous enemies of the ancient faith. With all the burning energy

of his extraordinary character, he immediately threw himself into the work of exterminating this new religion, which presumed to set itself up against the ancient religion of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

We have no narrative of Saul's proceedings in Jerusalem when he learned of this new sect. We only know that he at once went to the high priest, obtained authority to set about a vigorous persecution of the Nazarenes, as the followers of Jesus of Nazareth were called, and proceeded immediately to carry out this mission. We know, too, on his own confession, that he bound and imprisoned women, that he scourged Nazarenes in every synagogue, and that, forcing the most enthusiastic of these people before the Sanhedrin, or highest court, he gave his vote for their death. It is perfectly certain that Saul of Tarsus martyred many of the first followers of Jesus of Nazareth. So thoroughly did he do his work in Jerusalem that at last he could congratulate himself that the new sect was stamped out. The brethren who remained had either escaped his notice or been rescued from his power. But news reached him that the heresy stamped out in the Holy City was springing up in Damascus. Here was a new field for his energy. To the high priest, therefore, he went, who was satisfied by all his previous cruelties. The high priest gave the letters which authorized Saul to set up his court at Damascus, and to bring from thence in chains all Nazarenes whom he could find, both men and women, to await such mercy as Stephen's murder might lead them to hope for at the hands of the supreme tribunal.

When Saul started from Jerusalem on his long journey to Damascus, he thought that he was setting out on an embassy of the highest importance. He did not realize that this journey was to become immortal, that so long as the world lasted men of all nations would look back to it, that it would remain written across the page of history forever as the most momentous journey ever made by mortal man.

In what form did he set out? It was with some splendor and display of authority. He was a Pharisee, a rabbi, the representative of the Sanhedrin, the viceroy of Israel's God. His cavalcade would consist of horses and mules handsomely caparisoned; his retinue would show him a courtier-like reverence and respect; he would travel with all dignity and comfort on a journey as long as that from Jerusalem to Damascus, 150 miles.

How different the state and ceremony of this departure out of Jerusalem from that entry into it of the meek and lowly Saviour of the world, Jesus!

## THE THOUGHTS OF SAUL AS HE JOURNEYED TO DAMASCUS

May we imagine the traveler's thought turning to the Messiah of the despised and hated Nazarenes? They said that their Messiah gave rest and peace; they died for their faith. It may be asked whether these immortal words did not rise in his mind: "Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

How strange if these words crossed the mind of the tired and restless persecutor, making him yearn for some peace he knew not of, some rest he had not yet imagined. As his cavalcade journeyed beneath the burning sun, or as the watchfires of his encampment answered the stars burning in the midnight sky, surely he must have contrasted many times his idea and expectation of the Messiah with the stories he had heard of this false Messiah worshiped by the Nazarenes.

As the long journey drew to an end, they left the desert and came into one of the most entrancing scenes on this beautiful earth—the view of Damascus, with its white domes, roofs, and walls shining in the sun, seen across a valley rich and fertile, watered by the two famous rivers of Damascus, Abana and Pharpar, and so full of color and perfume and delight that the traveler feels himself in the fields of paradise.

## SAUL'S THREATENINGS AND HIS VISION

The sight of Damascus spurred the energies of Saul. There lay his work. Away with lounging and sick thoughts! Away with dreams and idle questions! To work, to work! Within those walls swarmed the infidels of Israel, the mean and despicable Nazarenes, who would make the proud race of Israel the laughing-stock of the world. It was his work to crush this hateful sect; to destroy and utterly root out the enemies of Israel. On, with all haste! Jerusalem was delivered from the curse; Damascus now should feel the wrath of Jehovah.

And so, in the glare and blinding heat of noon, this great man pressed on across the smiling valley to Damascus, breathing threats and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord.

Suddenly, in the silence of the noontide, "there lightened a great light. The whole valley vanished in a burst of flame. It seemed as though the whole atmosphere had caught fire, and they were suddenly wrapped in sheets of blinding splendor."

Saul fell upon the earth. While he was bowed to the dust, in his soul sounded a voice, saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" In the silence of his stricken soul Saul questioned: "Who art thou, Lord?" and the voice answered: "I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest."

And his dazzled eyes beheld the form of him who uttered this reproach, and the form was that of Jesus, the Christ of the despised Nazarenes.

As Saul heard the voice and saw the form of that Jesus whom he had persecuted, his soul must have been so stricken with remorse that no actual thoughts passed through his mind. But afterward, when his brain had somewhat recovered, surely he must have reflected deeply on the words: "I am Jesus of Nazareth."

Jesus, we notice, never speaks of God in tremendous and awe-inspiring language. He taught that God is love, and gave to him the simple human name of Father. Jesus never used big words. He never frightened the soul. He pointed to the sparrows on the roof of a house, to the hen gathering her chickens under her wings, to the little lilies of the field, and joined the thought of God to those common, everyday things and included them in the love of God's fatherhood. And so the simple words that came to Saul, "I am Jesus of Nazareth," were a most lovely and convincing conclusion to the Master's utterances on earth. We think that Jesus in his glory and power was the same Jesus who saw the glory and love of God in the fields of Galilee.

To Saul, of course, the words had the special significance which the word Nazareth would possess for a great Pharisee. But, even here, do we not feel the beauty and tenderness of Christ's character? In that simple rebuke he taught Saul the whole lesson of Christianity—humility. To consider for an instant that God could speak to humanity from the cross of shame seemed to a Jew blasphemy. One can feel that the soul of Saul must have reeled and staggered under the load which this revelation laid upon his reason.

## SAUL'S TREMBLING ENTRY INTO THE CITY OF DAMASCUS

Saul was bidden by the voice to rise, and go into the city, where it should be told him what to do. Whether Saul understood what had happened to him we do not know. Whether at that moment he realized what had befallen him we cannot tell. But when he rose from the dust, if he was not Paul the Apostle, he had ceased to be Saul the Persecutor. And his eyes were blinded.

Dean Farrar has described this moment with great force. "Saul rose, and all was dark. The dazzling vision had passed away, and with it also the glittering city, the fragrant gardens, the burning noon. Amazed and startled, his attendants took him by the hand and led him to Damascus. He had meant to enter the city in all the importance of a commissioner from the Sanhedrin, to be received with distinction, not only as himself a great 'pupil of the wise,' but even as the representative of all authority which the Jews held most sacred.

"And he had meant to leave the city, perhaps, amid multitudes of his applauding countrymen, accompanied by a captive train of he knew not how many dejected Nazarenes. How different was his actual entrance!

"He was led through the city gate, stricken, dejected, trembling, no longer breathing threats and slaughter, but longing only to be the learner and the suppliant and the lowest brother among those whom he had intended to destroy. He was ignominiously let out of the city, alone, in imminent peril of arrest or assassination, through a window, in a basket, down the wall."

There was living in Damascus a Jew named Ananias, one of the most earnest believers in Jesus of Nazareth. To this man came a vision in the night, a dream wherein he heard the voice of God speaking to his soul.

And the voice said to him: "Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight, and inquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul, of Tarsus: for, behold, he prayeth, and hath seen in a vision a man named Ananias coming in, and putting his hands on him, that he might receive his sight."

The words, "For, behold, he prayeth," have gone to the ends of the world, carrying hope and consolation to a multitude of souls. Saul was praying to God, praying to receive his sight—the true sight of his soul. And God's answer was to send human help. Prayer is not answered by supernatural magic; it is answered by God, but through human means. These words light up for us the darkness which enshrouds Saul's life for the first three days after his entrance into Damascus. Those three days were spent in prayer. He was blind; he was under the shock of his spiritual experience. In the house, to which his people had guided him, he lay in a silence that was like death, praying.

He prayed to God for light.

In his dream, Ananias said to the voice which had spoken to him: "Lord, I have heard by many of this man, how much evil he hath done to thy saints at Jerusalem: and here he hath authority from the chief priests to bind all that call on thy name."

But the voice answered: "Go thy way: for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel: for I will shew him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake."

To disobey was no longer possible. Ananias, like the other faithful Nazarenes in Damascus, had been dreading the approach of this terrible envoy of the Sanhedrin; he had been expecting a summons to appear before Saul; perhaps he had anticipated scourging and death.

## HOW SAUL PERISHED AND PAUL THE APOSTLE LIVED IN HIS PLACE

And now he was bidden to go to this slaughterer and persecutor, and was assured that Saul of Tarsus, with the blood of Nazarenes on his hands, should carry the religion of Jesus to the foreign nations of the earth, should uphold it before kings, and should preach it even to the Jews, whose chief minister he had been in crushing it under the heel of persecution.

"And Ananias went his way, and entered into the house; and putting his hands on him said, Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost."

At these words it was as if suddenly scales dropped from before Saul's eyes. He received his sight, he rose up, and Ananias baptized him in the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Saul had perished. Paul the Apostle rose from his knees, feeling in every fiber of his soul that "God had chosen him to know his will, and see that Just One, and hear the voice of his mouth, and be his witness unto all men of what he had seen and heard." Henceforth Paul was the servant of Jesus Christ.

A chance saying of Paul has told us something of the interlude between the hour when Ananias laid his hands upon him and the hour when he stood up in the synagogues, and, to the amazement of those who heard him, preached the Christ whom he had so resolutely persecuted.

Three years were to pass before the Jews in the synagogues were to exclaim: "Is not this he that destroyed them which called on this name in Jerusalem, and came hither for that intent, that he might bring them bound unto the chief priests?" For three years this fiery and impulsive scholar of the Sanhedrin gave himself up to a heart-searching examination, and to communion with Christ, the Son of God, with Jesus of Nazareth.

## THE TURNING ROUND IN A MAN'S LIFE THAT WE CALL CONVERSION

And now, before we follow the wonderful and adventurous life of Paul the Apostle, let us see that we understand the meaning of the word *conversion*. This noble word has been degraded. It has been blasphemously used by people whose lives, far from enticing men to Christ, have repelled them. But conversion, in its true sense, means simply *turning round*. A man's life is going in one direction; he turns round and goes in the opposite direction—that is conversion.

The conversion of Paul, the chief event in the history of the world next to the life of Jesus, was one of those total and complete revolutions in character before which science is dumb and all men reverent.

It is not easy to change an opinion, but it is one of the very hardest things in the world to stand up and say before everybody: "I was wrong."

Paul had persecuted the Christians with fury and without pity. Now he had to acknowledge that he was wrong. And what did this mean? It meant that to his personal friends of the Sanhedrin he must say, "You are wrong"; and to the humble, trembling Nazarenes, whom he had attacked and destroyed, "You are right." How angry those proud friends would be! How suspicious would be the frightened Nazarenes! Imagine the wolf saying to his pack, "You are wrong to attack the sheepfold"; and saying to the sheep, "Let me enter, for I wish to be like you." Can we not see how difficult was the position of Paul at this trying time?

## PAUL RETURNS TO DAMASCUS

In his three years of retirement the soul of this great man was being slowly and mercifully prepared for the fortunes of a career unmatched in history.

What visions came to him, what whispers from the spirit-world, we do not know. Perhaps he was left entirely to himself. But at last the long vigil came to an end. Convinced that he must give his vision to mankind, he came again to Damascus.

He was received with some natural misgiving, which deepened into alarm when he appeared in the synagogue and disputed with the Jews concerning Jesus. He not only angered the loyal Jews; he annoyed the Nazarenes as well. He was too much in earnest.

Paul argued with an energy which challenged the learned doctors to give a decided answer. He was not merely disputing on an interesting subject of conversation. He was showing men that God had fulfilled prophecy, that Christ had come, that the old order was finished, that a new age had dawned upon the world. Either this was false or true. If false, let them refute him. If true, let them bow down and worship.

So earnest was Paul that at last the Jews woke up to their danger. This man would disturb the quiet peace in which they lived, and it was quite clear that they must endeavor to get rid of him.

The gates of the city were watched to prevent him from escaping, and Paul learned that his doom was decreed. What! At the very beginning of his career, before he had spoken to any of the apostles who had seen and known Jesus, before he had preached to the foreign nations, before he had told all the world of his wonderful vision—no, this was impossible! He was told by some people who were favorable to him how he might escape from the city.

He was led to a house built over and into the city wall which had a window opening on the country outside. When night had fallen, and the patrol had passed beneath the window, Paul was placed in a large basket, and was lowered safely to the ground.

This was the beginning of a life full of the strangest adventures and escapes.

From the wall of the city which would not have him, the lonely man turned away, and through the darkness of the night set his face toward Jerusalem.

## PAUL AND PETER MEET

The return to Damascus, where Paul was all but a stranger, must have been hard work for a proud nature; but can we imagine anything harder for such a nature as this than a return to the capital of his nation, the seat of its government, and the site of its holy temple?

He had been, perhaps, the most famous Jew in Jerusalem. His friendships were among the proud and powerful Pharisees. His fame was the fame of a master man, a leader, a ruler of the most shining and distinguished qualities. And now he was returning on foot, as an outlaw, a friendless, homeless, penniless wanderer on the earth—worse than this, as a traitor and an apostate.

As he saw the walls and roofs of the holy city shining in the sun, and pictured to himself the familiar scenes in the narrow streets, surely he must have shrunk from entering the gate, to be at once detected and pointed at as Saul of Tarsus, who had become a hated Nazarene.

But one great aspiration upheld him in this difficult hour. Hidden away in some mean house in one of the poor and wretched back streets of this glorious city was a Galilean fisherman, Peter by name, who had lived with Christ, the Son of God, who had heard his voice, looked into his eyes, broken bread with him, sat with him on the Mount of Olives, and asked him concerning the kingdom of heaven.

To reach this Galilean fisherman was now the desire of the once proud Pharisee. His bitter loneliness could only be supported by the company of one who had known Jesus, and who could tell him all that he desired to know about that wondrous revelation of God. And so, through the humiliation and bitterness of his return, Paul felt the joy that was before him, and hastened his steps toward the city.

It seems that he met with Barnabas, a friend of his, one who had known him in the past, who believed in him, and knew the story of his conversion. By this good and excellent man, destined to be the companion of his life, Paul was led to the little house where Peter the fisherman lodged.

We could well sacrifice some of the chief books in the world for a single chapter describing to us the meeting of Peter the Galilean fisherman and Paul the former Pharisee. No meeting that we can think of in history is more dramatic.

The characters of the two men seize our imagination. Peter was the most impulsive and headstrong of Christ's followers; Christ had upbraided him on one occasion with a swift rebuke; on another occasion had warned him that, in spite of warm-hearted protestations of loyalty, he would deny his Master; and yet all through that Master had shown him a love and confidence which lifted him above the heads of the other disciples.

And Paul, for his part, was equally impetuous, headstrong, and reckless; but his impetuosity was of the intellect, not of the heart. He was the impulsive zealot of the Law, with a quick brain for argument, a fierce and haughty contempt for the loose ideas of ignorant men.

These two men, the provincial and unlearned fisherman and the brilliant and accomplished Pharisee, came face to face in some little house in Jerusalem, long ago forgotten, and for fifteen

days discussed the character, the words, and the works of Jesus of Nazareth.

## THE FIFTEEN DAYS THAT PAUL SPENT WITH PETER

"After three years," says Paul, "I went up to Jerusalem to see Peter, and abode with him fifteen days. But other of the apostles saw I none, save James, the Lord's brother." That is all we know of this great interview.

But we have another glimpse of Paul's general reception at Jerusalem.

However kind may have been the greeting of the warm-hearted, noble-natured Peter, from the rest of the Nazarenes at Jerusalem Paul received the coldest welcome. "They were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple."

"He was met on every side," says Dean Farrar, "by cold, distrustful looks. At one stroke he had lost all his old friends; it seemed to be too likely that he would gain no new ones in their place. The brethren regarded him with terror and mistrust; they did not believe that he was a disciple at all. The *facts* which accompanied his alleged conversion they may, indeed, have heard of; but they had occurred three years before.

"The news of his recent preaching and recent peril in Damascus was not likely to have reached them; but, even if it had, it would have seemed so strange that they might be pardoned for looking with doubt on the persecutor turned brother —for even fearing that the asserted conversion might be only a ruse to enable Saul to learn their secrets, and so entrap them to their final ruin."

How natural all this seems to us to-day; how real and true it makes the history of Christianity.

Paul, however hurt he might be by this cold distrust of the brotherhood, was at least exalted by what Peter had to tell him. Everything that the simple fisherman narrated as mere story and chronicle became charged with spiritual meaning to the soul of this greatest of men. He listened to Peter's narrative, questioned and cross-examined, fastened the whole story into his heart, and at the end of those fifteen days rose up and went boldly out to preach Christ crucified to the Jews and to the Greeks.

And now once more we see the same tragedy that we witnessed at Damascus. As the Gadarenes implored Jesus to depart from their coasts, so the timid Nazarenes in Jerusalem begged Paul to go from them, lest his bold preaching should bring ruin on the brotherhood.

Paul perceived in the mists of the future a Church embracing humanity and changing human character. He wanted all men to see the great light. And so he preached with the fearless energy of his soul, and suddenly presented Christ to Jerusalem as the Son of God, as the Saviour of all mankind.

## HOW CHRISTIANITY WAS LEFT WITH ELEVEN SIMPLE MEN

He was marked down for death. Such preaching was unthinkable in Jerusalem. As he had been marked down at Damascus for stirring up strife, so he was marked down in Jerusalem; and now, as then, he was saved by flight. He had to be hurried out of the holy city. Once more, then, we find him, on the threshold of his burning purpose, driven forth into exile, a homeless man, who frightened his friends and roused his enemies to fury.

He went to Tarsus, and the chronicle says significantly: "Then had the churches rest throughout all Judæa and Galilee and Samaria."

Rest! Yes, they rested, and the nations of the earth continued to live as though the Son of God had never brought life and immortality to light.

We are now at an incident in our narrative which reveals to us the wonderful spread of Christianity throughout the world.

Have we ever thought how strange a thing it is that after the ignominious death of Jesus, who was the son of a carpenter in a despised village, his religion, which he had left in the hands of eleven uneducated men, who had all forsaken him and fled in the hour of his downfall, should have spread, even in the lifetime of those very men, to nations and countries far away from Jerusalem?

This is the most wonderful fact of human history. We cannot exaggerate its wonder. Nothing in the least resembling it had ever occurred before or has ever occurred since. It stands out in the history of humanity as a wonderful event that it is impossible to deny, and equally impossible to explain on purely human grounds.

The Gospel of Christianity, which is nothing more or less than the character of Christ, spread among the nations before there was printing, before there was railway or telegraph, and before civilization had reached a gentleness and kindness which, owing to Christ himself, is now the characteristic of social life. It was a triumph of sweetness, beauty, and humility, at a time when blood was on the hands of rulers and princes, and when mankind was degraded by sin.

We can see how this revolution took place by following the narrative of Paul's life; but we

must leave him for the present at his home in Tarsus while we read about a striking incident which took place in the life of Peter.

## THE STRANGE VISION THAT CAME TO PETER

One day, in the house of Simon the tanner, at Joppa, Peter rose and mounted to the roof, like a pious Jew, to say his midday prayer. From the flat roof of this Eastern house he saw the blue sea creeping over the bleached sands, and felt the heat of the noonday sun beating down upon him. As he prayed he became hungry, and, probably exhausted by his hard life, his scant fare, and the pitiless glare beating up from the hot, white roof into his eyes, he fell into a swoon.

In this trance he saw an immense movement in the sky, as if it were a gigantic linen sheet being lowered by ropes at the four corners, and saw within it all manner of birds, and fowls, and reptiles. "Rise, Peter," said a voice within him; "kill, and eat." Hungered and exhausted as he was, the Jew in him cried out: "Not so, Lord!" For among these creatures there were those which the law of Moses forbade all Jews to eat. "Not so, Lord; for I have never eaten any thing that is common or unclean."

The voice answered: "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common."

The rebuke was thrice uttered, the vision vanished, and Peter woke out of the trance into which he had fallen.

## THE RICH CENTURION WHO SENT FOR THE HUMBLE FISHERMAN

Clear as the brilliant sun to which he woke was the meaning of this vision; but as his eyes were dazzled by the light, so was his soul too dazed to realize in all its wonderful fullness the meaning of his vision. He was pondering it in his heart when he heard the voices of three foreigners in the street below, inquiring for him at the door of Simon's house. One of these men was a soldier.

He went down and asked what they wanted. They told him that Cornelius, the centurion of Cæsarea, desired that he should come to him on a visit.

At once the full meaning of the vision flashed upon his mind. Cornelius was a foreigner, a man of power, a good man, respected even by the Jews. Peter realized that God had moved the heart of this great and influential man toward Jesus of Nazareth. He saw how important a thing had happened, and on his journey to Cæsarea took with him six of the Nazarenes at Joppa to be witnesses of what should follow.

The scene was a striking one. Cornelius, whose imagination had been kindled by stories of Jesus, was waiting in his grand house, with several friends and kinsmen, for the humble apostle. Directly he saw him, he went forward and bowed his knee to the fisherman.

## PETER CARRIES THE GOSPEL TO THE GENTILES

"Stand up," said Peter; "I myself also am a man." That was finely said. They went in together and talked; and Peter said: "Ye know how that it is an unlawful thing for a man that is a Jew to keep company, or come unto one of another nation; but God hath shewed me that I should not call any man common or unclean." Cornelius related that a vision had bid him send for Peter, and he concluded by asking the apostle to speak what God commanded him.

Then Peter uttered remarkable words: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." Having spoken these words, he told the story of Jesus, bore witness to the resurrection, and showed that it was to this Jesus of Nazareth that all the prophets had pointed throughout the ages.

His words had a great effect. The Nazarenes who were with him felt the power of the Holy Spirit afresh, and saw in those about them a like transfiguring effect. Peter, witnessing the descent of the Holy Spirit upon these foreigners, cried out: "Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?" And he baptized them all into the religion of Jesus.

How was the great event received by the Nazarenes in Jerusalem? When Peter returned he was met with a complaint. The brethren gathered there blamed Peter bitterly for having associated with the Gentiles, for eating with them, and for admitting them to the brotherhood of Christ by baptizing them.

But Peter related to the Nazarenes the exact details of his vision and what happened afterward, and they "held their peace, and glorified God, saying, Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life."

To the Jews it was a dreadful thing that Peter had done. He had defied the law of Moses.

Peter had taken a step destined to change the history of the world. By crossing the threshold of the Roman's house in Cæsarea, he really carried Christianity from Asia to Europe; by sitting

down to meat with this foreigner, he transplanted Christianity from Judaism to the hearts of all people. The great miracle had begun.

And yet only grudgingly did the Nazarenes in Jerusalem accept the new conditions. We must look from Peter to Paul, and from Jerusalem to Antioch, for the development of this revolution.

## PAUL SAVES CHRISTIANITY

While the humble community of Nazarenes in Jerusalem were still agitated by the action of Peter in admitting to baptism a foreigner completely outside the Jewish religion, news of a much more disturbing character reached them from the city of Antioch.

Antioch was at that time one of the three capitals of the world. Its situation was magnificent, its buildings were of the greatest splendor, and its streets were unequaled for grandeur. The population was composed of all nationalities. A man who stood in the market-place of Antioch, says an ancient writer, could study the various customs of the world.

Among the many races of people inhabiting this great city were several of those Nazarenes who had been driven forth from Jerusalem by the furious persecution of Saul.

These humble Jews brought with them into Antioch the mustard-seed of Christ's kingdom, destined, as it grew up, to spread its branches over the whole earth. They worshiped Jesus in secret, and in their intercourse with neighbors gradually spread abroad the narrative of Jesus, his teaching, his death, his resurrection. Nothing could have been in greater contrast than these humble Nazarenes, with their worship of Christ's beautiful character, and the average inhabitants of Antioch. This superb city, with its marble-paved streets, its glorious avenues adorned with colonnades and statues and shaded by plane-trees and palms, with its perfumed gardens shelving to the wide river, its white palaces surrounded by beautiful groves of myrtle and laurel, with its broad and crowded market-place, freshened by soft breezes that came from the neighboring sea, was a sink of iniquity. It was one of the wickedest cities on the face of the earth.

## HOW THE MESSAGE OF JESUS WAS HEARD IN THE SINFUL CITY

Happily for the history of the world, the Nazarenes at Antioch did not want to keep Christ to themselves, and they did not look with disdain upon foreigners. So it came about that the leaven of Christ worked in that "seething mass of atheism, idolatry, and polluted life," just as a little yeast works in a mass of heavy dough, which becomes light by its influence and makes bread that is best suited for the need of men.

Among the Greeks at Antioch this new thought began to work with extraordinary energy. The Jews who worshiped Jesus still regarded him as first and foremost a member of their race; but the Greeks, with their quick brains and subtle intellects, soon perceived that the *character* of Jesus belonged to no race and to no nation, but was something which made as direct an appeal to the whole of the human race as the air of heaven.

Reports spread from Antioch of Greeks coming into the faith of Jesus by tens, twenties, and hundreds. Instead of rejoicing at this visible manifestation of God's providence, the community of Nazarenes at Jerusalem were flung into a state of anxiety and concern.

There was no apostle at Antioch. Men might be there who had seen Jesus, heard him speak, and perhaps had even spoken to him themselves; but how dare these unauthorized people, who had never been commissioned by Jesus to preach the Gospel, take upon themselves the terrible responsibilities of the apostles? What mistakes they must be committing! What errors must be creeping in! Surely a false Christ must be working in this pagan city of Antioch, so far removed from the holy city of Jerusalem!

## BARNABAS, THE MAN WHO HELPED PAUL

Accordingly, the apostles decided to send at once a trusted member of their little band, to see with his own eyes and report with his own lips the condition of things at Antioch. For this purpose Barnabas was chosen, a discreet man of noble mind, one of the most trusted of all the apostles. Barnabas went to Antioch, saw the state of affairs, realized that an immense opportunity was presented for spreading a knowledge of Christ throughout the world, and set himself to guide this mighty work.

Soon, however, it grew beyond his solitary powers, and, considering whom he could invite to help him, he remembered his old friend and fellow-pupil, Saul of Tarsus, a man of genius most suitable for working among the cultured Greeks.

But where was this Saul, who had fled from Jerusalem years ago, and who had been so distrusted by the other apostles? We are not told how Paul spent those years. We imagine that he returned to his home, converted the members of his own household, and worked quietly in Tarsus and the neighborhood, thinking out the mystery

of Christ, and using his persuasion with all who would listen to him.

In any case, it was at Tarsus that Barnabas discovered Paul, and told him of the great events at Antioch. The heart of Paul kindled at the news. This was his call. This was the labor to which Christ would have him put his hand. Eagerly and gladly did he set forth with Barnabas

## THE COMING OF PAUL TO ANTIOCH. AND WHAT HAPPENED

It is almost certain that to the labors of Paul at Antioch we owe the name of "Christians." Hitherto the followers of Jesus were called Nazarenes or Galileans—both terms of contempt, as Nazareth was a wretched city, and Galilee a provincial district of no reputation whatever. These names were used by the Jews to show their contempt for the ignorant men who worshiped an obscure carpenter from that despised part of their little world.

To the Nazarenes themselves the little flock was known as "the brotherhood," "the disciples," "the believers," "the faithful," "those of the way." Probably, as Peter enjoyed a position of unique authority, his term was the one most generally used. Peter, curiously enough, never once uses the word "Christ," but calls the followers of Christ by a beautiful term used by no other apostle—"the brotherhood." The command of this chief among the apostles was: "Love the brotherhood."

What better title could be found than *Christian?* And yet this word, which is now common to every nation and language, which is associated with the art and literature, the philanthropy and conduct, the mercy and the humanity of all Western civilization, was first bestowed upon the followers of Jesus in derision. Like Nazarene and Galilean, the term Christian had its origin in mockery and disdain.

How did it arise? The answer reveals to us the character of Paul, and lights up for us the darkness which lies upon his work at Antioch. Before the coming of Paul, the followers of Jesus at Antioch had been derisively treated as an obscure sect of the Jewish religion, mere followers of Jehovah with some new ideas, mostly fantastic, about that tribal deity. They were not known at Antioch by any name at all, nor did anybody trouble about them.

But with the coming of Paul the great city of Antioch woke to the knowledge that this new religion was something more than a Jewish sect. The wits of the market-place, the fashionable loungers in the streets, the noblemen in their marble palaces and groves of myrtle, discussed the new philosopher with interest and amusement. Paul provided something new, a diversion for these tired citizens of the Roman Empire; they were very grateful to have a fresh topic of conversation.

If they had only known that when their palaces were in dust, and their names wiped off the tablets of the earth's memory—if they had only known that then, for endless centuries, the name of the man at whom they laughed would be known throughout the world, and his genius acknowledged by all nations—if they had known this, how those laughing and amused citizens of Antioch would have started and wondered!

As it was, they sufficiently recognized Paul to talk about him. And very soon the wits of Antioch had a nickname for his converts; they called them Christians. It probably began by being *Chrestiani,* founded on the Greek word *Chrestos,* which means "excellent," and would easily be confounded with *Christus,* the name by which Jesus was preached to the Greeks and Romans. The wits of Antioch gathered in their light way that Paul was preaching about some one who was utter perfection, utter excellence, some new god or other, whose name was *Chrestos.* "Let us call these mad people *Chrestiani,*" they said, meaning that they were mortals trying to be gods. Later, the true name came home to them, and they spoke not of *Chrestiani,* but *Christiani,* or, as we should say in English, *Christians.*

## HOW CHRISTIANITY SWEPT ACROSS THE WORLD FROM ANTIOCH

Now, from this historic fact we may gather knowledge which is most interesting and most instructive. First of all we see that Paul roused Antioch. Remember, it was a mighty city, the third capital of the world, and filled with people of all nationalities. Paul, by his earnest preaching, roused this great city to see that the Nazarenes were not a sect of the Jewish Church, but followers of a new religion. This is important. It shows us the vigor and force of Paul. It gives him his rightful place in history, which is immediately below his Master. Before Paul reached Antioch, Christianity was not a world-force; before he left, it had started to sweep across the known world.

Paul and Barnabas, two poor Jews, set out one day from Antioch for the port of Seleucia, thence to take ship and preach Christ among all the nations of the world. Paul was weak in body, ner-

vous in mind, and a poor speaker; yet he went forward to endure such sufferings as would have broken down a giant—"the scourgings, the flagellations, the stoning, the shipwrecks, the incessant toilings on foot along intolerable and dangerous roads; the dangers from swollen rivers and rushing watercourses, the dangers from mountain brigands, the dangers from Jews, from Gentiles, from false Christians in city and wilderness and sea; the frantic crowds that nearly tore him to pieces; the weary nights; the chill, naked, thirsty, famine-stricken days; the incessant wearing responsibility; the chronic disease and weakness—all the outrages, all the insults, all the agitating bursts of indignation against those who put stumbling-blocks in the paths of the weak, the severe imprisonments, the incessant death, and all ended by desertion, failure, loneliness, chains, condemnation, the chilly dungeon, the nameless martyrdom!"

We stand amazed at what this man endured; and the more we consider the work that he performed, the more do we feel that he is history's greatest witness to the truth of Christ.

Paul had one burning ambition, and one alone—to make men Christians. He was not a patriot; no narrowness of geography or history cramped his large and ample spirit. He saw all the earth as God's, all the nations as children of one universal Father, and Christ as the light of the world. So he did not say that people must become Jews in order to become Christians, but that they must become Christlike in order to realize God's fatherhood. He said that the Law of Moses was swept away by the sacrifice of Christ.

## PAUL GOES UP TO THE TEMPLE

After years of missionary labor, unequaled in the history of the world, Paul returned to Jerusalem. He brought with him money for the poor Jews of the Christian faith and tidings that the influence of Christ was spreading among the foreign nations. He was received coldly. While in Jerusalem, he went up to the temple. It was the season of Passover, and thousands of Jews from all parts of the world had flocked to the holy city for this sacred feast. The city was full of Jews from all nations, dark-skinned and pale, wearing every kind of dress, speaking every kind of language, but united in the common superstition of their religion.

One day a number of Asiatic Jews, thronging through the temple, caught sight of a small, thin, emaciated old man, bowed by labors and bronzed by sun and wind, standing there with four others, and looking about him with an eye that had the flash and penetration of an eagle's. These pilgrims stopped, pointed him out, whispered among themselves, and, with cries of rage and gestures of hate, sprang upon this man with the cry of, "Men of Israel, help!" They had recognized Paul.

In a moment the temple was in a tumult. The worshipers and pilgrims came running from every court and quarter of the building. One name was on every lip—the name of Paul; Paul the false Jew; Paul who had made light of the Jews among foreign nations, who had been flogged again and again, but still degraded the Israelitish religion, and set the Gentile equal with the people of Jehovah. Fierce cries were heard on every side, faces distorted with passion flashed through the temple, the pavement echoed with the patter of feet, the air was filled with the rustle of garments, and round about Paul himself there were shrieks, yells, and curses, the spirit of murder.

Before they could destroy him, Lysias, the Roman commandant, arrived upon the scene with centurions and soldiers. Paul was rescued, put into chains, and led away. The crowd followed, shrieking for his death. He was saved from being torn to pieces chiefly by the fact that Lysias kept close by him; and, as the rescue-party was about to disappear into the barracks, Paul spoke to Lysias in Greek. "I am a man which am a Jew of Tarsus, a city in Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city," said he, "and, I beseech thee, suffer me to speak unto the people."

## PAUL'S DEFENCE OF HIS LIFE BEFORE A RAGING MOB

It was an undaunted request to come from one whose life had just been rescued from that raging mob, and who was at that moment suffering from their rough treatment. Snatched from his persecutors after imminent risk, barely delivered from that most terrifying of all forms of danger, the murderous fury of masses of his fellow-men, he asks leave not only to face, but to address the densely thronging thousands, who were only kept from him by a little belt of Roman swords.

The splendid speech of Paul, narrating the story of his conversion in a few graphic phrases, was listened to with wonder and increasing admiration, when he spoke of the message he had received: "Depart, for I will send thee far hence *unto the Gentiles.*"

At that point, stung by the hated word "Gentiles" to remember all the bigotry and intolerance of their natures which Paul's eloquence had lulled

to rest, the mob swayed toward him with a savage scream of rage, crying out: "Away with such a fellow from the earth; for it is not fit that he should live."

Paul was tried by the Roman judge Felix. It was quite clear that he had done nothing to deserve death, nothing even to deserve arrest; at the same time Felix did not care to offend the chief priests of the Jews, who were clamoring to have Paul delivered into their hands, by his being set free. He let time pass, and amused himself by having this much-talked-about Jew brought in private before himself and his wife.

## THE TRIAL OF PAUL BEFORE FELIX

Felix was old, cruel, and wicked; his wife, Drusilla, was a young and beautiful Jewess. When Paul was invited to talk before them, he spoke of Christ and the life of purity and love. He made them both feel conscious of their evil and idle lives by speaking of the perfect life of Jesus.

Paul was kept in prison till Festus came to Judæa to occupy the position of Felix. Paul now appealed, as a citizen of Rome, to Cæsar, which meant that he would be tried in Italy. Before he was sent away, however, the last of the Herods, Agrippa II., came to Cæsarea on a state visit to Festus. One day Festus spoke of the man Paul, the Jew-Christian who had appealed to Cæsar, and Agrippa said that he would like to see this interesting person. Festus, then, to amuse his kingly guest, had Paul brought before him. It was not a legal trial; it was not a private interview. No; it was a show, an entertainment, a function. The chief officers of the army and the more important people of the neighborhood were invited to meet King Agrippa and his sister Bernice.

When they were seated, and all the polite ceremonies and tedious formalities had been completed, Paul—the insignificant little old missionary—was brought, in his bonds, before this gorgeous company. Did any of the proud and wealthy men and women imagine that their names would live in history only because of the prisoner standing before them that day in a position so humble and foolish?

## PAUL APPEARS BEFORE KING AGRIPPA AND HIS COURT

Festus laid the story of Paul's arrest before the King; and the King, turning to the prisoner, said: "Thou art permitted to speak for thyself."

Then Paul stretched forth his hand, and answered for himself: "I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee, touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews; especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews." Agrippa, unlike many of the kings and procurators set over the turbulent Israelites by the Roman Cæsar, really knew the people, their scriptures, their habits, and their ideals. Therefore, with great confidence Paul unfolded the story of his early life to King Agrippa—his enthusiasm for the Pharisees, his devotion to the God of Israel, his hatred of the Nazarenes.

From this he passed to the vision on the road to Damascus, the arresting words, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" and the command of Christ that he should be a witness to the Gentiles. "Whereupon, O King Agrippa," he continued, "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision. . . . Having, therefore, obtained help of God, I continue unto this day witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come: that Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people and to the Gentiles."

After an interruption from the Roman governor, Paul turned to King Agrippa and cried: "Believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest!" And Agrippa answered: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!"

At this jest, of course, the gathering must have smiled and tittered, and rustled their fine clothes. King Agrippa a Christian! How amusing! How droll! But Paul broke through the titters with these fine and measured words: "I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am"—he lifted his hands with the chains and added—"except these bonds." The King rose. The company began to chatter and make their farewells. Paul went back to his prison. As Agrippa walked beside Festus he said: "This man might have been set at liberty if he had not appealed unto Cæsar." Destiny decided that Paul's great wish should be fulfilled: that he should preach Christ, and him crucified, in the very heart and center of the Empire, in the mighty capital of the whole world, at Rome. But it was to be as a prisoner.

Does it not convince us of this man's extraordinary genius that, while most of the influential Christians were congregating in Jerusalem, and regarding that sacred city as the axle of the new religion, Paul should have looked far away to the capital of the Roman Empire and perceived that

there was the center from which the light of the world should radiate to all points?

## THE PERIL OF PAUL AT SEA

We must not forget that St. Paul was a man of action as well as a man of learning. He is, indeed, the greatest of missionaries, and suffered all the privations and penalties of those brave men who set out to teach the world new truth, and who count bodily fatigue and mental suffering as nothing compared with the glory of serving God.

"Thrice was I beaten with rods," he narrates, "once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness."

We accept the religion of Jesus to-day as a part of life. It seems to us as natural as trees and houses. We cannot think of a civilized town without a church. We cannot imagine a Sunday without the ringing of church bells and the singing of hymns. But once upon a time there was no religion of Jesus. Once upon a time the idea that love is far more powerful than strength, and forgiveness more beautiful than revenge, would have been laughed to scorn by all mankind. Once upon a time the revelation that God is our Father in heaven, and that all men are brothers, would have been deemed incredible. And to teach men these new truths required courage of the highest kind, because these exquisite and sublime ideas attacked and destroyed by their very beauty the proud and mighty priesthoods of false religions. Christianity was a revolution. It altered the whole idea of life which had prevailed in the world for centuries. Therefore it needed revolutionaries of the bravest nature to preach it.

St. Paul is the great revolutionist of history. It was St. Paul who flung the thoughts of the whole civilized world into a new channel, and who gave to foreign nations, in cities the most splendid and cultured, that Saviour whom the hated Jews rejected. Let us think what work it was to bring Greeks and Romans to the adoration of a crucified Jew, to convince them that Jesus of Nazareth, crucified in shame and defeat between two thieves, was Jesus the Son of God, our Saviour and Redeemer. This was the work of the Apostle Paul, and it is matchless in the whole history of human achievement.

## PAUL GOES TO THE CAPITAL OF THE WORLD IN CHAINS

Among all the incidents in St. Paul's tempestuous life, few have so great a fascination for us as that journey to Rome, the capital of the great Roman Empire, the metropolis of the world, on which he endured all the horrors of a typhoon, and suffered the terrors and excitements of shipwreck. Nowadays our missionaries make many perilous journeys in order to preach the religion of Jesus to heathen nations, but St. Paul's great journey stands out in history for all time, unique for what it accomplished, and unequaled in its narrative for picturesque simplicity and compelling truth.

St. Paul, who was a prisoner, and who had appealed to Cæsar, was, with other prisoners, shipped on board a small trading vessel at Adramyttium in the month of August, and under the care of one Julius, a centurion of an Augustan cohort, set out for Rome. His great ambition to reach the metropolis of the world was at last to be fulfilled; but he was destined to journey there under the guardianship of Roman soldiers, a prisoner in chains.

The season of the year was getting late for sailing, but the long journey began prosperously enough, although St. Paul, who had been a prisoner for two years, appears to have suffered. For when the vessel reached the port of Sidon, Julius gave the apostle permission to go on shore in order to "refresh himself" among his friends. We can imagine how a poor prisoner, especially a man of St. Paul's fiery and exalted nature, would have felt the rigors of a sea voyage in a miserable trading vessel at the very worst season of the year.

## CHAINED TO ROMAN SOLDIERS IN A STORM-TOSSED SHIP

After leaving Sidon, the heavens frowned upon the little ship, and for two months the wretched prisoners, each man chained to a Roman soldier, endured the terrors of tempest. A contrary wind obliged the sailors to forsake their course, and it was after some time and no little difficulty that they dropped anchor in a river near by the town of Myra. Here the prisoners were transhipped, and passed into a large vessel from Alexandria laden with corn. A contrary wind still blew hard, but the Alexandrian vessel crept along the shore, and came at last to a place known as Fair Havens.

It was now getting toward the end of September, when the Jews regarded the sea as closed to navigation, and some time was spent in consider-

ing what should be done. Would it be well to winter in Fair Havens, or to try and round Cape Matala to Port Phœnix, which was a much better port, and a far pleasanter town for winter quarters?

Paul the Apostle ventured to join in the discussion.

"Sirs," said he, "I perceive that this voyage will be with hurt and much damage, not only of the lading and ship, but also of our lives."

They knew he was a great traveler and well acquainted with that sea, but, nevertheless, his advice to winter in Fair Havens was disregarded, and the vessel put out to sea once more.

At first everything prospered, and, towing the ship's boat behind them, they made a pleasant run through the waters. But suddenly the typhoon, a terrific hurricane which is the terror of all sailors, swept down upon them.

What could these poor sailors do in a vessel which had but one mainmast and one mainsail? They were powerless even to furl the sail, and could do nothing but let the ship rush on and drive before the tempest.

Directly it was in the least possible, an attempt was made to get the ship's boat on board, in case it should be necessary to escape from the ship. St. Luke, who wrote the account of the voyage for us and was on the ship, helped to pull the boat on board, a most difficult task, and we can imagine how that boat must have looked as it came in from the swirling waters at the stern of the ship, its timbers sore beaten and half buried under the sea.

Then the sailors undergirded the vessel by passing thick ropes under the prow and fastening them tightly together around the middle. But there was no port to which they could run, and nothing remained for these storm-harried mariners except the heart-breaking task of what is called lying-to. So, with the longboat on board, the vessel tied up with cords, the sails were so set that the wind steadied the ship and held it in one place, rolling, pitching, tossing, and straining all its timbers, helpless in the midst of the tempest.

## THE VISION IN THE NIGHT THAT GAVE HOPE

But Paul was calm in the midst of the storm, and faithful in the face of danger. He stood up and said to the wretched crews: "Sirs, ye should have hearkened unto me, and not have loosed from Crete, and to have gained this harm and loss. And now I exhort you to be of good cheer: for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar; and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee. Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer: for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me." The sailors took heart from these words, and some time later, hearing the roar of breakers, they sounded, and found themselves in twenty fathoms of water. Again they sounded; only fifteen fathoms! Yes, land was near, but their danger was enormous. The roaring wind blew hard; it might hurl them on to a reef. Anchors were cast out, and stuck fast in the clay. Still the danger was terrible. The roar of the breakers grew louder and louder. What would be the vessel's fate?

The sailors made an attempt to escape by the boat, but Paul prevented it; and, begging all those on board to eat and strengthen themselves, himself took bread, gave thanks to God, and ate. Thus hope returned to the panic-stricken crew, and with their new strength they flung out the wheat into the sea, and so lightened the ship. When morning dawned they saw the land, an island washed by furious waters. They knew not what land it was that they were making toward.

## HOW PAUL LANDED ON THE ISLAND OF MELITA

The vessel drove ashore till the prow stuck fast in the land, while the stern was battered to pieces by the waves. For a moment the soldiers wanted to kill the prisoners, fearing an escape; but Julius prevented this atrocious crime, and every man landed in safety, including the great missionary who was going up to Rome to preach Jesus.

The shipwrecked men found that they had landed on the island of Melita, which is now called Malta and belongs to England. There they were treated well by the inhabitants. One little incident is recorded which makes us feel how absolutely true is the whole narrative. In making a fire of sticks, a viper, warmed by the flames, crawled out and fastened on Paul's hand. "And when the barbarians saw the venomous beast hang on his hand, they said among themselves, No doubt this man is a murderer, whom, though he hath escaped the sea, yet vengeance suffereth not to live. And he shook off the beast into the fire, and felt no harm. Howbeit they looked when he should have swollen, or fallen down dead suddenly: but after they had looked a great while, and saw no harm come to him, they changed their minds, and said that he was a god."

## THE LAST DAYS OF PAUL

St. Paul, a fettered prisoner, arrived in Rome, and the angels who keep the chronicles of the human race turned over another page and began a new chapter. Jesus had lived his sublime and humble life in a little district of a despised country. He never saw the splendors of barbaric civilization, the loveliness of Antioch, and the glory of Rome. Jerusalem, with its narrow streets, represented for him a great metropolis, a city of the world. He lived and died in a province of the Roman Empire, foreign and provincial.

But the inspiration of his divine life fell upon Saul of Tarsus, and the feet of this great man were swift to carry far afield from Jerusalem and Galilee the glad tidings of great joy. Jesus is the light of the world; Paul was the man who carried that light into Europe.

It is one of the most striking facts of history that the immense work of St. Paul in Rome was accomplished in a hired lodging and as a fettered prisoner. There was nothing to startle men in this event that shook the pillars of the world.

We might imagine that St. Paul arrived in Rome with a shouting host around him, that he marched in victory through the seething streets, that he stood face to face with Nero, and, denouncing that monster of iniquity, held up before the Roman eagle the cross of Jesus. We might imagine that he delivered magnificent orations, and called the people to revolution.

But not in this manner was the work of Christianizing Europe accomplished. Think how it began! It began by St. Paul talking quietly in his chamber to the soldier who guarded him, and to whom he was chained. For hour after hour, to every fresh soldier who came to share his fetters, Paul told the story of Christ's life, his own conversion, and with that foreign soldier discussed the ideas of Jesus—the ideas of kindness and love, of goodness and self-sacrifice, of a Father in heaven who cares for us and who desires us to be happy. Every word that he said was a seed destined to spread among a whole legion of the Roman army, in due time to bring forth a harvest in the farthest corners of the world.

## THE PRISONER WHOSE TALK CHANGED ALL THE WORLD

This great missionary did his work at Rome by means of simple conversation. He talked to people and touched them with the spell of Jesus. He discussed the revelation of Jesus with the visitors who came to see him, and not only sapped the foundations of the mightiest empire in existence, but changed the world's history. The new page in human history was begun by a chained prisoner talking to his friends in a Roman lodging. Instead of sermons, we have conversations. Instead of creeds and a difficult theology, we have the simple influence of the character of Jesus.

But there was one great moment in St. Paul's life at this time. He was brought to trial, and, as some think, stood face to face with Nero himself. If this is indeed true, never was there a more dramatic meeting of two human forces.

Paul, old and bowed, would stand before Nero, young and insolent; the old Paul standing for a new earth, while the young Nero represented the death of the old world. Paul had lived only for others. He was pure, he was tender, he was considerate; he loved righteousness; he was full of a manful contempt for all meanness, vileness, and sin.

Nero, on the other hand, was a vile and cruel monster, seeking and longing for fresh evil, destroying the lives of children, torturing men and women for his amusement. He was a tyrant, a murderer. It is impossible for men to read the history of Nero without being convinced that he was inhuman. Therefore, if indeed it was before Nero that Paul stood, we have truly one of the most dramatic meetings in the world's history. We have man's desire for God face to face with man's desire for evil. We have religion face to face with atheism. We have the old world clothed in splendor and looking out of eyes of lust at the new world, with that new world fettered and bowed, but rejoicing in the eternal assurance of God's will, the sun of immortality shining on its brow.

From that trial, in which Paul stood alone, deserted by all his friends, he emerged with a verdict of "not proven." He escaped death, to remain a prisoner.

The great fire which had destroyed so much of the glory of Rome, the fire which many ascribed to Nero himself, was laid by Nero's spies at the door of the despised Christians, the strange people who, they said, worshiped a crucified god in underground places and burying-grounds.

The Christians were a hated sect, everywhere spoken against and distrusted. It seemed, even to virtuous Romans, that a new religion which exalted love and commanded compassion would surely ruin their glorious empire, resting as it did on the force of arms.

## THE SCENE AT THE GATE OF ROME AS PAUL PASSED FROM EARTH

The Christians were, therefore, not merely hated by the evil and the wicked, but condemned by the

thoughtful and the virtuous. It only needed the burning of Rome to light the fires of persecution for this hated sect.

Paul might escape for a little while, but his doom was certain. How it came, we do not know exactly. In the immense confusion of the fall of the Roman Empire, the death of St. Paul is lost as a little thing of no moment. It was only perceived long afterward, in the resurrection of the world and in the birth of a new religion, that the poor, solitary, deserted, and fettered prisoner in his lodging at Rome had filled a greater place in the history of the world than the Emperor on his throne. "God buries the workmen, but carries on their work."

Dean Farrar has imagined for us in his "Life of St. Paul" the closing scene: "If any timid, disheartened, secret Christian stood listening in the crowded court—if through the ruined areas which marked the sites of what had once been shops and palaces before the conflagration had swept like a raging storm through the narrow, ill-built streets—if from the poorest purlieus of the Trastevere, or the gloomy haunts of the Catacombs, any converted slave or struggling Asiatic who believed in Jesus had ventured among the throng, no one has left a record, no one even told the story to his fellows so clearly as to leave behind him a floating tradition. We know nothing more. The last word has been spoken. The curtain has fallen on one of the noblest of lives.

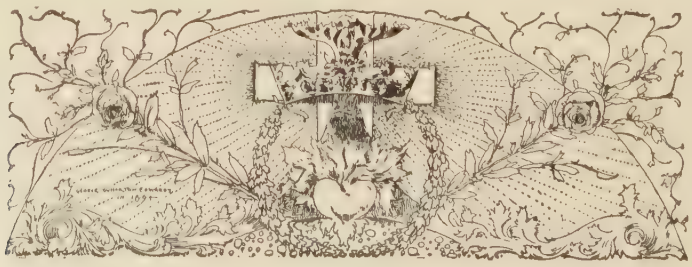
"They who will may follow him in imagination to the possible scene of his martyrdom, but every detail must be borrowed from the imagination alone. It may be that the legendary is also the real scene of his death. If so, accompanied by the centurion and the soldiers who were to see him executed, he left Rome by the gate now called by his name. . . . For nearly three miles the sad procession walked, and doubtless the dregs of the populace, who always delight in a scene of horror, gathered round them.

"About three miles from Rome, not far from the Ostian road, is a green and level spot, with low hills around it, known anciently as Aquæ Salviæ, and now as Tre Fontane. There the word of command to halt was given; the prisoner knelt down, the sword flashed, and the life of the greatest of the apostles was shorn away."

Here ends for us the life of a solitary man who occupies a place in history second only to the matchless glory of his Master. He was hated by the Jews; among the Christians of his own race he was distrusted; he was loved by but one man, the gracious and youthful Timothy; and he was weak and afflicted.

Nevertheless it was Paul, who died an unknown death of martyrdom, whose life-story is the story of Christianity passing out from the East to conquer the whole world. Those missionaries who now carry Christianity to the East are carried, as it were, on the Pauline wave which rose in the East and broke across Europe, shining with the light of the world.

We who have now followed the story of St. Paul from the beginning have followed the narrative of the greatest miracle in history. For the miracle of all miracles is the triumph of Christianity after Jesus himself had suffered ignominious death. No man can explain how Christianity conquered the world, except by acknowledging that Paul was changed by a miracle, and was supported by God through his life of preaching to the Gentiles. We look back in history, and we see no man who has done a greater work than this servant of Jesus, who interpreted his Master to all peoples and taught mankind that nothing shall separate us from the love of God.



# LITTLE TALKS ON MANNERS AND MORALS

## WASHINGTON'S "RULES OF BEHAVIOR"*

Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

2. In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

3. Speak not when others speak, sit not when others stand, and walk not when others stop.

4. Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on any one.

5. Be no flatterer, neither play with any one that delights not to be played with.

5. Read no letters, books, or papers in company; but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of any one so as to read them, unasked; also, look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

7. Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.

8. Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

9. They that are in dignity or office have in all places precedency; but while they are young, they ought to respect those that are their equals in birth or other qualities, though they have no public charge.

10. It is good manners to prefer them to whom we speak before ourselves, especially if they be above us, with whom, in no sort, we ought to begin.

11. Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

12. In visiting the sick, do not presently play the physician, if you be not knowing therein.

13. In writing or speaking, give to every person his due title, according to his degree and the custom of the place.

14. Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

15. Undertake not to teach your equal in the art himself professes; it savors of arrogancy.

16. When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

17. Being to advise or reprehend any one, consider whether it ought to be in public or in private, presently or at some other time, also in what terms to do it; and in reproving show no signs of choler, but do it with sweetness and mildness.

18. Mock not, nor jest at anything of importance; break no jests that are sharp or biting, and if you deliver anything witty or pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

19. Wherein you reprove another be unblamable yourself, for example is more prevalent than precept.

20. Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curses nor revilings.

21. Be not hasty to believe flying reports, to the disparagement of any one.

22. In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature rather than procure admiration; keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly with respect to time and place.

23. Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings sit neatly, and clothes handsomely.

24. Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

25. Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature, and in all causes of passion admit reason to govern.

26. Be not immodest in urging your friend to discover a secret.

27. Utter not base and frivolous things among grown and learned men: nor very difficult questions or subjects among the ignorant, nor things hard to be believed.

28. Speak not of doleful things in time of mirth, nor at the table; speak not of melancholy

*Collected and copied by him in his youth.

things, as death and wounds, and if others mention them, change, if you can, the discourse. Tell not your dreams but to your intimate friends.

29. Break not a jest where none take pleasure in mirth. Laugh not aloud, nor at all without occasion. Deride no man's misfortune, though there seem to be some cause.

30. Speak not injurious words, neither in jest nor earnest. Scoff at none, although they give occasion.

31. Be not forward, but friendly, and courteous, the first to salute, hear, and answer, and be not pensive when it is a time to converse.

32. Detract not from others, but neither be excessive in commending.

33. Go not thither where you know not whether you shall be welcome or not. Give not advice without being asked, and when desired, do it briefly.

34. If two contend together, take not the part of either unconstrained, and be not obstinate in your opinion: in things indifferent be of the major side.

35. Reprehend not the imperfections of others, for that belongs to parents, masters, and superiors.

36. Gaze not on the marks or blemishes of others, and ask not how they came. What you may speak in secret to your friend, deliver not before others.

37. Speak not in an unknown tongue in company, but in your own language; and that as those of quality do and not as the vulgar. Sublime matters treat seriously.

38. Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

39. When another speaks, be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience. If any hesitate in his words, help him not, nor prompt him without being desired; interrupt him not, nor answer him till his speech be ended.

40. Treat with men at fit times about business, and whisper not in the company of others.

41. Make no comparisons, and if any of the company be commended for any brave act of virtue, commend not another for the same.

42. Be not apt to relate news, if you know not the truth thereof. In discoursing of things you have heard, name not your author always. A secret discover not.

43. Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.

44. Undertake not what you cannot perform; but be careful to keep your promise.

45. When you deliver a matter, do it without passion and indiscretion, however mean the person may be you do it to.

46. When your superiors talk to anybody, hear them, neither speak nor laugh.

47. In disputes, be not so desirous to overcome as not to give liberty to each one to deliver his opinion, and submit to the judgment of the major part, especially if they are to judge of the dispute.

48. Be not tedious in discourse, make not many digressions, nor repeat often the same matter of discourse.

49. Speak no evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

50. Be not angry at table whatever happens; and if you have reason to be so, show it not; put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor makes one dish a feast.

51. Set not yourself at the upper end of the table, but if it be your due, or the master of the house will have it so, contend not, lest you should trouble the company.

52. When you speak of God or his attributes, let it be seriously, in reverence and honor; and obey your natural parents.

53. Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.

54. Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

## WHO WAS THE GENTLEMAN?

"Please, sir, don't push so!" It was when I was trying to get through the dense crowd that nearly filled the entrance, and blocked up the doorway, after one of our popular lectures, that this exclamation met my attention. It came from a little girl of not more than ten years, who, hemmed in by the wall on one side, and the crowd on the other, was vainly struggling to free herself.

The person addressed paid no attention to the appeal of the little one, but pushed on toward the door.

"Look here, sir," said a man whose coarse clothing, sturdy frame, and toil-hardened hands contrasted strongly with the delicately gloved fingers, curling locks, and expensive broadcloth of the other. "Look here, sir, you're jamming that little girl's bonnet all to smash with those elbows of yours."

"Can't help that," gruffly replied the person addressed: I look to Number One."

"You take care of Number One, do you? Well, that's all fair: so do I," replied the honest

countryman; and with these words, he took the little girl in his arms, and placing his broad shoulders against the slight form of "Number One," he pushed him through the crowd, down the steps, landing him, with somewhat more haste than dignity, in the street below.

The young gentleman picked himself up, but rather scared by the stout fist of the stranger, and rather abashed by the laughter of the crowd, concluded it was about time for him to go home.

In some kinds of society the dudish person would be courted and admired, and the countryman despised. But who was the gentleman?

On a raw and blustering day in winter, a young girl, with a basket on her arm, entered one of our stores. After making a few purchases she turned to leave. Two men stood in the doorway, whose appearance indicated that they thought themselves something, but whose soft sleek coats and delicate hands were no sign of the quality of their manners.

As they made not the slightest movement as she approached, the young girl hesitated a moment, but seeing no other way, she politely requested them to stand aside. They lazily moved a few inches, allowing her barely room to pass, giving her, as she did so, a broad stare, that brought the color to her cheek, and the fire to her eye. In stepping upon the icy pavement her foot slipped, and as she was trying to save herself her basket fell, and the wind scattered its contents in every direction.

At this the two men burst into a loud laugh, and seemed to consider it as vastly amusing.

"Let me assist you," exclaimed a pleasant voice; and a lad about sixteen, whose hands showed that they were accustomed to labor, and whose coarse and patched coat indicated that he was the child of poverty, sprang forward, and gathering up the articles, presented the basket to the girl with a bow and a smile that would have graced a drawing-room. Who was the gentleman?

Boys, you are all ambitious to become gentlemen, and it is right that you should be so; but remember that neither your own nor your parents' position in life, your tailor, your boot-black, nor your barber can make you one.

The true gentleman is the same everywhere; not only at the social party or ball, but in the noisy mill, the busy shop, the assembly at home, or in the street. He never oppresses the weak or ridicules the unfortunate; is respectful and attentive to his superiors; pleasant and polite to his equals; careful and tender of the feelings of those whom he may consider beneath him.

## WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

What is a Gentleman?—is it a thing
Decked with a scarfpin, a chain, and a ring,
Dressed in a suit of immaculate style,
Sporting an eyeglass, a lisp, and a smile;
Talking of races, of concerts, and balls,
Evening assemblies, and afternoon calls,
Sunning himself at "At-homes" and bazars,
Whistling mazurkas, and smoking cigars?

What is a Gentleman?—say, is it one
Boasting of conquests and deeds he has done?
One, who unblushingly glories to speak
Things which should call up a flush to his cheek?
One, who while railing at actions unjust,
Robs some young heart of its pureness and trust,
Scorns to steal money, or jewels, or wealth,
Thinks it no wrong to take honor by stealth?

What is a Gentleman?—is it not one
Knowing instinctively what he should shun,
Speaking no word which could injure or pain,
Spreading no scandal, and deep'ning no stain?
One, who knows how to put each at his ease,
Striving, successfully, always to please;
One, who can tell by a glance at your cheek,
When to be silent, and when he should speak?

What is a Gentleman?—is it not one
Honestly eating the bread he has won,
Walking in uprightness, fearing his God,
Leaving no stain on the path he has trod?
Caring not whether his coat may be old,
Prizing sincerity far above gold,
Recking not whether his hand may be hard—
Stretching it boldly, to grasp its reward?

What is a Gentleman?—say, is it birth
Makes a man noble, or adds to his worth?
Is there a family tree to be had
Shady enough to conceal what is bad?
Seek out the man who has God for his guide,
Nothing to tremble at, nothing to hide,
Be he a noble, or be he in trade,
This is the Gentleman NATURE has made.

## SENSIBILITY

BY HANNAH MORE

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please;
O let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offense.

To spread large bounties though we wish in vain,
Yet all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With rank to grace them, or to crown with health,
Our little lot denies; yet liberal still,
God gives its counterpoise to every ill;
Nor let us murmur at our stinted powers,
When kindness, love, and concord may be ours.

The gift of ministering to others' ease,
To all her sons impartial Heaven decrees;
The gentle offices of patient love,
Beyond all flattery, and all price above;
The mild forbearance at a brother's fault,
The angry word suppressed, the taunting thought:
Subduing and subdued the petty strife,
Which clouds the color of domestic life;
The sober comfort, all the peace which springs
From the large aggregate of little things;
On these small cares of daughter, wife, and friend,
The almost sacred joys of *Home* depend:
There, Sensibility, thou best mayst reign—
Home is thy true, legitimate domain.

## DON'T YOU SEE?

The boy who at the corner stands,
With open mouth and listless air,
Who in his pockets thrusts his hands,
And shows no signs of thought or care;
Who idly dreams, who rarely works,
Who needful tasks or duty shirks,
Though kind in manner he may be,
There's much that's lacking—don't you see?

The boy who will neglect his book
For noisy game of bat and ball,
For gun and dog, or rod and hook,
Or for a dance—for one or all—
Will find he's made a grand mistake.
Can games the place of knowledge take?
When on the top round he would be,
He'll find he's lacking—don't you see?

The girl who at the window waits
With idle hands and dreamy look,
Who by her actions says she hates
The household work of maid or cook;
Who lets her mother work away
While she indulges in her play;
Howe'er refined that girl may be,
There's much that's lacking—don't you see?

The girl whose lessons always show
No earnest work, no careful thought,
Who fails in what she ought to know
When skilful test of work is brought,
That girl will fail to win the prize—
Will fail while earnest workers rise;
A grand success she'll never be,
There's too much lacking—don't you see?

## IS IT YOU?

There is a child—a boy or girl—
I'm sorry it is true—
Who doesn't mind when spoken to:
Is it—it isn't you?
Oh no, it can't be you!

I know a child—a boy or girl—
I'm loath to say I do—
Who struck a little playmate child:
Was it—it wasn't you?
I hope it wasn't you!

## LOVE OF COUNTRY AND OF HOME

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night:
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.

The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole:

For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and scepter, pageantry and pride,
While, in his softened looks, benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend.

Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around;
Oh! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home.

# EVERY-DAY VERSES

BY ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

PICTURES BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE

## GETTING DRESSED

Here 's a foot and here 's a shoe,
  See that they agree.
If both are right or both are left
  They 'll fit quite easily;

But if the little foot is left,
  You 'll tug with all your might
And never get to breakfast, if
  The little shoe is right.

## GRACE FOR A CHILD AT BREAKFAST

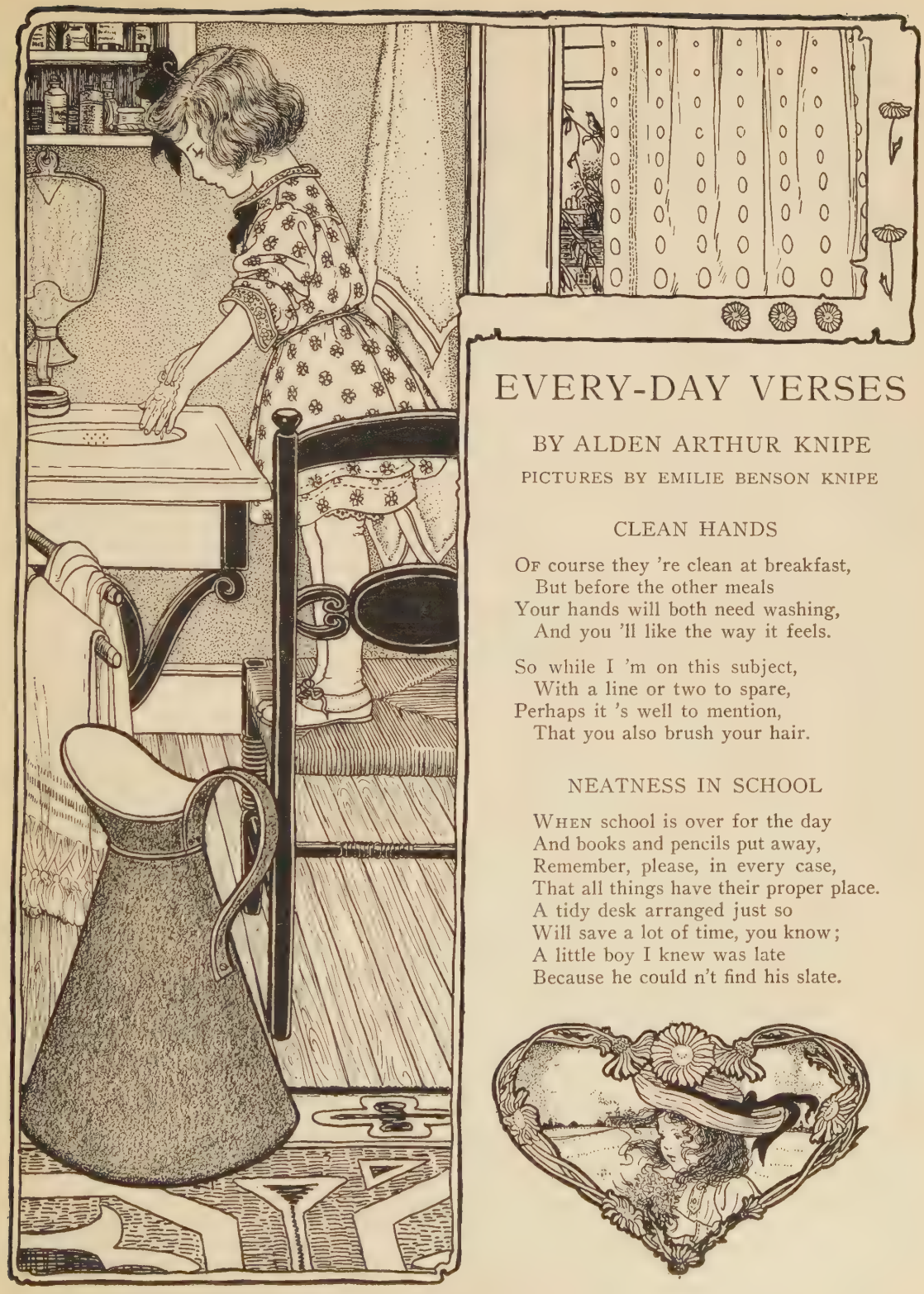
At the table, ere we sit,
We must never Grace omit;
But, for all the good things here,
Thank our Heavenly Father dear.
So, a little child, I pray,
When we work or when we play,
Blessings on this day begun
For ourselves and every one:
  Amen.

## GOING TO SCHOOL

Down the lane to school we go,
Never too fast and never too slow,
Never a-stopping to talk or play,
Never a-loitering on the way,
Never a-halting for trees to climb,
Never a-guessing there 's plenty of time,
Never a-pausing to see the view,
Never a-looking for something new,
Never a turn from the road that 's straight,
And that 's the reason we NEVER are late.

## A GOOD MEMORY

He might forget his book or slate
When he was just a little late;
But you will never, never find
A boy who leaves his lunch behind.



# EVERY-DAY VERSES

## BY ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

PICTURES BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE

### CLEAN HANDS

Of course they 're clean at breakfast,
  But before the other meals
Your hands will both need washing,
  And you 'll like the way it feels.

So while I 'm on this subject,
  With a line or two to spare,
Perhaps it 's well to mention,
  That you also brush your hair.

### NEATNESS IN SCHOOL

When school is over for the day
And books and pencils put away,
Remember, please, in every case,
That all things have their proper place.
A tidy desk arranged just so
Will save a lot of time, you know;
A little boy I knew was late
Because he could n't find his slate.

## BED TIME

Before the last good-night is said,
And ere he tumbles into bed,
A little child should have a care
And not forget to say a prayer
To God, the Father, who, with love,
Looks down on children from above
To guard them always, night and day,
And guide their feet upon the way.

## LAD AND HIS NEIGHBOR

I HAD, said William Lad, the apostle of peace, a fine field of grain, growing upon an out-farm, at some distance from the homestead. Whenever I rode by I saw my neighbor Pulcifer's sheep in the lot, destroying my hopes of a harvest. These sheep were of the gaunt, long-legged kind, active as spaniels: they would spring over the highest fence, and no partition wall could keep them out.

I complained to neighbor Pulcifer about them, sent him frequent messages, but all without avail. Perhaps they would be kept out for a day or two; but the legs of his sheep were long, and my grain more tempting than the adjoining pasture. I rode by again—the sheep were still there: I became angry, and told my men to set the dogs on them; and, if that would not do, I would pay them if they would shoot the sheep.

I rode away much agitated; for I was not so much of a peace man then as I am now, and I felt full of fight. All at once, a light flashed in upon me. I asked myself, "Would it not be well for you to try in your own conduct the peace principle you are teaching to others?" I thought it all over, and settled down in my mind as to the best course to be pursued. The next day I rode over to see neighbor Pulcifer. I found him chopping wood at his door.

"Good morning, neighbor!" No answer. "Good morning!" I repeated. He gave a kind of grunt without looking up. "I came," continued I, "to see about the sheep." At this, he threw down his ax and exclaimed, in an angry manner: "Now, aren't you a pretty neighbor, to tell your men to kill my sheep? I heard of it; a rich man, like you, to shoot a poor man's sheep!"

"I was wrong, neighbor," said I; "but it won't do to let your sheep eat up all that grain; so I came over to say that I would take your sheep to my homestead pasture, and put them in with mine; and in the fall you shall take them back, and if any one is missing, you may take your pick out of my whole flock."

Pulcifer looked confounded; he did not know how to take me. At last he stammered out: "Now, 'Squire, are you in earnest?" "Certainly I am," I answered; "it is better for me to feed your sheep in my pasture on grass, than to feed them here on grain; and I see the fence can't keep them out."

After a moment's silence, "The sheep shan't trouble you any more," exclaimed Pulcifer. "I will fetter them all. But I'll let you know that when any man talks of shooting, I can shoot too; and when they are kind and neighborly, I can be kind too."

The sheep never again trespassed on my lot. "And, my friends," Lad would continue when addressing an audience, "remember that when you talk of injuring your neighbors, they will talk of injuring you. When nations threaten to fight, other nations will be ready too. Love will beget love; a wish to be at peace will keep you in peace. You can overcome evil with good. There is no other way."

## FORGIVE AND FORGET

BY MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER

WHEN streams of unkindness as bitter as gall
Bubble up from the heart to the tongue,
And Meekness is writhing in torment and thrall,
By the hands of Ingratitude wrung—
In the heat of injustice, unwept and unfair,
While the anguish is festering yet,
None, none but an angel of God can declare,
"I now can forgive and forget."

But, if the bad spirit is chased from the heart,
And the lips are in penitence steeped,
With the wrong so repented the wrath will depart,
Though scorn on injustice were heaped;
For the best compensation is paid for all ill,
When the cheek with contrition is wet,
And every one feels it is possible still
At once to forgive and forget.

To forget? It is hard for a man with a mind,
However his heart may forgive,
To blot out all insults and evils behind,
And but for the future to live:
Then how shall it be? for at every turn
Recollection the spirit shall fret,
And the ashes of injury smolder and burn,
Though we strive to forgive and forget.

Oh, hearken! my tongue shall the riddle unseal,
And mind shall be partner with heart,
While thee to thyself I bid conscience reveal,
And show thee how evil thou art:
Remember thy follies, thy sins, and—thy crimes,
How vast is that infinite debt!
Yet Mercy hath seven by seventy times
Been swift to forgive and forget!

Brood not on insults or injuries old,
For thou art injurious too—
Count not their sum till the total is told,
For thou art unkind and untrue:
And if all thy harms are forgotten, forgiven,
Now mercy with justice is met;
Oh, who would not gladly take lessons of Heaven,
Nor learn to forgive and forget?

Yes, yes; let a man when his enemy weeps
Be quick to receive him a friend;
For thus on his head in kindness he heaps
Hot coals—to refine and amend;
And hearts that are Christian more eagerly yearn,
As a nurse on her innocent pet,
Over lips that, once bitter, to penitence turn,
And whisper, *"Forgive and forget."*

## SUPPOSING

Supposing the grass should forget to grow,
And the wayside rose should forget to blow,
Because they were tired and lazy;
Supposing children forgot to be kind,
Forgot their lessons, forgot to mind—
Wouldn't the world seem crazy?

## WHERE IS GOD?

In the sun, the moon, and sky,
On the mountains wild and high,
In the thunder, in the rain,
In the vale, the wood, the plain,
In the little birds which sing,
God is seen in everything.

## HONOR

Here is a great matter that we should like to help boys and girls to think about, and we are sure that if they think about it rightly they will wish to speak and act rightly in all things.

First, then, think of the *word* "honor." Have you a clear idea of the meaning of this word? If not, try to get a clear idea of it, then enlarge that idea by reading and rereading the definition in a good dictionary. You will find that "honor" is related to a large family of great and good words, among which are honesty, character, love, respect, and courtesy.

Now read the following questions and hints, but take them up for greater thought and consideration day by day, as you are pondering over this subject:

What is honor? Should honor be cultivated? Does it help to make a strong character or a weak one? What is character? What is reputation? Which would you rather have, a fine reputation or a fine character? How can you build character? How can you develop honor in your home relations? How in school? Do you think you must work for honor, or will it develop easily and without effort on your part? Do you think the things in life really worth having are gained with or without striving? Do you think the attainment of honor is desirable? Does it pay in business relations? How hard are you willing to work that you may possess it?

If you are "honor" boys and girls will you study when your teacher is absent from the schoolroom just as faithfully as when she is present? Will you carefully do work as requested by your mother when she is absent, the same as if she were present? Will you carefully study during the set time for preparation of a certain lesson, or will you dawdle the time away?

Let us look at this subject from another standpoint. Parents should remember, and children should be taught, that every manufactured article is produced at a cost of labor, time, and money, and should be used with care, whether the article belongs to them or to another. If text-books are furnished free of cost, pupils must understand that while free of cost to them, they are not so to the taxpayers, and they must show appreciation by a desire to pass them on to their successors in good condition. Destructiveness in childhood is chiefly due to thoughtlessness, and unless corrected will lead to shiftlessness. Landlords might cease to be victims to a class of tenants who say: "We don't care anything about this house, you know; it is only rented," if all children were given such teaching in school, and if they learned to follow it.

Boys and girls, a true sense of honor will lead you to consider the rights of others, the proper conduct toward them. By "others" we mean parents, teachers, companions, servants, strangers, janitors, and everybody with whom you come in contact.

What, in particular, are the rights of parents? They have the right to your love, courtesy, and respect; to your ready and cheerful obedience; to your helpfulness, because every child should have some work to do in the home that would add to the comfort of all; to your care of your clothing, that additional burdens may not be laid upon your parents. These are some of the rights of parents that children should always remember.

What are the rights of teachers? They have the right to your courtesy and respect; to your cheerful and ready obedience; to your coöperation in making the school the best possible; to expect honor and honesty in the preparation of daily work; to expect that you be punctual and regular in attendance; to pleasant, kind, obliging, helpful ways on your part.

By such an attitude toward parents and teachers, children are building character of the right sort, are learning to act according to the meaning of this word "honor" toward all with whom

they associate. In the end all who so live and act will receive even more than they can give.

"Honor" contains only five letters, but it is a great word. Will you not think of it every day?

## THE TRUANT

BY S. A. HUDSON

Tommy thought there was nobody looking
When he came running over the hill;
Stopping to hide in a thicket of willows,
Till the bell in the village was still.

Tommy thought there was no one to see him,
None in the road, or the fields, or the wood,
But all the willows, and all the grasses,
And daisies could see where he stood.

All the buttercups clustering together,
All the wild roses that grew by the way
Laughed and rustled, "See Tommy, see Tommy,
Oh, Tommy plays truant to-day."

Bees and butterflies flying before him
Told the story deep in the wood,
"Here comes Tommy, here comes Tommy,
Here's Tommy who hasn't been good."

Saucy waves softly laughed from the river,
"Aha! Tommy had lessons to-day,
And yet he's so terribly lazy and dull
That he has to run away."

So it was, wherever he wandered,
And whatever he tried to do,
All things upbraided the truant lad;
And I think he deserved it—don't you?

## MOTHER'S CHILDREN

My mother's almost crazy,
Her children are so bad;
And great big sister Daisy
Does make her dreadful sad—
So she says.

And Daisy is an awful girl,
Her nice new frock she tored;
And 'cause she had her hair to curl,
Why she—why she just roared
Yesterday.

Guess I'm sometimes awful too,
Oh yes I am, I know;
But what's a little girl to do
When she doesn't want to sew,
'Cause she can't?

She's got to cry, be cross too,
When she's as small as me;
That's all the way she has to do,
When she's tired—don't you see?
'Course you do.

When I'm really good and nice
Through all the great long day,
Papa calls me "Pearl of Price,"
And mother's glad to say,
"She was good."

## WHOLE DUTY OF CHILDREN

A child should always say what's true
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table:
At least as far as he is able.

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

## LOKMAN

Lokman, called "The Wise," lived in very early times—probably in the days of King David and King Solomon—and his name is still famous in the East as the inventor of many fables and parables, and various stories are told of his wisdom. It was said that he was a native of Ethiopia, and either a tailor, a carpenter, or a shepherd; and that afterward he was a slave in various countries, and was at last sold among the Israelites.

One day, as he was seated in the midst of a company who were all listening to him with great attention and respect, a Jew of high rank, looking earnestly at him, asked him whether he was not the same man whom he had seen keeping the sheep of one of his neighbors. Lokman said he was. "And how," said the other, "did you, a poor slave, come to be so famous as a wise man?"

"By exactly observing these rules," replied Lokman: "Always speak the truth without disguise; strictly keep your promises; and do not meddle with what does not concern you."

Another time, he said that he had learned his wisdom from the blind, who will believe nothing but what they hold in their hands—meaning that he always examined things, and took great pains to find out the truth.

Being once sent, with some other slaves, to bring fruit, his companions ate a great deal of it, and then said it was he who had eaten it; on which he drank warm water to make himself sick, and thus proved that he had no fruit in his stomach; and the other slaves, being obliged to do the same, were found out.

Another story of him is that, his master having given him fruit of the colocynth, which is one of

the bitterest things in the world, Lokman immediately ate it all up, without making faces, or showing the least dislike. His master, quite surprised, said, "How was it possible for you to swallow so bitter a fruit?" Lokman replied, "I have received so many sweets from you, that it is not wonderful that I should have swallowed the only bitter fruit you ever gave me." His master was so much struck by this generous and grateful answer, that he immediately rewarded him by giving him his liberty.

At this day, "to teach Lokman" is a common saying in the East, to express a thing impossible. It is said, too, that Lokman was as good as he was wise; and, indeed, it is the chief part of wisdom to be good. He was particularly remarkable for his love to God, and his reverence of his holy name. He is reported to have lived to a good old age; and, many centuries after, a tomb in the little town of Ramlah, not far from Jerusalem, was pointed out as Lokman's.

## THE LARK'S SONG

A LARK flew up from its dewy nest
Beside a meadow daisy,
And swelling its throat, sang loud and clear,
As if with joy 't were crazy.
"Wake up! wake up!" were the words it sang;
"The world is growing lazy:
In through yon window I peep and see
A maiden soundly sleeping.
Wake up, little girl! don't wait for the sun
To begin his tardy creeping,
Lest for unlearned lessons and tasks undone
At eve you may be weeping."

## LOOK ALOFT

BY JONATHAN LAWRENCE

IN the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
"Look aloft!" and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are arrayed,
"Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
"Look aloft" to the Sun that is never to set.

Should they who are nearest and dearest thy heart,
Thy friends and companions, in sorrow depart,
"Look aloft" from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And, oh! when Death comes, in his terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart
And a smile in thine eye, "LOOK ALOFT"—and depart.

## I'LL TRY

Two Robin Redbreasts built their nest
Within a hollow tree;
The hen sat quietly at home,
The cock sang merrily;
And all the little robins said:
"Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee."

One day the sun was warm and bright,
And shining in the sky;
Cock Robin said "My little dears,
'T is time you learned to fly";
And all the little young ones said
"I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."

I know a child, and who she is
I'll tell you by and by;
When mother says "Do this," or "that,"
She says "What for?" and "Why?"
She'd be a better child by far
If she would say "I'll try."

## KINDNESS

BOYS and girls, don't read these remarks on kindness until you have thought about the word and its meaning for at least four minutes, and have read the definition of it in a dictionary. Perhaps you think you know what kindness really means—but you don't unless you have read the definition of the word in the dictionary, and thought about it, and talked about it, and practised it for many, many days.

You cannot learn to swim by reading about swimming, and you cannot learn kindness by reading about it. To learn either in any true sense

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"FEED MY LAMBS."

"So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs."—*St. John* xxi. 15.

you must practise. If you have been sour and disagreeable and "sassy," you cannot be kind all day and every day until you have tried and tried and tried. Skilful skating and true kindness only come by thought and practice. One of the sweetest and kindest beings we ever knew was a woman nearly eighty years of age. She had been practising this splendid art for nearly eighty years. Think of it—the art of kindness! It is an art to be learned like that of conversation, or the art of speaking clearly.

After first thinking about kindness and looking in a dictionary for the definition of it, I would then divide it into four parts and consider each part separately.

First: kindness to parents—the children's best friends.

Second: kindness to teachers, the next best friends of the children.

Third: kindness to brothers, sisters, companions, and the world in general.

Fourth: kindness to animals.

If you, my unknown and unseen readers, were now with me in my little library and I should ask you why your parents were your best friends, you would all want to speak at once and say: "They give us food, clothes, a bed; they work for us"; and then some little girl would give the highest and best reason of all—"They love us."

First. I wish, girls and boys, that space would permit me to tell you how to show your love for your parents—by kind words, kind thoughts, and kind deeds—but you must work out these thoughts for yourselves.

Second. You can show kindness to your teacher by yielding cheerfully to obedience, by doing your best in your studies, by being orderly, unselfish, and courteous, and in many other ways that you can think of a great deal better than I can, because my school-days ended nearly forty years ago.

Third. Boys and girls, I am going to ask you to think of six ways by which you can show kindness to companions. Won't you write them out and then think about them again and again?

Fourth. I believe that every boy and girl that I am talking to loves animals. I am sure every girl does. If any boy who is reading this little chapter is cruel to animals, I don't want to talk to him, even in imagination. He must answer these questions carefully, or I shall not permit him to be in my class: If you saw a little bird on the grass beaten from its nest by a heavy storm, what would you do? If you saw a lot of boys stoning a cat, or if you saw a horse beaten when it was doing all it could—what would you think? What would you say? What would you do?

Answer these questions according to your own sense of right and wrong. Boys and girls, be sure that you think about these things!

## A GOOD THANKSGIVING

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS

Said old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving day,
If you want a good time, then give something away";
So he sent a fat turkey to Shoemaker Price,
And the shoemaker said: "What a big bird! how nice!
And, since a good dinner's before me, I ought
To give poor Widow Lee the small chicken I bought."

"This fine chicken, oh see!" said the pleased Widow Lee,
"And the kindness that sent it, how precious to me!
I would like to make some one as happy as I—
I'll give Washwoman Biddy my big pumpkin pie."

"And oh, sure!" Biddy said, "'t is the queen of all pies!
Just to look at its yellow face gladdens my eyes!
Now it's my turn, I think, and a sweet ginger-cake
For the motherless Finigan children I'll bake."

"A sweet-cake, all our own! 'T is too good to be true!"
Said the Finigan children, Rose, Denny, and Hugh;
"It smells sweet of spice, and we'll carry a slice
To poor little lame Jake—who has nothing that's nice."

"Oh, I thank you, and thank you!" said little lame Jake,
"Oh what a bootiful, bootiful, bootiful cake!
And oh, such a big slice! I will save all the crumbs,
And will give 'em to each little sparrow that comes!"
And the sparrows they twittered, as if they would say,
Like old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving day,
If you want a good time, then give something away."

## PRAYER AND POTATOES

An old lady sat in her old armchair,
With wrinkled visage and disheveled hair,
And hunger-worn features:
For days and for weeks her only fare,
As she sat in her old armchair,
Had been potatoes.

But now they were gone: of bad or good
Not one was left for the old lady's food,
Of those potatoes:
And she sighed and said, "What shall I do?
Where shall I send, and to whom shall I go,
For more potatoes?"

And as she thought of the deacon over the way,
The deacon so ready to worship and pray,
Whose cellar was full of potatoes,
She said, "I will send for the deacon to come;
He'll not much mind to give me some
Of such a store of potatoes."

And the deacon came over as fast as he could,
Thinking to do the old lady some good,
But never for once of potatoes.
He asked her at once what was her chief want,
And she, simple soul, expecting a grant,
Immediately answered, "Potatoes."

But the deacon's religion didn't lie that way;
He was more accustomed to preach and pray
Than to give his hoarded potatoes;
So, not hearing, of course, what the old lady said,
He rose to pray with uncovered head,
But she only thought of potatoes.

He prayed for patience, goodness and grace,
But when he prayed "Lord, give her peace,"
She audibly sighed, "Give potatoes."
And at the end of each prayer which he said,
He heard, or thought he heard, in its stead,
That same request for potatoes.

Deacon was troubled—knew not what to do;
'T was very embarrassing to have her act so;
And about those carnal potatoes.
So ending his prayers he started for home;
The door closed behind, he heard a deep groan,
"Oh, give to the hungry potatoes!"
And the groan followed him all the way home;
In the midst of the night it haunted his room,
"Oh, give to the hungry potatoes!"
He could bear it no longer! arose and dressed,
From his well-filled cellar taking in haste
A bag of his best potatoes.

Again he went to the widow's lone hut;
Her sleepless eyes she had not yet shut,
But there she sat in her old armchair,
With the same wan features, same wan air;
And, entering in, he poured on the floor
A bushel or more from his goodly store
Of choicest potatoes.

The widow's heart leaped up for joy,
Her face was haggard and pale no more,
"Now," said the deacon, "shall we pray?"
"Yes," said the widow, "now you may."
And he knelt him down on the sanded floor,
Where he had poured out his goodly store;
And such a prayer the deacon prayed
As never before his lips essayed.
No longer embarrassed, but free and full,
He poured out the voice of a liberal soul,
And the widow responded a loud "Amen!"
But said no more of potatoes.

And would you hear this simple tale—
Pray for the poor, and praying, prevail?
Then preface your prayer with alms and good deeds;
Search out the poor, their wants and needs;
Pray for their peace and grace, spiritual food,
For wisdom and guidance: all these are good;
But don't forget the potatoes!

## THE CRUEL BOY

Richard is a cruel boy,
(The people call him "Dick"),
For every day he seems to try
Some new improper trick!

He takes delight in whipping cats,
And pulling off their fur;
Although at first he gently pats,
And listens to their purr.

A naughty boy! unless he mends
He will be told to strip,
And learn how such amusement ends,
By feeling his own whip.

## KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

Little children, never give
Pain to things that feel and live;
Let the gentle robin come
For the crumbs you save at home.
As his meat you throw along,
He'll repay you with a song.
Never hurt the timid hare,
Peeping from her green grass lair;

Let her come and sport and play
On the lawn at close of day.
The little lark goes soaring high
To the bright windows of the sky,
Singing as if 't were always spring,
And fluttering on an untired wing.
Oh! let him sing his happy song,
Nor do these gentle creatures wrong.

## GOOD COMPANY

In making friends we make our life. There is nothing more important. A man or woman's life may be ruined by choosing in childhood a bad friend.

Every person alive is subject to influence from outside; every one is affected in his feelings by people and things. A bright day makes us cheerful, a gloomy day often makes us depressed. We do not feel by the seaside as we feel in a city. Our mind is like a looking-glass, which reflects whatever looks into it.

Have you ever noticed that there are some people who make you happy and cheerful, while others make you tired and sad? Why is that?

The mind is always breathing out its influence. A gloomy person, although he may not say a word, and may even try to laugh and be merry, is always breathing out from his mind a melancholy influence. He cannot help it. It is the same with evil people. Although a bad person may pretend to be good, and may say things which are noble and pure, there comes from his mind an influence which we feel at once is not wholesome.

Now, it very often happens that the boy with a bad nature is a boy of strong character. There is something about him which has a mastering effect upon others. It is difficult to shake him off; it is hard to avoid him; it is not easy to say "No" when he proposes something wrong.

There is only one way of escape. Directly you know that your future happiness and success depend upon your choice of friends, you will make yourself strong to resist this evil influence. Make sure that you can be intimate with no one without some effect being produced in your mind, and you will grow to be as masterful for good as your bad companion is for evil.

Good company is the society of those people who encourage us to take an intelligent interest in life. There are some boys and girls who work hard because they want to increase their knowledge, who are keen on games and exercise, who read books, who study Nature, and are able to talk about interesting things. In all schools there is this little aristocracy of intelligence. Let it be your chief aim to become a member of it. Cultivate a contempt for anything base and ignoble. Cultivate a keenness for everything manful, wholesome, and intelligent. And when you have established yourself in this little aristocracy of intelligence, you will find yourself proof against evil influence. The bad boy, with all his masterfulness, will have no power over you.

Be wise, and keep yourself clear of company which rouses your worst instincts, and makes you curious about subjects which intelligent people do not discuss. Cultivate your friends among the best people—people who read and think, who are too strong to be impure, and too conscious of the greatness of this beautiful universe to live petty, insignificant, and evil lives.

If you would be happy, if you would avoid all risk of ruin, avoid every kind of company in which the best side of your nature does not always feel at its ease.

## HAPPY THOUGHT

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.
*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

## THE WORLD'S MUSIC

BY GABRIEL SETOUN

The world's a very happy place,
Where every child should dance and sing,
And always have a smiling face,
And never sulk for anything.

I waken when the morning's come,
And feel the air and light alive
With strange sweet music like the hum
Of bees about their busy hive.

The linnets play among the leaves
At hide-and-seek, and chirp and sing;
While, flashing to and from the eaves,
The swallows twitter on the wing.

The twigs that shake, and boughs that sway;
And tall old trees you could not climb;
And winds that come, but cannot stay,
Are gaily singing all the time.

From dawn to dark the old mill-wheel
Makes music, going round and round;
And dusty-white with flour and meal,
The miller whistles to its sound.

And if you listen to the rain
When leaves and birds and bees are dumb,
You hear it pattering on the pane
Like Andrew beating on his drum.

The coals beneath the kettle croon,
And clap their hands and dance in glee;
And even the kettle hums a tune
To tell you when it's time for tea.

The world is such a happy place,
That children, whether big or small,
Should always have a smiling face,
And never, never sulk at all.

## A CHILD'S PRAYER

BY MATILDA B. EDWARDS

God, make my life a little light
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God, make my life a little flower
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.

God, make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

God, make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbors best.

God, make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith—that never waxeth dim,
In all his wondrous ways.

## RULES FOR CONVERSATION

BY SIR MATTHEW HALE

1. Never speak anything for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great offense against humanity itself; for where there is no regard to truth there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker; for, besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind that he can scarcely tell truth, or avoid lying, even when he has no necessity for it. In time he comes to such a pass, that as other people cannot believe he speaks the truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood.

2. As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate, nor speak anything positively for which you have no authority but report.

3. Let your words be few, lest you rob yourself of the opportunity to gain knowledge, wisdom, and experience by listening to those whom you silence by your "impertinent talking."

4. Be not too earnest, loud, or violent in your conversation. Silence your opponent with reason, not with noise.

5. Be careful not to interrupt another while he is speaking. Hear him out, and you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer.

6. Consider before you speak, especially when the business is of moment. Weigh the sense of what you mean to utter, and the expressions you intend to use.

7. When you are in company with light, vain, impertinent persons, let the observing of their failings make you the more cautious, both in your conversation with them and in your general behavior, that you may avoid their errors.

8. Be careful that you do not commend yourself. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking if your own tongue must praise you; and it is fulsome and unpleasing to others to hear such commendations.

9. Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them or of anybody unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their amendment, or for the safety and benefit of others.

10. Do not scoff and jest at the condition or natural defects of any person. Such offenses leave a deep impression.

11. Be very careful you give no reproachful, threatening, or spiteful words to any person. When faults are reproved, let it be done without reproach or bitterness. Otherwise the reproach will lose its due end, and, instead of reforming, it will exasperate the offender and lay the reprover open to reproof.

12. If a person be passionate, and give you ill language, rather pity him than be moved to anger. You will find that silence or very gentle words are the best revenge for reproaches. They will either cure the angry man, and make him sorry for his passion, or they will be a sore reproof and punishment to him. But, at any rate, they will preserve your innocence, give you the reputation of wisdom and moderation, and keep up the serenity and composure of your mind.

## BE PURE IN SPEECH

### WHY DO SO MANY MEN AND BOYS SWEAR?

PROFANE oaths are always and everywhere in bad taste; and bad taste is bad breeding. It is an accepted axiom that gentlemen never swear; it is not for us here to decide who are and who are not gentlemen, but we fancy that if any gentleman should swear he would quit when he had reflected on the matter. Possibly one may be a gentleman essentially, and yet have grave defects; but it is the spirit of gentlemanliness to master evil when it is known to be evil.

Oaths are an offense to those who do not swear. Thoughtfulness for the comfort and happiness of others ought to move the profane to cease a practice that gives pain to those around them. All these considerations are apart from the right and wrong of the matter. There is a right use of speech and a wrong one; and curses, coarse phrases, and irreverent uses of the Divine name are indisputably on the wrong side of things. The profane man becomes a source of contagion and degradation and offense. And, most of all, we have the high reason that we are divinely commanded, "Swear not at all."

Not less to be guarded against than swearing is vulgarity of speech, which includes vulgar words, vulgar jests, and vulgar stories. Once when a man began a coarse story in the presence of General Grant, that soldier rebuked him and made him keep silent. It may not always be possible to restrain the foul-mouthed; but one may easily show the vulgar jester that his conversation is not relished—may administer a rebuke by silence or in words, or may depart and allow the vile-minded to enjoy their wallow alone or in other company.

We hear sometimes about the advisability of calling "a spade a spade." Now that is most excellent advice, for the good reason that the word "spade" is the right and only appropriate name for a spade; it is a name of good standing, decent associations, and absolute fitness; it is allowed by every dictionary, and its usage is unquestioned. But when we say we will call a spade a spade, and then jump to the conclusion that words that are outlawed by good usage, words that are not rated high enough to be in the dictionary, are the right names for things, we have arrived at a conclusion that was not contained in our premises.

Words become ennobled or disgraced by usage; there are words of good standing and of bad standing. In the course of the growth of a language certain words are cast out of it as no longer usable. There may be several reasons for changes of this kind; one is that a new word has been coined to take the place of the other. Another reason is that the associations of a word may be so bad that it is dropped. Every language has its black list, its word-criminals, as it were, or its rogue's gallery of words. No word that does not appear in the dictionaries of our day is in good standing; no word that is marked in the dictionaries as "vulgar" is to be used. The common vulgar words of our language were made outcasts one hundred and fifty years ago, and any one who uses them is just a century and a half behind the times in respect to our noble mother tongue, and is talking refuse and cast-off phraseology. The English language cleans house occasionally, and casts some of its material into the gutter, where it belongs.

The better part of the world is always trying us by a high standard. We are all noted and marked socially, day by day, and men and women are marked by their speech as much as by anything else. The speech is the man; the words open up and illumine the breast. We are better known to each other than we imagine. People lose or gain respect, honor, business, clients, patients, hearers, trade, social standing, by their words, by their style of conversation, by their jests, as much as by their manners or anything else. So important is language, so much a revelation of the inward nature, that we write ourselves down on the very air, and are read and known of all men, whether our disposition be fair or foul.

## MY MOTHER'S BIBLE

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS

THIS book is all that's left me now!—
Tears will unbidden start—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped;
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear,
Who round the hearthstone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

Courtesy Union Pacific Railway, New York.

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THE FIRST MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES.

"When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord."—*St. Luke* v. 8.

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who leaned God's word to hear!
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I found thee true,
My counselor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy:
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

## THE BOY THE WORLD WANTS

Always somewhere, everywhere sometime, somebody is asking, "What are you going to be?" What are we going to do in the world when we grow up? For we must all do something. We must all help on in our own way the work of this busy world. Yet nothing can be more difficult to decide upon than a career for a boy or a girl. There are hundreds of them, most of them open to us all, and it is the number of our opportunities which makes our choice so difficult.

My dear boy, you are living at a time when to be a boy is the proudest thing in the world. There is hardly a successful man living who would not give his success for the years that lie before you. A famous man once said to me that he would give all he ever had to be alive in fifty years.

The world will be a fine place to live in when our boys are men. What are you going to do in it? Are you going to muddle through somehow until the dark gates open that lead into another life, or are you going to make yourself known and felt, and become a power for good? You live in a village, perhaps, and have not seen much of the great world beyond; but every avenue that leads to fame in the greatest country in the world begins at the door of your school.

Nothing can keep you back if you mean to go forward. The roads that lead to success are widening more and more. You may wander in a hundred fields and pick your prize.

I am sure that as you sit reading this, thinking perhaps of all the difficulties that you have, and thinking perhaps that there can never be anything but a struggling life before you, you will feel that what I say is all very well for others, but that somehow it is not true for you.

If you think like that you may make up your mind at once that it is *not* true for you, for no boy, and no man, can get any farther than he looks. Make up your mind where you are going. Remember, boys, that it is not the way you go that matters most, but how far you go that way; whether, when you have chosen your way, you quit yourselves like men. Remember that all useful work is honorable, and that the only dishonor in it is if it is badly done. And the task that is set before every man is, not to be this, or that, or the other—to mind a machine, to drive a plow, to write a book, to paint a picture, or to go to Congress—the great task set before a man is, so to prepare himself in the days of his youth that in carrying on his work in the world he shall do all things well.

What, then, are the qualities that we need most on our way through the world? There are not many things that all men agree about, but some things there are that every man knows to be true. And perhaps the first of these things is that to do anything worth doing in the world we must have a definite purpose. We must have an aim in life. We must make up our mind what we want to do; how we want to do it; and we must let nothing come in our way. We must think of time as what it really is—a treasure given to us for our safe keeping.

Time, we say, is money. But time is much more than money, for time can do what all the money in the world can never do. Time can heal all sorrows and cure all ills, and time, if you will use it rightly, will give you an opportunity such as you can hardly think of now. Think of that, when you waste your time, when you stand with your hands in your pockets looking at somebody else playing football, or when you stand idling in the street. You would not throw a dollar away, yet how often do you lightly waste an hour or a day! We do not want forever to be bent on serious things, and there is time and room for all of us to play; but nothing is so dangerous as amusement, and we had better never play at all than let play steal away our lives and lead us to forget our aims.

And we must have ambition. Do not believe those who would tell you there is anything wrong in the desire to get on in the world. There is a right getting-on and a wrong getting-on, and when we say that we want to get on I hope that we always mean, not merely that we want more money in our pocket, but that we want to *know* more as well as to *have* more; that we want more opportunities of well-doing and of well-being. There are low ambitions and high ambitions. Let

us see that we aim at a high purpose; in Emerson's splendid words, let us hitch our wagon to a star.

We must be resolute; we must have determination. It is no use our having ideas unless we mean to carry them out. It would take me a week to tell you of half the things that men have said to be impossible which have been done by men of determination. Men said it was impossible to have railways, and the man who first tried to make a steamship was driven to despair by people who looked upon him as a man out of his mind. Even so wise a man as Sir Walter Scott once said that a man was an idiot because he talked of lighting London by gas. The men who gave us the inventions which make millions happy and wealthy to-day were often ridiculed and driven to starvation, and we owe the pleasure we get from their inventions simply to their determination, which never gave way.

One other thing goes with determination, and that is concentration. You may have great energy, and you may put it all into your work, but you may use your strength in such a way that it simply fails. We all know what a spendthrift is—the foolish man who throws away his money in stupid ways, and finds one day that he has nothing left. There are spendthrifts in strength as well as in money, and the worst spendthrift is he who wastes his energy in ways which serve no purpose, instead of keeping it for something that is worth doing. Stick to your work—that is what we mean by concentration. Do not give yourself so many things to do that you can do none of them well. You are only wasting your time if you fritter it away in little things that make no difference to anybody.

I am not yet very old, but long before you are as old as I am you will come to regret the time you wasted in these days of your youth. But there is one thing you will never regret—you will never regret the time you gave to your books, and the attention you gave to your teacher. Men grow rich by using their money so that it brings them good interest. But nothing pays such good interest as the hours that a wise boy spends at school or with his books at home, and if there are any hours that a man would like to call back again, they are those golden hours which you can call yours to-day, but which all too soon will be gone from you forever.

Use them well, for they are the hours in which you are making your name in the world. I will tell you of a man who has saved a million lives. Long before you and I were born he began to think about a great problem that was puzzling the doctors, and he had almost every one against him. Hardly anybody believed in him. But he was in earnest, and he stuck to his work, and he went on thinking, thinking, thinking, until at last there came to him a great idea which has been a blessing to every suffering creature who has ever passed through an operation, and must have saved at the very least a million lives. And this splendid man, Lord Lister, did this by sticking to his work.

The boy who sticks to his work—that is the boy the world is waiting for. That is the boy for whom somebody has thousands of dollars a year. That is the boy for whom there is a vacant place at the bar, on the bench, in the pulpit, in Congress, it may be in the Presidency itself! That is the boy who will paint the picture that everybody will go to see. That is the boy who will be manager of a big business. That is the boy that every mother wishes her son to be.

And that is the boy our country is waiting for now. There are plenty of other boys, plenty of boys who will grow up to do nothing in particular for anybody, and worse than nothing for themselves. But the boy that this country wants is the boy who is in earnest, the boy who is ambitious, the boy who is determined.

Be men. Be reliable. Do what you do so that it need not be done over again. Be a comfort to your mother, an honor to your father, a credit to your school. Be bold and courageous. Do not be afraid if you make a mistake. One of the most successful men in the world once said to me, "Never be afraid of mistakes. I have made many of them, and am going to make more." It is perfectly true that the man who never made a mistake never made anything. Do right because it is right, and be bold in doing it.

You are growing up in one of the greatest countries in the world. There are many things to set right here, sad things and bad things that will cry out loud to you when you grow up. But that must always be, until the end of the world, and what I hope you are growing up to feel about your country is that it is to be the best of all the countries that ever have been. You are growing up to take your place in it. And it is for you—you who will rule this land in a not far-off to-morrow, to keep its name untarnished. Be proud of your country, which has given you more than you can ever pay back to it.

Be in all things honorable and courageous: be capable in what you undertake: be afraid for nothing but evil; be anxious for nothing but good. So you will serve your country well; so you will honor God; so you will travel to your destiny

with peace and love for your companions, by a way which no cloud can darken, with a calm which none of this world's sorrows can destroy.

## THE BOYS THAT ARE WANTED

The boys that are wanted are boys with will,
And strength of purpose to plan and do;
Who can patiently keep to their aim until
The hour has come to carry it through.

The boys that are wanted are boys with strength
Of muscle and lung, and eye and hand;
Who can bear the day through its heat or length,
And still to their duty cheerfully stand.

The boys that are wanted are boys of truth,
Who would scorn to utter a cowardly lie,
And who, in their brave and stainless youth,
Are fearless of all beneath the sky.

The boys that are wanted are honest boys,
That cannot be bribed, nor bought, nor sold;
Whom neither a friend nor a foe decoys
From the royal way that the good uphold.

The boys that are wanted are faithful boys,
True to their trust, whatever it be;
True to their trust, whoever employs;
True, though their faithfulness none may see.

The boys that are wanted are loving boys,
Fond of home, and father, and mother;
Counting the old-fashioned household joys
Dearer and sweeter than any other.

These are the boys the world will need
When she flings her baser tools aside;
When Truth, and Honor, and Justice plead,
These are the boys will stand by their side.

## THE GIRL THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR

My dear girl, the world is always waiting—for you. It is not waiting, it is true, for every girl, for there are always, unhappily, thousands and thousands of girls who take all that they can get out of the world and give nothing back to it; and the world does not wait for these. But the world is always waiting for the influence without which it could never have been—the influence of a good woman.

Wherever you go in these days, if you are old enough to be thinking of your place in life, you will find many who are asking that women may have more power given to them in the nation; and wherever you go, if you are wise enough to keep your eyes open, you will find that women have a power that legislatures can neither give nor take away. And it is that wonderful power that you are either making or not making now.

It is important to consider the ways in which a girl may earn a living, or in which she may do useful work whether she wishes to earn her living or not. It is an honorable thing for any girl to work, and more and more the opportunities for girls are widening. But it is not of these things that I would speak to you now. You may be an artist, or a dressmaker, or a teacher, or a typewriter, or a doctor, or the manager of a store, and in any of these different fields you may succeed and win a great reward; but no reward can come to you in any field unless you win it for yourself, and unless you turn your mind to it in these golden days that are passing now.

I do not want you to be serious beyond your years, to give up play and to think of the future as if it were some tyrannical thing demanding every act and every thought and every hour of your present life. I want you, rather, to bring into your life now all the joy that the world holds for you, to store up in your memory a countless number of remembrances of happy days and beautiful things that will make looking back pleasant in the years to come. But the world is a testing-place for a girl, and all about you lie temptations to give up your life to the vanities of the world. Remember, when temptations come, that life is made up of duties as well as pleasures, that we must fit ourselves to bear sorrow as well as to enjoy happiness. You would think a girl foolish who bought a year's clothes as if the whole year were summer; but just as foolish is the girl who goes into the future as if time held for her nothing but sweet things. It is said that the best way to keep peace is to be prepared for war, and, however that may be, certainly the best way to keep happiness is to be prepared for bitterness.

As we are building now, so will our future be. I knew two sisters; they were about the same age, and had had the same opportunities. They were brought up in the same atmosphere. They lived in a lovely house, and their father was rich. The world was very pleasant to them. One of the girls loved to be rich, and to have all she wanted, and she lived as if riches would never end, and so her life came to depend on riches; she chose the life that is very, very pleasant to those who can afford it. The other was glad to be rich, but she would not have felt it much if she had been poor. She loved to do things, and she pre-

pared for her life as if money had nothing at all to do with it. She chose the life that may be very, very pleasant even to those who are not rich. These two sisters grew up side by side, both of them happy, until one day something went wrong, something that their father could not possibly have helped, and he was rich no more. These two girls were suddenly poor, and I think it nearly broke the heart of one of them. But it mattered nothing to the other, for her happiness was set in a foundation more solid than gold. She had learned the great secret that the kingdom of heaven is within us, and she won her way with high honor in the profession she had chosen.

Now, we can live in either of these ways. We can live so that a hundred things that may happen will shatter our happiness and break our hearts; or we can live so that our peace is in an armor that no chance stroke can pierce, so that our happiness is based in things that endure, and not in circumstance, which to-day is and to-morrow is not.

And this true happiness, this strength that will sustain us whatever may come, we can all possess. I do not think there is any recipe for it that can be put into words, because the deepest language is far removed from feeling, and there are some things that can only be felt. But we know, every one of us, when our lives are at their best and when they are not. We know, every one of us, whether we are interesting ourselves in things that matter or in things that merely please. We know whether we are filling our minds with fine ideas and lovely thoughts, and trying to understand the world in which our lives must be spent.

More than anything, it seems to me, a girl should have deep sympathy. Many times you must have heard it said that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, and nothing truer ever has been said. It means that while men make laws and machines and houses and ships, you are to be the makers of men. You are to build up the homes and hearts and minds of those who build up only smaller things. But woman is not only the ruler and the maker of rulers; she is the comforter and sustainer. She bears the burden of the world's sorrow; she brings the world its great consolation. Whatever great work a man may do in the world, with all his votes and all his tools and all his talk, the best that a man can do is not to be compared with the best that a woman can do. When President Garfield was asked what he would be, he said, "I shall be a man first of all. If I do not succeed in that I shall be nothing."

I cannot ask you to be men, but I can ask you to be something better. Be women. Do well the most wonderful and beautiful work that any human being can ever do—the building up of a home. That is the task that awaits you, that is the great contribution you can make to the happiness of the world in which we live, and to the future to which we are going.

There is nothing that a king can do that is so great as this work of yours. There is nothing that a queen can do that is nobler than the making of a happy home. You are the queens of the earth, and in these years you are winning your kingdom. See that it is a fair kingdom, with nothing ill or mean, and see that the days you are living now are golden days, in which every hour, and every thought, shall build up the beautiful throne upon which you were born to reign. For here woman must continue to rule, however far she may advance—as she is advancing—on the road that leads to her equality with man in the affairs of political government.

## WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS

We were boys together,
  And never can forget
The school-house on the heather,
  In childhood where we met—
The humble home, to memory dear;
  Its sorrows and its joys;
Where woke the transient smile or tear,
  When you and I were boys.

We were youths together,
  And castles built in air;
Your heart was like a feather,
  And mine weighed down with care.
To you came wealth with manhood's prime,
  To me it brought alloys
Foreshadow'd in the primrose time,
  When you and I were boys.

We're old men together;
  The friends we loved of yore,
With leaves of autumn weather,
  Are gone for evermore.
How blest to age the impulse given—
  The hope time ne'er destroys—
Which led our thoughts from earth to heaven,
  When you and I were boys!

## HONESTY

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

This sentence was written by a famous English poet. Do you believe it? Do you fully understand it? Who wrote it? If it be true, then honesty must be a great and splendid quality. It must mean something more than financial honesty —something more than the avoidance of cheating and the paying of debts.

Boys and girls, will you not carefully consider the meaning of the word "honesty"? Think about it and try to recall all you have read about it—then consult your dictionary for the definition of the word. You will find in the definition such words as "sincerity," "honor," "uprightness," "integrity." Honesty means all that is expressed by these words, and more. Perhaps we might profitably consider it along the following lines:

First. The honest man or boy does not cheat. He pays all honest debts. He does not buy things unless he is sure he can pay for them. He practices economy and works faithfully in order that he may cheat no one.

Second. The honest man or boy does not deceive. The honest boy does n't make believe he is studying when he is not. He does n't give to his teacher some other boy's solution of a problem pretending that it is his own. He does n't tell his parents by words or by actions that he is studying faithfully when he is loafing or playing truant. It is possible for him to deceive his teachers and his parents, but if he does he is only laying the foundation for habits of indolence and deception that will retard or prevent his success when he becomes a man. An honest man in business or professional life does not deceive. He does not put ground gypsum in flour, or glucose in honey. He does n't put the largest strawberries on the top of the basket to conceal the green or decaying ones at the bottom. He does n't wear false plumage by preaching another's sermon or delivering another's speech as his own. He is true to himself and false to no man.

Third. The honest boy is truthful. He neither tells a lie, nor acts a lie. He is upright in all his words and actions. He is not so mean as to impose on any one by a falsehood. He is above practicing a cheat in word or deed. Truth he values more than money and neither bribes nor threats can make him depart from it.

Fourth. The honest boy has a conscience, and he follows this "inward light." That boy was honest who, when asked why he did not steal some pears (for nobody was there to see), said: "I was there to see myself, and I do not intend ever to see myself do a dishonest thing."

Fifth. The honest boy does not need watching. He studies a little harder and behaves a little better when the teacher is absent from the room than when she is present. He does conscientious work whether the "boss" is present or absent. He puts "high quality" into his work. He not only remembers that "the gods see everywhere," but "*he* is there to see." Such a boy, when he goes away from home, will not forget the teachings of his mother.

Sixth. The honest boy keeps his promise to himself as well as to others. He does n't deceive himself. If he does wrong, he does n't try to convince himself that he is doing right. If he resolves to do faithful work, he makes good his resolution. If he promises himself to take a certain amount of exercise, or to do a stated amount of studying, he does it though it be not a task required by parent or teacher. Thus, by force of will, he learns to be honest with himself and at the same time he is learning the great lesson of self-control. Honesty is always right, and "honesty *is* the best policy."

## TRUTH

When one would build a house to stand,
  He builds upon the solid rock.
He takes the best at his command,
  He piles the granite, block on block.
No soft, shale rock shall have a place
In inner or in outer face.
Well-tested rock shall polished be
For lasting structure—don't you see?

Build thou for time—on solid rock,
  Give thought and care, build broad and deep.
Then tempest wild with rudest shock
  Shall harmlessly around thee sweep.
With knowledge gained, and purpose grand,
The ills of life thou canst command.
From all their power thou shalt be free,
Thy power the greater—don't you see?

*J. M. Morse.*

## REBECCA'S AFTERTHOUGHT

Yesterday, Rebecca Mason,
  In the parlor by herself,
Broke a handsome china basin,
  Plac'd upon the mantel-shelf.

Quite alarm'd, she thought of going
  Very quietly away,
Not a single person knowing
  Of her being there that day.

But Rebecca recollected
She was taught deceit to shun;
And the moment she reflected,
Told her mother what was done;

Who commended her behavior,
Lov'd her better, and forgave her.

## THE TWO BATTLE-CRIES

Some one has said that there are only two nations in the world, the good and the bad.

Wherever you may travel you will always find some good people and some bad people. The good people are as different from the bad as white is different from black, as land is different from water. The difference between goodness and badness is as great as the difference between light and darkness.

What is the difference between good and evil? We are quite certain that life is a struggle between these two things. We are sure that no man can live without becoming more good or more evil. But what are goodness and evil?

Goodness is effort. Many of the great heroes of the world, and many of the men who have succeeded in life, have been the children of poor people. They had little comfort in their homes, there was no provision made for their future, they had only themselves to depend upon. Therefore, instead of being idle, they bestirred themselves, they struggled, they worked early and late, and made themselves victorious. In the same way it has fared with the human race as a whole.

Among all the other creatures on the earth, there is no such struggle as we find in the human race. Animals and birds and fishes and insects follow the path of their instincts. They are the same to-day as they were when Homer sang, and the druids lived under English oaks. But man fights against his instincts; his march has ever been from darkness toward light, from ignorance toward knowledge, from cruelty toward kindness, from selfishness toward charity. Once he was like the animals. He knew nothing of right and wrong. To get something that belonged to another was not thought wrong, but clever; to kill an enemy was natural. There could be no wrong, because there was no right.

But gradually there dawned upon the growing mind of man the idea that some things were better than others. While killing was allowed, for instance, no one was safe. For common safety it was agreed that killing should be stopped. Then came the first law, the first step toward a conscience. Because men agreed that killing should be stopped, the conscience of bad men told them that to kill was to do wrong.

And ever since that first law, that first step toward a conscience, humanity has been making fresh efforts to advance. Thousands of years passed before the man who knew that it was wrong to kill learned that it was right to forgive his enemy. Every age has been a fresh effort, and with every fresh effort the human race has not only advanced farther from savagery, but has obtained clearer and wider views of the heaven in front of it. Goodness, to which humanity is journeying, is not a mark on the earth where we shall one day come, and lie down and rest; it is infinity, it is God.

Evil is surrender. The man who lives a bad life is the coward of the human race, the traitor to humanity. While the good man lives a life of effort, the bad man lives a life of laziness—he slips out of the ranks of the marching army, he deserts from the glorious colors, he goes back to herd among the swine. It is too much trouble to march, it is too hard to fight; he prefers to lie down in the ditch and let the world go past him. Every evil man weakens the army. The advance and the victory of goodness are delayed by every coward who deserts.

It is one of the interesting and teaching truths of life that each one of us, the greatest and the humblest, has within him an inner voice which tells him when a thing is right or wrong. This conscience is a witness to the truth that after death we shall advance in spiritual worlds. It lifts us high above the animals. It makes us different from everything else on the earth. It is a voice continually instructing us in secret, more wise than the voice of parent, schoolmaster, or governess. It is the voice of our good angel.

Right and wrong! How simple these words sound! But think what they mean! These words are the great battle-cries of the two forces locked in eternal battle. On the one side is the advancing host crying "Right!"—on the other the host of darkness crying "Wrong!" The whole of life is summed up in those two words. To do right is to advance farther from barbarism and nearer to beauty. To do wrong is to retreat farther from God and to draw nearer to savagery and hideousness. Shall we do right or shall we do wrong? Shall we fight or desert? It is for each one to decide. The choice is left to us.

It is, then, the tremendous difference between good people and bad people that makes the struggle of existence. Good people are always pulling the world forward; bad people are always pulling the world back. Life is the contest between these two. Nothing is more certain than

this great struggle for victory, which, since the beginning of the world, has been going on between the good and the bad.

All the stories and plays in the world are built upon this fight between the soldiers of good and the soldiers of evil. If we think about the tales we have read we shall find that somehow or other in many of them there was this great contest going on between the good and the bad. Æsop's fables are descriptions of these battles; Grimm's fairy tales are tales of the great fight.

Let us make perfectly sure of this great matter, for unless we know what life really is how can we hope to do anything with it? A man can no more live successfully without some plan of life, than a sailor can reach a port without chart and compass and rudder. If you saw a woman busy with needle and thread, and asked her what she was making, how you would stare if she replied: "I don't know." But much more mad is he who does not know what he is making with his life.

It is only the person who knows that life is a war between good and evil, who sees this truth staring him in the face when he looks on the world—it is only such a person who can learn to live the wise life, to know why he is living, to know what he is making. He is not drifting with the tide, he is not being blown about by every wind; he is marching straight forward, in the broad daylight of knowledge, to a definite goal.

Learn, then, at the beginning of your life, to know for certain that existence is a struggle between good and evil. Let it be a thought constantly in your mind that the earth is a field of conflict where the two nations are ever wrestling for victory. Life is nothing else. All the other matters are part of the struggle. Trade, pleasure, games, books, pictures, friendships, and journeys—everything is part of the great and eternal strife. Not one of us can live an hour, or do any action, without striking some blow for good or evil. Make sure of that in your mind.

*Life is a struggle between good and evil.*

## DEAN STANLEY'S ADVICE TO BOYS AND GIRLS

Love honest work; love to get knowledge; never be ashamed to say your prayers morning and evening, it will help you to be good all through the day; keep your promise; do not listen to foolish stories; never tell a lie; never strike, hurt, or be rude to a woman or a girl, or to any one weaker or younger than yourselves.

Be ready even to risk your own lives to save a friend, a companion, a brother, or a sister. Be very kind to poor dumb animals; never cause them pain. If you take pleasure in hurting them, you are likely to become brutal and base.

Never forget to be always gentle and attentive to old people; never interrupt when they are talking. Listen to what they tell you, and you will learn many things. If you have an aged father, a grandfather, or a sick uncle or aunt, remember not to disturb them by loud talking or rough play. Be careful of them, and tender to them.

If any of you have a poor father or mother who has to get up early to go to work and earn your bread, think what a pleasure it would be to them to find that their little boy or girl has been out of bed before them on a cold winter morning, and has lighted a blazing fire, and made them a cup of tea.

Think what a pleasure it will be to them if they are sick, if they are deaf or blind, to find a little boy or girl to cheer them, to read to them, or to lead them about. It is not only the comfort of having help; it is the still greater comfort of knowing that they have a good son or a good daughter, who is anxious to help them, and who, they are sure, will be a joy and not a trouble to them by day and by night.

Some time ago I heard of a brave and modest little boy—Hammond Darker was his name—only fourteen years of age, who had already saved at different times the lives of no less than four other boys, by plunging after them into the rough sea on the coast of Norfolk.

This is what you can do, not perhaps by plunging into the stormy sea, but, at any rate, by saving a companion, a brother, or sister from going wrong. You can do far more for them than any one else, because you are nearly always with them. Stand by and protect each other. Be truthful, manly, courageous, courteous, and unselfish. Do not think that any of these things are too much for you to achieve.

## ON ORDER

Working without a plan is sailing without a compass.

Working without method, like the pig's tail, goes all day and does nothing

Without method little can be done to any good purpose.

To him who does everything in its proper time one day is worth three.

Order is heaven's first law.

Let all things be done decently and in order.

Order is the law of all intelligible existence.

# TALKS ON COURTESY

## SAY YOUR PRAYERS WITH ATTENTION

THE wise child, when he has awakened from sleep and risen and dressed himself, will remember him who kept him all the night in peace and safety: and kneeling down with his hands and his heart lifted to Heaven he will praise and thank that kind Maker and preserver. So he will be in tune with all creation, for the birds sing, the flowers lift their faces, the whole world refreshed sends up grateful praise to the good God. Even in the winter-time the robin sings; and whether the child live in a city where there are many sparrows, or in the country with all its feathered warblers, he may often hear the birds saying their prayers.

Be quite sure that in the great chorus of praise which all creation is sending up to the throne of God, that kind Father would miss the voice of one little child who had forgotten him. It would be the greatest discourtesy if while he prayed a child were to think of other things, of his breakfast, or his games, or a treat promised to him, or any other matter whatsoever. If one were talking to some one very dear, father or mother or favorite friend, he would not be thinking of other things and not of them. So the good child will say his prayers, remembering to whom he speaks: and afterward he will go to his daily tasks and pleasures with a sense of blessing.

## BE RESPECTFUL AND OBEDIENT TO FATHER AND MOTHER

THIS rule of courtesy has been made one of the commandments. Very few children will need to be told to love father and mother, yet there are children who have sometimes rebelled against the loving rule which is made for their good, and have in their own minds questioned the wisdom of their loving parents. Do not such children know how much their parents have loved them and suffered for them; how they have watched over their babyhood, worked for them so that they should have good food and clothing and pleasant surroundings, that they might receive the blessing of education, that they might have little joys and little pleasures which mean so much in the lives of children?

Dear children, to-night, all over the world, fathers and mothers will be leaning over little children's beds, watching them with love, sheltering them from the cold winds and storms, holding hands together above the little children's heads in a love that makes the nursery of every happy home a holy place. Sometimes it may be a little sick child, and then there is such sorrow and care in the parents' breasts as you do not dream of.

When God looks down on the dark earth from his heaven he sees millions and millions of little twinkling points of light in the nurseries of all the world, and he blesses them. Can you not believe that he says, "There are the parents whose hearts feel as my heart feels for the children"? It is not only parents like yours, and your friends', but the Eskimos in their huts, the negroes in torrid Africa, the Hindus in Asia—everywhere, everywhere, parents will be whispering at night that so long as their little child is good and happy they will accept any care and suffering for themselves. Thinking on this no child with any heart will be careless and disobedient toward his dear parents, but the right kind of children will be thoughtful, obedient, and loving, and thankful for all that parents have done and are doing for them.

## GIVE WAY TO ANOTHER WHEN IT IS FOR THAT OTHER'S GOOD

DEAR children, in order to see the wisdom of this rule, you have only to think of what a nursery would be where no one was ever willing to yield or give up things. If you will try to practise it you will find that though hard at first it becomes delightful in the end, as every good habit becomes delightful and easy to practise, although at first it may be difficult.

I will tell you about three children I know—two boys and a girl. The elder boy and the girl, who is the youngest of the three, are alike in disposition, being hasty, wanting things so much that they "make a great time" when they may not have them. The younger boy, who is much beloved by the other two, finds it easy to give up for their sake. I have seen this child, when his brother or sister has wanted something of his, dear to himself, hesitate but a second, and then say, with a brightness on his face, "Why, then, you may have it."

But since the constant acceptance of such unselfishness would make the others selfish and grasping, at times the dear child is not allowed so to give up his treasures. But sometimes he is allowed to give things as an exercise for his own sweet charity and as an example to the others

who will too commonly fall to squabbling over things they covet.

The child who is willing to give up is loved by his parents, his brothers and sisters, his playmates, and his teachers. He turns all the world into friends, and is only to be checked in his lovely desire when, sometimes, it may not be for the good of others more selfish.

## BOYS, SHOW COURTESY TO YOUR SISTERS AND TO ALL WOMEN

Dear children, there can be nothing more painful than to see a little boy rough and rude to his sister, forgetful of politeness to his girl companions and schoolmates, or to his nurse, if he has one, or to his mother's women servants. I have known a child who in a fit of temper would lift his hand against his little sister, would kick his nurse and those who came to her aid, even with his boots on his feet. That, indeed, is an example for wise children to avoid as they would avoid that dreadful example sometimes seen in our streets of the child who, being told to do this or that, will fling himself down and, kicking as though he were all feet, and making the most frightful shrieks, will try to keep any one from lifting him up!

Remember, dear child, being a boy, that by all gentlemen those of the other sex are to be treated with gentleness and, when they deserve it, with reverence. Do not keep all your tenderness for the mother you adore, or for her friends in the drawing-room who praise you and laugh at your sayings, but bring some of it into the daily life of the nursery, the schoolroom and the street. Give some of it to your little sister, even if she is sometimes troublesome and cross. Show it to your nurse if she does want you to go to bed at a moment when you are most deeply interested in a book, or if she calls you to meals when you are just laying your railway track. Be careful and tender with the little sister who is not so strong as you are. Watch over her. Be proud and fond of her. She will repay you by thinking you as fine as any hero of the story-books. The true politeness must be practised among everyday surroundings. I would not give a pin for the politeness which is all kept for mother and visitors. To be a gentleman and act like one is in itself a great reward.

## GIRLS, DO NOT BE SPOILED BY COURTESIES SHOWN TO YOU

Dear girls, it would be the greatest possible abuse of your brothers' kindness and the kind notice taken of you by grown-up people if you were to become like spoiled beauties, vain, exacting, airy, and "bossy"; if you were to have too good an opinion of yourselves and claim as a right that courtesy which is given to you because polite boys and men respect your sex. The child who would be so would grow into the unloved girl and woman. If your looks, miss, are praised, do not let that make you vain. Look round on the world. Every flower in the garden is lovelier than you can hope to be in person, and it is by gentleness and virtue that you will shine all your life, even in that far-off day, which now you cannot believe in, when you will be old and gray.

Do not be too fanciful and finicking in your way with your brothers. If sometimes their games are rougher than you like do not be a Miss Languish, but join in them with heartiness. It is really a great privilege for a little girl to have the companionship of good boys. She will gain from them something of courage, endurance of pain, and frankness, while they will learn from her to soften their ruder ways with gentleness and pity. If she were to be a wet blanket on their joy she would be disliked by them, no matter how pretty were her curls or how fine her frocks. She must be a little wholesome bright presence and influence in her brothers' and other boy playmates' lives. It has been my lot sometimes to see sad examples of spoiled little girls grown up. You will see them accept a seat from a gentleman in a street-car without so much as "Thank you." You will see them make themselves even more distasteful to their own sex. Have you seen them push and pull at a crowded sale? or wear a great hat in the theater, which wrongs the ticket-holders behind them? But I will not multiply these painful examples, feeling assured that the child who takes to heart this little lesson will never desire to follow them.

## BEHAVIOR TOWARD THE SICK, THE OLD, AND THE AFFLICTED

Persons who are sick and old are often unable to bear the riotous merriment of children, and sometimes you may have been led to think them cross and a trouble. But the wise child will realize that in suffering, or in the great fatigue of old age, people have as much as they can bear, and will try not to add to that suffering and fatigue. He will play quietly when any one is ill in the house. When he is out of doors he will pity the poor blind. If he sees a blind man coming, tapping his stick, along a crowded thoroughfare, he will make way for him, not for fear of the stick being laid upon him, though that might be if the blind man were of a hasty tem-

per, but out of pity for his affliction. So, too, if a sound and healthy boy should see any one on crutches, or with any lameness, he will not mimic such a person, as a rude child might, but he will consider within himself humbly that he has not deserved to be otherwise than that person, and he will look upon him with a kind and pitying eye because a cripple can never run or play as he himself can.

And if it should chance to him to render such a person any little service without being officious the wise and kind boy will do so, remembering, however, that afflicted persons often do not like to have their infirmities noticed, even when the notice is prompted by the kindest feeling. In a public conveyance he will be eager to give up his place to an old or sickly person, or to a lady. And if it should chance to him to render a service to one of the poor little ones of Christ, as we may well call the afflicted, such as to lead a blind person over a crossing, he may well think upon the blessed St. Christopher, who, having taken it upon himself to use his great strength for the purpose of carrying travelers across a violent stream for Christ's sake, presently had it happen to him that he carried the Light of the World himself.

## DESIRE THAT OTHERS BE SERVED BEFORE YOURSELF

It was once my lot to know a little girl who, being admitted to her parents' dinner-table, shocked all there by calling out to her mother when the pudding was served: "Me first, mammie; me first!" That little girl had certainly never learned the pleasantness that lies in giving way to others; for there is a pure pleasantness in it, although the greedy child may not have learned it. What a sight it would be if grown-up persons were to act in such a manner, and what a very ugly world it would be in which every one was pushing and striving one before the other.

How sweet to see in the home or the schoolroom the rosy, dimpled, smiling faces full of eager courtesy, one to another! You should desire to be served last rather than first; but on the other hand, you should accept your food in the order in which it is given to you, because it would be too much a show of your own virtue, as well as against all good manners, to protest against the will of your elders in such matters. The holiest of all books gives among its promises that the first shall be last and the last first in the kingdom of heaven, which means that the humble and the lowly shall be honored and the selfish and the proud shall be humbled.

## BE KIND AND HELPFUL TO THOSE WHO FAIL WHERE YOU SUCCEED

It will sometimes happen that one child is cleverer than another, takes prizes where the other fails, understands where another is dull. And this should no more puff him up than it should that his nose is straight while another's is crooked. It may be that the seemingly dull child is only slow, and may have something far finer in his brains than the one to whom learning comes easy. The little brook is bright and chatters on its way, where the great river moves slowly. It takes a longer time for a rose to come to perfection than it takes a daisy.

St. Thomas Aquinas, the "Angelical Doctor," was called by his fellow-students the "Dumb Ox," because of his silence, which they took for dulness. One wonders how many bright and clever youths were beside him in the school who made no more mark in the world than one of a million leaves on the trees, while he is remembered and studied to all time.

That "dull" child whom you know may yet put you to shame. And if it were not to be so, he may have a nature, a heart, a soul, far higher than yours; for God gives to every one gifts as God himself sees best. Therefore do not go puffed out like a peacock if you hear yourself praised as cleverer than others. But rather, if you can do it, forbear sometimes to pass the one who is always lagging behind. Help him on his road. Try to make him understand as you do. Often it is a very little thing that causes the dulness of understanding. Sometimes forget to cover yourself with glory, but rather help another to be praised; and surely, surely, you will have such joy in your own heart that it will be an overflowing reward.

## KEEP QUIET AT THE PROPER TIMES

It is natural to the healthy child to be noisy, to sing and shout at his play, to leap about, to run, to dance, to ask questions. But at the proper times the well-behaved child will keep from doing all these natural things for the sake of others. When he is in the fields, or by the sea, he will romp and shout as he pleases. But while he is in the house he will make himself a rule of quietness for the sake of others, for the noise of children in a room often causes annoyance, if not headache, to parents and teachers. The wise child will not have noisy games indoors. He will soften his voice. He will play quietly with the toys and games his dear friends have given him for just such a quiet amusement. He will not make older heads dizzy by an endless whirl of

questions. He will read a tale, or learn his lessons in quietness. There can be nothing sweeter than to see a restless and noisy child making himself gentle for the good of others; and such conduct on his part will make him greatly beloved and give him more joy in the end than if he had followed his natural bent without thinking of the comfort of others.

## SPEAK ONLY AT THE PROPER TIMES

This little rule calls for self-denial on the part of the child who is naturally talkative. But he has only to think what a home with several children in it would be if they all talked at once, in order to see that this rule is needed.

A child may sometimes think himself very wise, and be full of opinions about every subject in the world. I once knew a child who, being brought to lunch with his dear godmother and some other grown persons, wanted so much to be the chief speaker that his cries of "Listen to me! Listen to me!" spoiled the conversation of the others. Perhaps he thought that what he had to say was much finer than what was being said; at any rate, he was not a wise child. Those who really desire to hear what a child has to say, in company, will ask for it.

The child's intelligence will be shown by his interest in listening and the brightness of his glances. And when such a child is asked to speak, what he says will be better worth hearing than the chatter of one who talks for the pleasure of hearing himself. I have even known children who, rather than keep silent, would talk mere nonsense. How much better is a child—such a one as I know—who will spend an hour, two hours, with his elders, scarcely speaking, and then perhaps will say something that shows how well he has been listening and thinking while keeping so silent.

## DO NOT REPEAT THINGS YOU HAVE OVERHEARD

I am not sure but this is a virtue, or a rule of wisdom, rather than of courtesy. However, since it has come into these pages, I shall let it keep its place here. Sometimes it may happen that a child, being in the company of grown-up persons, may overhear things not intended for him, the telling of which might lead to very evil consequences. There is a certain precious quality which we call honor, and which is nearly the same thing as conscience. It is honor or conscience that uplifts human nature and gives it nobleness and dignity. Without this precious quality poor human nature is lower than the beasts that are always faithful and honest to those they love.

When a child has overheard something not meant for his ears, and is tempted to tell it, he should listen to that quiet voice of honor which bids him keep silent. He should try to be as if he had not heard what he was not intended to hear. He will so prove himself a gentle and trustworthy child, one worthy to belong to the chivalry of the young Army of Christ, whom an old writer calls so beautifully "the first true gentleman."

## DO NOT LAUGH AT THE DEFECTS OR FAULTS OF OTHERS

The merriment of children ought to be a beautiful thing arising out of the happiness of innocent hearts. But there may be an evil and cruel merriment which mocks at defects of body or mind in another. It would be better that a child should never laugh than that his laughter should be like this.

In the mind of a child mockery should have no part. Defects or faults in another ought not to move him to that kind of amusement which places him on the level of a monkey, but ought to move him to such gentleness and sorrow that there is nothing he would not do to avoid showing knowledge of such things if he may not heal them. He ought not to exalt himself because to himself he seems different, since he may not see himself with a true eye, and because also the one whose faults and defects are so large in his sight may seem very different in the sight of God.

Of all sins and failings that can belong to children the worst is cruelty, being altogether evil. Therefore, dear children, you will not laugh at the defects of another, but will rather ask yourselves if there may not be defects in you which may render you an object of pity to others.

## BE WILLING IN SERVING OTHERS

It ought to be the delight of a child to serve others and especially those older than himself. Let him consider by what years of service on the part of others he has been brought to his present age, and how any failure in that service might have been the cause in him of weakness and illness, and he will see how much service he in return owes to others.

It is most sweet indeed to render services to those we love; but the wise child will not pause at that. He will render little services to those whom he does not love, and doing so he will be surprised to learn what joy lies in the doing, and how he may win people from regarding him with

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THE WISE MEN JOURNEYING TO BETHLEHEM.

"Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem."—*Matt.* ii. 1.

ill favor to loving him instead. He will render little services modestly, not doing them in a meddling way where they are not needed. He will hand a chair; he will open a door; he will delight in helping where help is needful; he will not think only of himself and his own joy; he will leave his book or his game to render little services, and will not do it with a discontented manner or spirit. He will remember that the King of all children was subject to his parents while on earth; and he will think upon that house at Nazareth where was never sourness or unwillingness, but always a readiness to serve, on the part of him who has made service so glorious, leaving to the world a divine example of it for young and old to follow.

# THE VALUE OF COURTESY*

BY WILLIAM J. SHEARER

In many otherwise finely trained and developed characters, the sturdy traits of which we thoroughly respect, we find lacking a most important quality. We may honor such people for their integrity and truthfulness, their industry and perseverance, their accuracy in details, their energy and foresight. Yet when they deal with others most of them do not succeed well, because their manner is harsh and rude. There is no graciousness in their bearing, no geniality in their greeting. Their speech is curt and often offensive. In short, courtesy is lacking; they "have no manners."

This side of character and conduct is one that should never be neglected. It is the part of benevolence and kindness to make all intercourse with others as pleasant as possible. No right-minded person will willingly add to the hatefulness and misery that already exist in the world. Yet this is what many are guilty of when they say or do things that hurt the feelings of others, or when they fail to exhibit a kindly interest in others' welfare.

There is a way of performing every action which makes it of much greater worth. A service rendered in a churlish manner always carries with it a sting to the recipient. A condescending manner in the rich or influential person toward his inferior is deservedly resented. To be gruff and surly is not a mark of honesty. It simply indicates a boorish ill breeding. No self-respecting person will be otherwise than courteous to all whom he meets. He will be neither insolent nor cringing to his superiors. He will not be overfamiliar with his equals. He will not be condescending or contemptuous toward his inferiors. To do any of these things would be to proclaim his own lack of self-respect, and to show a serious mental and moral defect. "Want of manners is a want of sense," wrote Alexander Pope; and every observer of men and of the effects of their actions will agree with him.

*From "Morals and Manners." Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

## MANNER AN INDICATION OF CHARACTER

One of the most trustworthy tests of character is manner. Without knowing a person, without even speaking to him, we may pretty fairly estimate his qualities and moral development by watching his intercourse with others. Kindness and sympathy cannot help revealing their presence; heartiness, manliness, uprightness, honesty, may be discovered in his bearing if present in his nature.

Manner is the outward sign of the soul's nature. It is always unconsciously betraying our deficiencies or revealing our better traits. We cannot get away from it. We cannot falsify or pretend to be what we are not, for the deceitfulness is also revealed in our manner. The keen observer will detect the sham, and recognize the real qualities beneath the exterior.

Courtesy is not something artificial. It springs from the heart. It is an expression of thoughtfulness for others. It is doing to them as we would be done by. At its foundation lie the great moral qualities of kindness and self-respect.

## COURTESY A REFINING INFLUENCE

Nothing will so refine the character as the practice of courtesy. Like mercy, "it blesseth him that gives and him that takes." It has a reflex action on one's own mind, banishing therefrom coarseness and rudeness. It implants there a delicacy of feeling and a sensitive sympathy that will find expression in beautiful deeds, in attentions that ease the way for others, in the doing of "little kindnesses that most leave undone or despise," in tolerance and forbearance. Whoever aims to be truly courteous will have con-

stantly before him a lofty ideal of conduct, a standard of perfection that cannot help but lift him in his attempt to attain to it.

Nothing, either, will afford so much protection as courtesy. No one can insult a perfectly courteous person. Rudeness vanishes from his presence. "She is such a lady," said a little girl. "How do you know?" asked her mother. "Why, she makes you feel you just have to be polite to her," was the answer. A better test of courtesy can scarcely be found than the instinctive recognition of it, and the involuntary responsive politeness in return.

## THE OUTWARD EXPRESSION OF COURTESY

Manners, the outward expression of courtesy, are sometimes called the "minor morals"; yet such is their importance in daily life that we cannot class them as minor matters. The word manners refers to the specific acts of daily life. It deals with small things as well as great. It implies obedience or disobedience to the proprieties as regulated by custom.

Good manners are rooted in courtesy, which we have seen is an essential element in a fine character. So desirable are good manners, so pleasing to others, and so conducive to success, that those of defective and even thoroughly bad characters strive to imitate them in order to pass among worthy people and to keep a place in society. But manners that are merely put on, like fine clothes for special occasions, should not be classed as really good manners. Though they may make intercourse easier at the time, they are morally worthless.

Manners are the bodily expression of our inbred delicacy or coarseness, our good breeding or our vulgarity, our truth or our deceit. Good manners are really right habits of mind and body, working harmoniously. They are far more attractive than mere beauty. Says Emerson: "A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statuary or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts."

## IMPORTANCE OF SOCIAL USAGES

Since men must live together in society, certain usages intended to make intercourse easier become fixed in each nation. These form the conventional social code. However capricious these laws may seem, they are, in most cases, based on reason and common sense. They are for the good of all. They systematically regulate daily life, oiling the machinery and preventing much friction and confusion.

In our everyday life and our constant contact with others, manners are more to us than the statutes of the government; for the law but seldom touches us, while manners are all-pervading. Everywhere they are smoothing the way and lessening the difficulties of life if they are good; everywhere they are adding to its troubles and annoyances if they are bad. A pleasant, graceful manner gives pleasure to ourselves and to others; it adds greatly to human comfort.

The value of good manners can scarcely be overestimated. In the family, where people, often of opposite natures, come into close contact, and where familiarity removes restraint, good manners are the only protection against quarrels. Life is far more agreeable if all are considerate, and obey the forms of politeness in their actions and speech. Peace, serenity, and restfulness should prevail in every home. The gentle manners that help to maintain such an atmosphere are well worth the self-restraint they will impose on our irritability and selfishness.

In society, good manners, a beautiful way of performing common duties, are the passport to all hearts. Brightness and gracefulness, cheerfulness and good will are essential in all social intercourse. The presence or absence of these qualities depends on whether or not we obey the rules that the social code has laid down for our guidance.

Tact and grace of manner will carry us much farther than talent or information. This tact and grace are generally nothing more than the forgetfulness of self and the expression of a kindly interest in others, a sympathy for them, a desire to see them happy. Yet in this forgetfulness of self the social leader gains the greatest success.

Gentle manners bring to their possessor an influence which, though quietly exerted, is a power for usefulness in the world. In business all transactions are helped by politeness. Many fail in life because their manner does not make a good impression; because their curtness and lack of good breeding repel others.

Dr. Weir Mitchell ranks lack of manners next to lack of energy as a cause of failure, and says: "Good manners, tact, patience: these characteristics often assist men to win who are really inferior to some who, for want of these qualities, miss the place they would otherwise attain."

## EVILS OF RUDENESS

Society has fixed numerous forms to be observed which many affect to despise as being

without meaning or reason. Yet this regulation of apparently trifling matters is a great convenience in daily life, and really makes our path much easier and pleasanter. It is foolish to despise and defy these conventional rules. We gain nothing by so doing. We lose much in the good opinion of others. We merely exhibit some unpleasant qualities in ourselves.

Some ways of being rude do no real harm to any one but the culprit. They may be violations of the ordinary conventional rules of conduct, yet they show a disagreeable, conceited and contrary spirit, or else ignorance. For instance, no one who respects himself will wish to make himself unpleasantly conspicuous by keeping his hat on where he should take it off, by remaining seated when he should rise, by lounging in company, by failing to greet others politely. These things do not injure others, though they offend their sense of propriety. They do reveal one's own lack of self-respect, in itself a serious moral defect, and one which should be carefully trained out of the character.

A want of that outward expression of character that we call manners may occasionally be due to ignorance; but in most cases it springs from pure selfishness. The rude person is so engrossed in himself and his own affairs that he forgets others, their interests, their prejudices, their likings.

In many cases, too, laziness unites with its sister vice of selfishness. Thus some people are guilty of discourtesy because they are simply too lazy to do the right and kindly thing, or to learn or practice a proper and pleasing behavior. Thoughtlessness, laziness, selfishness, unkindness, conceit, ignorance—surely this is not a pleasing list of qualities; yet these are what the rude, impolite person reveals as inherent in his character.

Sometimes we see a rude person who prides himself on his bluntness and straightforwardness, who defies politeness in order to "say what he thinks." The occasions in daily life are very rare when this sort of rudeness is not really insolence, springing from self-conceit and a desire to wound others. It is a cause of much pain at home and in society.

Says Bishop Huntington: "Speaking your mind is well enough, provided you are sure your mind is justified in speaking, is fit to speak, or can speak amicably and to the purpose at that moment and in that place. Rudeness is not to be condoned on a plea of sincerity, nor audacity on a plea of courage."

### HOW TO ACQUIRE GOOD MANNERS

Good manners, like any other accomplishment, are acquired by study, by observation, by imitation of the best models, by steady practice. The fine spirit of courtesy is caught largely from association with those whose ideals are noble. Dr. Watson says: "Just as we live in the atmosphere of nobility, where people are generous and chivalrous, and charitable and reverent, shall we learn the habit of faultless manners, and acquire the mind which inspires every word and deed with grace."

If such inspiration is lacking in our environment we can always find it held before us in the great works of literature, the storehouse of ideals, and can strive to make our lives measure up to the standards presented to us. By study and care defects may be overcome and deficiencies corrected. Determination, a thoroughly kindly spirit, and a love of the right, will make politeness habitual.

Happy are those whose natural endowment and early training have made them courteous in spirit, delicate in tact, refined in taste, composed in manner; whose behavior is always appropriate, whose words and deeds in daily life add to the pleasure of themselves and others.

To have the essentials of good breeding it is not necessary that one should spring from a wealthy family or one of high rank. The hardest-working man or woman may possess the great traits that are fundamental in the character of the true gentleman or lady. The bodily graces that mark the external manners, and that, of course, depend upon practice for their perfection, are beautiful and desirable. Yet they are not so important as the qualities of truthfulness, of courage, of self-control, of gentleness, of forbearance, of kindliness and consideration for others. Those who have these qualities may enter any society unabashed; they may stand, as did Franklin, before kings, and be revered as he was by nobles and princes.

## FUN*

The word "fun" as it is used by young people, includes a great deal. So far as I can understand, it means any kind of "a good time." Certainly a good play is called fun.

I shall here use the word fun in its stricter meaning. Fun, in this narrower sense, refers to

*From "Ethics for Young People," by C. C. Everett. Published by Ginn & Company, Boston.

*"what is funny."* The word "funny" is itself used in a very loose way. In common speech whatever is surprising is sometimes called funny; sometimes even if it is something sad.

Properly speaking, only that is funny which is laughable. I wish then to speak in this chapter of what may be found comical by one or another, and of what is done or said for the sake of raising a laugh.

We may often find in kindly and innocent mirth both pleasure and refreshment. The opposite of mirth is seriousness. One who has no sense of fun takes everything seriously. It is not well for any one to be serious all the time. For one who is so the strain of life is often too hard.

President Lincoln was very fond of a funny story. He felt the strain and the burden of the war so strongly that, if it had not been for this relief, he would have broken down long before the war was over.

It is a great thing to be able to see the ludicrous side of one's own mishaps or failures. What one person will grieve over, another will carry off with a laugh. One may make a mistake, for instance, or meet with an accident which is not very severe, and be mortified beyond measure. Another will see the funny side of it, and find only amusement. A person who can never see the funny side of such mishaps, goes through life as if he were riding in a carriage without springs. Every little inequality makes a bump.

In the same way one may see the ludicrous side of the troublesome blunders of others. I know a lady who had a very stupid gardener. She wondered why the bulbs that he had set out did not come up. At last she dug down to see what had happened. She found them all planted upside down. Of course she did not like it; but she amused herself with the absurdity of the thing, imagining them at some future day sprouting up in China to the wonder of the natives.

While fun is in itself a very good thing, it may, like almost anything else that is good, be made a very bad thing.

It may be made a bad thing in two ways.

In the first place, it is bad *when there is too much of it.*

While it is not well to take all things seriously, it is worse to take nothing seriously. The great business of life is serious, and one who finds only fun in everything keeps himself outside the reality of life. He is like a bit of thistle-down which floats about in the wind, while it has no real connection with anything.

In the second place, fun may become a bad thing, *because it is not of the right kind.*

A person may be judged pretty fairly by what he admires. The object of his admiration shows the kind of person he would like to be. A person may be judged about as truly by what he finds funny as by what he admires.

One kind of fun which is wrong is that which gives pain to others, or which makes sport of the misfortunes of others.

There is hardly anything so painful or unfortunate that some will not be found who will laugh at it. The savages were sometimes in the habit of tormenting their captives. The tortures that these underwent were to them an occasion of mirth. Boys sometimes torment insects or animals because their struggles seem to them funny.

If we were without the feeling of sympathy, almost any weakness or suffering might seem comical. Thus to some the infirmities of age, or any deformity in the person of another, seem fit objects of ridicule.

In all such cases a feeling of sympathy would change the mirth into pity, or a friendly and helpful interest.

It would do this in two ways. In the first place we should feel so sorry for the persons afflicted that we should not feel like laughing at them; and in the second place, we should know that our ridicule, if they should be aware of it, would add to their pain.

A kind sympathy would therefore make it impossible to laugh at the infirmities or misfortunes of others. Those who do this show themselves unfeeling and cruel. They put themselves on the level of the savages.

The same kindly feeling would forbid jests that would in any way give pain to others. The idea of wit which some people have is to say sharp things to another, perhaps to twit him with something of which it is supposed he would be ashamed.

A person of good feeling would never find sport in what gives another pain.

I have read a story of a youth, who, while walking out with his tutor, saw a pair of shoes that a poor laborer had left under a hedge while he was busied with his work. "What fun it would be," exclaimed the young man, "to hide these shoes, and then to conceal ourselves behind the hedge, and see the man's surprise and excitement when he cannot find them." "I will tell you what would be better sport," said the tutor; "put a piece of money into one of the shoes, and then hide and watch his surprise when he finds it." This the young man did; and the joy and wonder of the poor laborer when he found the money in his shoe was as good fun as he wanted.

It is much better sport to plan pleasant surprises for people than to prepare unpleasant ones.

While we should not make jests that will give another pain, we should, on the other hand, not be too sensitive at jokes that are played on us.

Some people are very much annoyed, or perhaps lose their temper if they are laughed at. It very often happens that those that are most ready to laugh at others are the most displeased when the laugh is against them.

Such sensitiveness is very weak; and a person who is so weak makes sometimes an unpleasant companion. We all laugh at one another sometimes in a friendly way, and one who is never willing to be the object of such kindly mirth may interrupt the pleasure of his companions.

You should try not to be a person in regard to whom your companions will always feel obliged to consider at every turn, whether your sensitive feelings are likely to be hurt. *"One must take as well as give,"* is a good motto for the rough and tumble sport and business of the world; just as *"One must give as well as take,"* is a good motto, so far as the pleasures of life are concerned.

Another kind of joke which is wrong is that which is filthy and indecent. It seems to some persons a great stroke of wit to say something which would offend natural modesty. There is no kind of wit which is so cheap, and no kind of which anybody who would be in the true sense of the word a gentleman should be so ashamed.

Another kind of joke which a right feeling would avoid, is that aimed at what is to others an object of reverence. To some, profanity seems witty as well as manly. This is also a very cheap kind of joke which needs no wit for its making. It also shows low and unmanly tastes.

We find, then, three kinds of jest which a right feeling person will avoid: the unkind, the indecent, and the profane.

The play of wit and humor is thus very much like other play. It is one of the pleasant and helpful things in life. Like other play, it must be kindly, good-tempered, and pure. Like other play, it must not make up the whole of life. Rightly used, it may be one of the best helps in bearing the burden and doing the work of the world.

# HOW ALCOHOL INJURES LIFE

Alcohol, which is made by the fermentation of sugar by the yeast-plant, forms part of the daily diet of many people, and is so used in vast quantities over almost the entire world.

## THE GREAT COST OF ALCOHOL

In this country people spend hundreds of millions of dollars every year on alcoholic drinks. Let us suppose for a moment that these do no harm to any one, but that all this money is spent on what is neither good nor bad. Then think of another thing: if we chose to spend on building better public institutions, better schools and homes, improving life in many ways for men, women, and children—if we spent for such purposes the money we now spend on drink, who could tell how much good would thereby be done?

But the spending of such a huge sum on drink does not mean merely the loss of so much money. If we took it all and threw it into the sea every year, we should be a thousand times better off. As it is, we buy with that money disease and death, poverty, crime, insanity, and cruelty to wives and children in terrible forms.

Wealth is either life or what serves life, and "illth," as John Ruskin calls the opposite of wealth, is what injures life. But men take the land, and the water, and the air, and the sunshine, which ought to be real wealth, because they serve and build up life—men take these and with them grow grapes, and barley, and rye, and other fruits of the ground that of themselves are most useful to us, and then they turn them into horrible things, so that we grow death where we should be growing life, and our deadly crop never fails.

## ALCOHOL A POISON

Whatever else it is, alcohol is a poison, and it is true of every living creature that anything which is poisonous is more injurious to the creature when young than when grown up. That is not because the creature is smaller, and not because it is growing or getting bigger, but because it is developing—that is, gradually coming to its completion or, as we say, perfection. Developing, then, is something very different from mere growing. Anything that is developing is delicate, and if we have the least idea of what is meant by the word "miracle" we shall see what a miraculous—that is wonderful—thing development is.

Now every one who knows anything about al-

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DAVID SLINGS THE STONE.

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SAMSON KILLS A YOUNG LION.

cohol knows that it is, as we have said, a poison. There is no form of life, animal or vegetable, that alcohol will not destroy. It should never be given to young children, except as medicine (you know that many poisons, rightly treated, are used as medicines), and everything possible should be done to keep growing youths from using it in the tempting form of drink. If from childhood to the age of manhood and womanhood its use in that form can once be stopped, then we may hope for a generation of men and women free from the harm, the dreadful curse, of its abuse.

### A CAUSE OF DISEASE

Physicians tell us that many diseases of children come as the effects of alcohol, either through parents thereby diseased and weakened, or by exposure of children to disease in the haunts of its victims. One of the most deadly of all diseases is that form of tuberculosis which is commonly called consumption. It causes more deaths than any other one disease, yet "nothing like so many deaths as alcohol." Consumption is due to microbes, and these spread from one person to another, so that the disease is "catching." It used to be supposed that children did not suffer much from consumption, but now we know that they do. In many countries there is a terrible amount of the disease among very young children, in whom it may be seen at any time after the first year. How important, then, that infants and children of all ages should be guarded against exposure in any atmosphere where the germs of this disease abound!

It is still supposed by ignorant persons that alcohol tends to prevent consumption, but the very reverse is true. Nothing will make the soil readier for the deadly seed to grow in than its preparation by the abuse of alcohol. In France, we are told, it has been proved that wherever the amount of alcohol drunk is high, the amount of consumption is high, and where the drinking of alcohol is less, the cases of consumption are fewer. And if this is the condition in France we may be sure that the same condition exists in other countries, our own included. What is true of consumption is equally true of other deadly diseases as affected by the improper use of alcohol.

What alcohol thus does to destroy life and health in the body, that it also does, and more, for destroying health, reason, and strength in the mind, causing loss of will-power, self-control, self-respect—in a word, loss of power to use the faculties of the mind as man was made to use them. Once destroyed in this way, it is impossible that such power should ever be fully recovered. On this account we think it greatly to be desired that by and by—the sooner the better—the time should come when not only children and youth, but grown people as well, will no longer be victims of the many ills due to alcohol, because alcohol will cease to be used in the form of drink.

### A PLEA FOR TOTAL ABSTINENCE

We believe in total abstinence; we regard the use of liquor as a beverage as an unnecessary habit, as an expensive habit, as a harmful habit, and as a dangerous habit.

Intoxicating liquor is not necessary to the health of the body. This should be a self-evident proposition, needing no proof to support it. Any habit is expensive that gives no sufficient return for the money spent. Such expenditure cannot be defended on any reasonable grounds. The drink habit is hurtful to the drinker. "Moderate" drinking covers all drinking, from the occasional dram up to the point of intoxication, and one who drinks at all finds it difficult to fix the point beyond which real injury begins. Alcohol is a treacherous poison, and is dangerous even in small quantities, which often awaken a craving for steadily increasing amounts. The use of alcoholic drinks makes one more liable to sickness and makes sickness more severe when it comes. Add to these objections to alcohol as concerning the individual all the harmful results of its use and abuse that affect the family and the community, and the plea for abstinence cannot be too strongly made in the interest of every man, woman, and child in the world.

## HOW WE MAY HURT OURSELVES WITH TOBACCO

We have seen what harm to life is done by the wrong use—which is abuse—of alcohol, which so many take in the form of drink, to the misery and ruin of themselves and others. Tobacco, like alcohol, is a poison. A sufficiently large amount of the drug that it contains—the exact amount depending on the weight, age, strength, etc., of the person taking it, and on whether he has taken it before and so become "used" to it, as we say—such a dose will kill. Every one who under-

stands the matter admits that the smoke of tobacco is a poison, however mild a poison it may be.

## NATURE AND EFFECT OF TOBACCO

Tobacco is the leaf of a plant, and this leaf contains various substances, among which is one called nicotine. This, when given by itself, is intensely poisonous. It is said, by one who should know, that a third of a grain of nicotine has killed a man. People who take tobacco may smoke it, or they may chew it, or they may grind it up and take it in the form of snuff. However it is taken, the results are the same in kind, even if differing in degree.

Any one who for the first time tries to smoke a pipe soon finds that something very strange gets into his body. Have you never seen a boy made almost deathly sick by doing that, while he, and perhaps you, thought it would be such a "manly" thing to do? It has lately been proved that tobacco-smoke contains the poison nicotine. The nicotine is destroyed in the tobacco that is burned, but somewhere between the place where the tobacco burns and the smoker's mouth the nicotine is made hot and turned into gas, which is sucked in. If the smoker merely drew the nicotine into his mouth and then puffed it out again, there could be no effect from it except upon his mouth itself. The effect of smoking depends not upon what is drawn into the mouth, but upon what is absorbed—carried into the body and into the circulation of the blood. And into the blood nicotine easily passes through the lining of the mouth, as well as otherwise.

## INHALING SMOKE

Unwise persons sometimes have the trick of breathing tobacco-smoke right into their lungs instead of merely sucking it into the mouth and puffing it out again, and they will even teach boys how to inhale the smoke of cigarettes for themselves. This is very difficult to stop, once we start doing it. It means that far more of the things in the smoke are absorbed, because the whole great surface of the lungs—equal to two thousand square feet, if it were spread out—is exposed to the smoke. The vocal cords are also injured, and often a good voice, either for speaking or singing, is spoiled, to say nothing of other harm that may be done.

Now, probably most of the authorities on the subject will admit that it is best for every one not to learn to smoke at all. (Of "chewing" and snuff-taking, which refined people, of course, regard as filthy habits, we will not here speak, for as everybody grows wiser and comes to have more regard for cleanliness, these habits will be less and less likely to be indulged or tolerated.) No one can call smoking natural; no one can prove that it does any good except to relieve for the moment the false craving it has itself created, which the very relieving will again create; and even if there be no injury done to life, such as may well happen in cases of tobacco-blindness, tobacco-heart, and so on, there is always a certain amount of injury done to the pocket—for smoking easily gets to be an expensive indulgence.

## CHILDREN SHOULD NOT SMOKE

If any one should argue that smoking was really a good thing for grown-up people, at any rate no one would dare to argue that it is good for children, or very young people of any age or of either sex. No one can say that the child needs tobacco; no one can show that tobacco does the child any good. All the likelihood, of course, is that the developing body will be more injured than the already developed body. That is true without exception of every poison or injurious substance known, and is equally true of all living things, plants, animals, or human beings.

Many a man no doubt remembers his feeling of being grown-up and manly, and as clever as older boys, when he first smoked. No one expects boys to have the sense of men, and it is natural for boys to feel manly in such a case when older boys admire them. But the difference between a real man and a sheep remains; and, if it comes to that, just as a grown-up man can be a sheep, so a boy can be a man at any age, not by making himself feel miserable in doing the things grown-up men do, but by deciding for himself what to do, and what not to do, without reference to foolish people. It is this kind of boy and this kind of man that makes history, that has made the world what it is worth to-day, and will make it worth more in the future.

## WHAT WISE MEN SAY

A man who has made a careful study of the smoking question writes that out of one hundred men who smoke ninety-nine admitted to him that smoking tends to injure the health, and that they would not advise any young man to begin the habit. This writer, Prof. William A. McKeever, of the Kansas State Agricultural College, in his "Home Training Bulletin No. 1," which deals with "The Cigarette Smoking Boy," says:

"I have tabulated reports of the condition of nearly 2500 cigarette-smoking school-boys, and in

describing them physically my informants have repeatedly resorted to the use of such epithets as 'sallow,' 'sore-eyed,' 'puny,' 'squeaky-voiced,' 'sickly,' 'short-winded,' and 'extremely nervous.' In my tabulated reports it is shown that, out of a group of twenty-five cases of young college students, smokers, whose average age of beginning was thirteen, according to their own admissions they had suffered as follows: Sore throat, four; weak eyes, ten; pain in chest, eight; 'short wind,' twenty-one; stomach trouble, ten; pain in heart, nine. Ten of them appeared to be very sickly. The younger the boy, the worse the smoking hurts him in every way, for these lads almost invariably inhale the fumes; and that is the most injurious part of the practice. According to Dr. Sims Woodhead, professor of pathology in Cambridge University, cigarette-smoking in the case of boys party paralyzes the nerve-cells at the base of the brain and thus interferes with the breathing and the heart-action. And yet, all this debility, and more, is brought upon thousands of boys who innocently imitate the example of their elders. I am not quite ready to deny any mature man the right to smoke, but I am unwilling to concede him the right to permit his youthful son to take up the practice before maturity is reached."

## HOW SMOKING INJURES A BOY'S MIND

The same writer tells us: "The injurious effects of smoking upon the boy's mental activities are very marked. Of the many hundreds of tabulated cases in my possession, several of the very youthful ones have been reduced almost to the condition of imbeciles. Out of 2336 who were attending public school, only six were reported 'bright students.' A very few, perhaps ten, were 'average,' and all the remainder were 'poor' or 'worthless' students.

"The ordinary cigarette-smoking student often has a very peculiar experience in his effort to prepare his daily lessons, about as follows: He goes to his room in the evening with the full intention of studying and opens his text-book, but a certain feeling of nervous uneasiness soon leads his hands automatically to roll and light a cigarette. He indulges the habit a few minutes when, *presto,* the lesson-task which a while ago looked serious and urgent now appears trivial and unnecessary, and he accordingly neglects it. He is now affable and companionable, but the higher moral judgments have lost their value to him and he is now ready to yield to the evil suggestions of others. The partial brain-paralysis resulting from the smoking makes the victim regard with indifference the most sacred promise he has ever made to any one, and he is likely to violate it upon the slightest provocation."

## TRUANCY AND OTHER MISCHIEFS

Another educator, of much experience, W. L. Bodine, Superintendent of Compulsory Education, Chicago, declares:

"The habitual truant, as a rule, is a dull pupil and backward in his grade. His physical and mental defects are caused partly by heredity, partly by environment and lack of nourishing food, partly by his cigarette-smoking. The habitual truant almost invariably is addicted to the use of cigarettes. Truancy is the cradle of crime. A box of cigarettes and a nickel library can easily make a truant, and such a truant, poisoned in mind and body, is the future enemy of society.

"There are very few girl truants. A truant boy's sister has the same lack of nourishing food, the same environment; but the boy smokes cigarettes and the girl does not; and the girl goes to school. Now there is a contrast for you. The girl is usually up in her grade, and the boy is not. He is behind because he is dull. He frequently fails to be promoted. He makes little or no progress. Finally he gets to be so much larger and older than the other children in the grade he is in that he is ashamed and does not want to stay in school any longer, and therefore he becomes a truant. Why is he dull? That is the question. I think cigarettes contribute in a measure to his mental and physical condition."

Many other things do these and other wise men tell us about the harm that is done, by the cigarette especially, and by the smoking habit in general. As to the remedy, in the case of the young, Professor McKeever says:

"Prevention is the only practical solution of this cigarette, or boy-smoking, question. Boys take up the practice in innocence, 'just for fun,' and are usually its victims before the matter is detected by their parents. But parents must learn more about the nature of this insidious habit and prevent its being taken up."

The habit of cigarette-smoking has recently become quite common, in different countries, among a certain number of women—some of them society leaders, whose influence for things good or things evil is often felt by many. It is to be hoped that in this case, as in that of boys, the outcry of teachers and of people who aim at improving the habits of all will result in checking so objectionable a practice.

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Its Roots and Branches far and wide,
And casts its shade on every side.

This Tree bears Fruit of different kinds
For many Hearts and many Minds.
So all you Children have to do
Is just to take what's *best* for you.
But no one ever soils or breaks
The Golden Fruit he *needs* and takes,
And no one ever bends or tears
The Books this Tree of Knowledge bears.

"John-martin"

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